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A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF
RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND
PHILOSOPHY

EDITED BY

L. P. JACKS, M.A.

AND

G. DAWES HICKS, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D.

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THE HIBBERT JOURNAL

GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

PROFESSOR DR ADOLF HARNACK.

TRANSLATED, WITH PREFATORY NOTE,
By REV. DR TASKER, Handsworth College, Birmingham.

THE representatives of the Churches of Great Britain and Ireland, who visited Germany last June, were privileged to listen to many weighty utterances on the subject of the relations at present subsisting between the two great Teutonic nations. Men of high position in the State and in the Church, civic dignitaries, and University professors spoke with a sense of responsibility which sprang from the consciousness that their words would be read and appraised by their countrymen. There was a general recognition of the necessity for promoting peace by allaying suspicions and by removing misunderstandings; there was also a universal conviction that the Christian Churches can do much to hasten this consummation.

The British visitors had many opportunities of ascertaining the sentiments of the German people towards our country other than those afforded by addresses of welcome and speeches at banquets. Conversation at the receptions usually converged on the subject of international relations; also in the confidential intercourse of the home, kindly hosts gave frank expression to their thoughts. It is not too much to say that their guests were profoundly impressed with the sincerity of the

widespread desire that Germans and Britons may let bygones be bygones and clasp hands in a true and lasting friendship.

Among the addresses which ought not to be forgotten, a high place must be given to that of the Ober-Burgomeister of Hamburg, Dr Burchard. The following extract from it is quoted as a proof that the real issues were not evaded, and the words acquire an additional significance from the fact that the speaker has had the honour of entertaining the German Emperor: "I am not ignorant of the fact that, to a certain extent, our nations are rivals in economical affairs, but at the same time I am of opinion that there is no reason to complain as long as their competition on the markets of the world maintains good faith and fair play. In this case, a lively competition, progress and development and lasting success frequently depending upon it, will even be of considerable advantage, and thoroughly compatible with good fellowship."

To those who are concerned about the increase of the German navy, Dr Burchard frankly made answer: "How about the other great nations, which take good care that their fleets should be able to protect their coasts and colonies? Why do people so often speak of our men-of-war, but neither of their own, nor of the men-of-war of other nations? I dare say that all over the world the principle is acknowledged, that in the long run, without a strong fleet, no great seafaring power is able to keep up its due rank and position. But I need not add that the German fleet bears no aggressive character; in fact, within the last forty years we have amply proved to the world that we wish to maintain peace, and that with us the treasure of peace is in the safest possible hands. I, for my part, am, therefore, persuaded that neither jealousy nor fear, neither ambition nor a narrow-minded conception of the ways of other countries, should prevent us from establishing and preserving a mutual friendship firmly to be relied upon. We, at any rate, sincerely wish to live with your country on the best terms imaginable, being quite aware of the fact that the

relations between England and Germany are so complicated so numerous, so loaded with economical and cultural interests of every kind, that seriously to disturb them would be generally considered as a crime, and would rouse the deeply-felt indignation of all straight-minded, sober Christian people."

Dr Burchard spoke in English, and closed the admirable passage just quoted with the emphatic statement, uttered with deep feeling: "Thus thinks the German nation; thus think its representatives, the Reichstag; thus thinks the Emperor."

Among the articles contributed to German newspapers on the subject of the relations between Germany and England the most noteworthy is that of Professor Harnack. It appeared in *Die Christliche Welt*, whose editor, Professor Martin Rade of Marburg, made an exceedingly able speech at Eisenach. Dr Harnack also addressed the British delegates in the Aula of Berlin University. His subject was "International and National Christian Literature," and his lecture illustrated the main contention of his striking article from one special point of view. But the article, of which a translation is here given, has a permanent value. To it reference was made by the Dean of Westminster; speaking of the mutual benefit which Germany and England derive from co-operation in the various departments of human activity, he said: "Dr Harnack has recently expressed his own conviction that this is the path along which Providence is guiding the two nations. We thank him for his noble words."

Dr Harnack's article opens with a reference to the strained relations between the European powers in the spring of the present year: "None of the great powers desired war; but for anyone of them the situation might have become stronger than their goodwill, if that goodwill had not found energetic expression." His comment on the assertion that "Austria and Germany gained a great unbloody victory" is that to speak of victory or defeat is premature: "The difficulties involved in Austria's thorny relations to Servia, on the one hand, and to Bosnia, on the other hand, indeed to Europe

generally, are only just beginning." The most noteworthy statement in this introductory paragraph is found in its closing words ; they deserve to be quoted at length as an example of generous German appreciation of foreign diplomacy : " In the hour of temptation England and France ultimately gave such a clear proof of their sincere love of peace that the confidence of Europe in their moral strength was enormously increased. Such action cannot fail to have an abiding effect ; it will most favourably influence the relations of these great powers to Germany and Austria, even if new situations should arise."

Coming to his main theme, Dr Harnack affirms that in the near future the relations between Germany and England will constitute the axis around which world-politics will revolve. He recognises that the greatest statesman cannot arrest national development ; but he is chiefly concerned with the exposure of " the falsehood that rivalry between these two peoples must ultimately and necessarily lead to war." There is another and a better way, and in that way " already both nations are treading." What is required of each alike is " such strengthening of its own power in every domain, that it may appear, on the one hand, equal to its rival, but, on the other hand, indispensable to that rival." This mutual indispensability is " the real secret of peace, and it will triumph over all opposing powers. It is true that patience, circumspection, and the wisdom of maturity are required ; for the life of nations resembles the life of individuals. When the storms and crises incidental to years of development are happily passed, men forget the rivalries of their youth, shake hands, and work side by side. In regard, however, to the vast new problems which the nations have to solve, they are all youthful ; and they have at their disposal youthful energies, if they will but make use of them. For the talk about decaying nations is quite delusive ; they have a supply of new blood, although there may be decay in some classes of society."

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IN commerce and in culture to be indispensable to our rivals—that is the secret of peace amongst civilised nations, and I think there are no two European peoples who can so easily carry out this programme as Germany and England. They stand to each other in the closest possible relationship, being united by ties of blood and by their intellectual wealth. It would be a most welcome task to recall the services they have rendered one to another. But it would be superfluous, and at the same time impossible, to select a *collegium historicum* and to enumerate all the great men who, yonder as well as here, have founded and shaped our common culture, since the time when the Anglo-Saxon first trod the shores of Britain, and since the days of the Irish-Scottish missionaries and of Boniface. It is almost like a marriage; we cannot estimate our mutual indebtedness in the intellectual sphere, and in an increasing degree in the commercial sphere. Any calculation would fall short of the facts! Moreover, in the last century this relationship has certainly not become less intimate; on the contrary, our mutual obligations, based upon mutual helpfulness, have increased. This is true of almost every domain of life; but it is especially true in regard to literature, science, and technical education.

Literature and Science have created for our two nations, sometimes by giving and sometimes by receiving, a common intellectual life; and Science is a bond of Peace. Who can doubt these two facts? Nevertheless, it would be very dangerous, if we were, therefore, to rest content and to fold our hands. As in individuals, so also in nations, there are unruly forces which cannot be overcome, save by the exertion of moral strength. Hence, every idiosyncrasy which asserts itself without restraint, and fails to justify its claims by outgrowing all crudity and by devotion to the common good, becomes a serious peril to those who must live together. This holds good in every epoch, but especially in our time, when, owing to the greater facility and frequency of intercourse, all nations have become so much nearer neighbours. What is

needed is a new kind of intellectual intercourse in all directions ; indeed, I might say a new political ethics. Already this new ethics is taking shape and struggling to find expression. From this point of view Peace Societies have great significance ; it is certain that they have not come too soon with their preparatory action, although all the diplomatists may smile at them as societies of Idealists.

For the establishing of a new political ethics it is our duty to labour. The nervousness and fear of surprises which still prevail, the straining of relations and the crises of our time—all combine to prove that it has not yet been realised. He deceives himself who sees herein nothing but malicious slanders and journalistic excitement, and has no remedy but soothing trivialities. On both sides of the Channel many of the truly excellent do not, even now, believe in the sincerity of the assurances of peace ; or, if they do believe in them, nevertheless doubt the possibility of fulfilling these assurances. They speak defiantly or despairingly of a logic of reality which ultimately must lead to a conflict. But neither mistrust nor doubt should be allowed to have the last word. Have we, indeed, exhausted all possibilities of living together ? Have not assurances of peace frequently, to our shame, turned out to be sincere ? Have not difficult situations often been happily surmounted ? It is atrocious to speak of an iron necessity which perforce must issue in war, when we are only just beginning to accustom ourselves to new relationships, and certainly do not yet know that the confident hope of " Room enough for all upon the earth " will not be scientifically established upon a new and broader basis. Therefore, to-day, in the international life of peoples, the two chief questions are : How can we convert the national strife of interests into a noble emulation ? And for the attainment of this end what disposition of mind ought we ourselves to cherish and in what new forms can we express this disposition ? At the present moment the history of the world urges these questions insistently upon England and Germany. If they can answer them,

their solution will have a world-wide significance. To this conclusion the finger on the clock of time is pointing ; and for this reason the situation is serious. But a glorious task awaits us ; we are conscious of the beating of the pulse of the progressive life of humanity, striving to advance beyond that to which it has already attained.

In both our nations all classes are called to work together to prevent the occurrence of anything that might prove mischievous. Our own task must not be laid upon the shoulders of our descendants. What can Science do ? Directly, perhaps, it cannot do much ; nevertheless, it may accomplish something considerable. Indirectly, the work of Science has always been of the highest significance. In the first place, Science ought to help us in our endeavour to promote better mutual knowledge and understanding. When international intercourse was restricted, a surface acquaintance sufficed. It is no longer sufficient, because we have drawn nearer to one another. Our two peoples are still, however, to a large extent ignorant of each other, and such ignorance leads to pernicious misunderstandings. Involuntarily they measure each other by their own respective standards, whereas each should use the foreign standard to estimate the foreign peculiarity. England and Germany are, it is true, sisters of like nature ; but their various histories have educated them quite differently. The isolated position of England, and her constant progress, despite every deed of violence, have given to this sister an enviable unity, form, and maturity which we cannot but appreciate highly. On the contrary, we are situate in the heart of Europe, and we have been compelled to advance on intersecting lines. Not until a generation ago did we find our highroad, and even now our columns do not march on it with closed ranks. As a whole, England's civilisation is still superior to ours, however great may be the advantage which we have gained in some important spheres. Thorough scientific study, kindly endeavour to enter into the significance of foreign characteristics, and active intercourse between the intellectual leaders of our

two peoples will bring us nearer and nearer together. A beginning has already been made, and each interchange of visits has borne precious fruit. The approaching visit of representatives of the English Churches to Germany furnishes ground for rejoicing because of the friendly intercourse and impulses to which it will lead.

In the second place, Science may do much to uproot the noxious weed which imperils the peaceful intercourse of nation with nation—Chauvinism. Certainly what we can do for each other depends upon what we are; hence a vigorous expression of its self-consciousness must be permitted to every nation; in its language it may use the privilege of youth. But Chauvinism, which regards its own people as the elect, and sanctions haughty and offensive language, is a dangerous, indeed a terrible, enemy of peace. May the press of both countries, whose responsibility is continually growing, especially remember this. The better instructed its representatives are in historical Science, the more certainly will they be trustworthy leaders and render meritorious service to their fatherland. Historical knowledge imparts at once strength and modesty, and a newspaper conducted in this spirit is of the greatest value in the education of the nations and in the maintenance of the peace of the world. For herein does Science resemble true religion: in its ultimate aim it always has the whole man in view. Every worker in the domains of Science, if he is anything more than a mere carter, is penetrated by the noble feeling that he is working for the whole, and in every fellow-worker, to whatever nation he may belong, he recognises an ally and a friend. With pride we may say that those who desire the peace of the world may make a loud appeal to Science, civilisation, and brotherliness; and especially may we do this, if we are speaking of England and Germany. To-day this appeal awakens in millions a resonant echo. What was once the longing and the dream of a few progressive and high-minded spirits is beginning to be realised; our indifference must bear the blame, if this is not more clearly

manifest. No intelligent man believes in a universal world-state—a Platonopolis; but the promise of “peace on earth among men of goodwill” has already become the watchword of leaders and men of insight.

Germany and England — each nation should make itself strong, and in the fulness of its peaceful strength be indispensable to the other. Both should silence the materialistic philosophers of history—those enemies of their respective countries who maintain the ultimate necessity of a warlike conflict, because in their presumption they overlook commercial possibilities and disbelieve in the power of ideals. In one respect England has an easier task than Germany. Religion plays a more prominent part in the public life of the English nation than it does amongst us, and for several decades it has promoted endeavours after peace and brotherliness. Granted that occasionally political hypocrisy may not be entirely absent, and that account must be taken of English Chauvinism, yet it would be a mistake to fail to recognise the power and the goodwill which in this way find expression. In the last two generations religious considerations have more than once helped to determine the home and the foreign politics of England. We can point to nothing which corresponds to this, and we might hesitate to imitate it, because German Protestantism is individualistic. For that reason, however, our duty is all the plainer: we must so educate both the individual and the entire nation that a truly liberal spirit, political morality and maturity may become the absolutely essential elements of our life.

ADOLF HARNACK.

UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AS A HEALING POWER.

THE REV. SAMUEL M^cCOMB, M.A., D.D.

IN the January number of the HIBBERT JOURNAL, Dr H. Rutgers Marshall discusses the meaning and value of the modern interest in moral therapeutics, and in the course of his paper is led to offer some expository and critical remarks on what has come to be called "the Emmanuel Movement." I am not concerned with his explanation and criticism of Christian Science, but I desire to protest very strongly against his coupling the Emmanuel effort with this quasi-theosophical cult, and to deny respectfully but most peremptorily his account of the origin of the work, of the principles which underlie it, and of the methods by which these principles are applied.

Dr Marshall's entire paper seems to me to be vitiated by his fixed idea, derived probably from newspaper sources, that the Emmanuel plan rests fundamentally on the same basis as the Christian Science system—that the one is a kind of ecclesiastical counterpart of the other, called forth by the forces of envy and imitation, and motivated by the consideration that the Church's hold upon the people might be strengthened if the clergyman "add to his priestly function that of the medical adviser." Now, the Philistine obviousness of this explanation ought to have put the writer on his guard. It seems to me that, before sitting down to write on a serious matter of this kind, he should have set aside newspaper gossip and made

some first-hand inquiry for himself. As it is, his article is so misinformed, so hopelessly astray on essential matters, that it will, I fear, only serve to mislead the reader by making the worse appear the better argument.

To begin with the relation of our work to Christian Science, the two movements, so far from having a common motive, stand opposed at almost every point. In the first place, Christian Science, in common with the other irrational healing cults of our time, has openly and clearly broken with academic medicine; whereas the Emmanuel Movement is the first effort to stem the tide of disfavour and distrust with which a large section of American society regards the science of medicine. The Emmanuel Movement could not maintain itself a single day without the co-operation and support of the medical profession. In the second place, Christian Science is a distinct cult or system, with a revelation, a sacred book, a theology, a form of worship, a therapeutic procedure all its own: the Emmanuel Movement claims to have no new revelation, no sacred book, no therapeutic procedure except such as is common to all scientific workers, no worship peculiar to itself, no theology except the theology of the New Testament as modern critical scholarship has disclosed it. In the third place, Christian Science makes no distinction between the cases with which it undertakes to deal: the Emmanuel Movement, on the other hand, makes a very rigid distinction between functional and organic cases, and sets aside the latter for medical, physiological, or surgical treatment, though even in these it recognises the influence of mental and spiritual processes as at least helpful in character. In the fourth place, while Christian Science is professedly a healing cult, and its teachers take the place and assume the function of students of medicine, those who are responsible for the Emmanuel effort do not practise medicine, and indeed would regard such a claim as the product of folly and ignorance.

Having now cleared the ground of criticism based on

misinformation or misconception, let us return to the question of the motive and origin of our work. Our experience in the ministry had revealed to us the immense number of sad, dispirited, unsettled men and women who haunt our churches, wistfully looking for the help which they seldom receive. Our sympathy for these persons was strong, but in default of a sound method our ability to relieve them was slight. Observation taught us that what the majority of these sufferers instinctively crave is moral and spiritual aid; but we perceived that the kind of spiritual advice and treatment ordinarily dispensed by the Church through its ministers is too unscientific and inexact to be counted on to remove doubts, to calm disturbed minds, to procure sleep, to overthrow degrading habits such as alcoholism or morphinism, to dispel fixed ideas and obsessive fears, and the whole terrible brood of chimeras which render the lives of these persons intolerable. The question then arises, Why should a clergyman concern himself with such persons at all, and not rather leave them absolutely to the care of physicians? The answer is twofold:—The great majority of physicians to-day confess their helplessness in the presence of these troubles, which involve moral and spiritual factors. And, on the other hand, the minister of Christ cannot avoid, even if he would, the responsibility thrust upon him. People are constantly coming to him because he is a minister and representative of religion, and because they think, rightly or wrongly, that if only they could get moral and religious help their troubles would be dissipated. The real question is whether the minister shall do this work effectively and scientifically, and thus indefinitely enrich his ministry, or whether he shall do as the Church at present is so largely doing—deal with the most serious problems of human life in a superficial and half-hearted manner, with the result that the cleavage between the churches and the masses is growing day by day.

The right method was suggested to us by the result of an experiment undertaken in the year 1905 with a view to solving

this problem, How to cure the poorest consumptives in the slums of a great city without removing them from their homes. The appalling nature of the Great White Plague is sufficiently indicated by the fact that in 1907 the number of persons who died from it in the United States about equalled the number of those who perished during the Civil War, one of the bloodiest conflicts in history. A church tuberculosis class was formed under the direction of a distinguished medical expert. The treatment offered consisted of the most recent scientific method of combating consumption, along with the psychic forces of discipline, friendly encouragement, hope, and material help—in short, a combination of physical, psychical, and moral elements. It is now admitted by competent students of the subject that tuberculosis is not a purely medical problem; that if ever this terrible scourge is to be crushed, it must be met by the forces of the psychologist, the legislator, the social reformer, the religious teacher, as well as by those of medical science. It was the success attending this work that led us to believe that the physician and the clergyman might be able to work together on behalf of the morally and nervously disordered.

The meaning and aim of our work may be expressed in a single sentence. It is to bring into effective co-operation the physician, the psychologically trained clergyman, and the trained social worker in the alleviation and arrest of certain disorders of the nervous system which are now generally regarded as involving some weakness or defect of character or more or less complete mental dissociation.

It will be observed that, in view of our real aim and method, much of the criticism directed against us is irrelevant and futile, consisting of an earnest and laborious beating of the air. For example, Dr Marshall gravely informs his readers that "the leaders of the Emmanuel Movement, whose special training has been to prepare them for other work, are willing and anxious to undertake the cure of disease, for which the skilled physician has specially prepared himself and to which

he has perhaps devoted a lifetime of serious effort";¹ and again: "We are thus led to hold that collaboration between the medical doctor and the religious leader is greatly to be desired, but are surely not warranted in suggesting the assumption by either of the rôle of the other."² Here our critic exactly expresses our view. Who except a fanatic would suggest the dangerous and indeed impossible interchange of functions of minister and doctor? The physician's activity and co-operation is such an essential presupposition of all our work that without his activity and co-operation work would cease. We ourselves are not doctors of medicine, do not claim and have never claimed to practise medicine or to undertake the cure of disease, for which the skilled physician alone is competent. We are teachers of religion, and we believe that religion is a reality, that it has ideas and emotions of dynamogenic quality, and that therefore it is a unifying state of mind in which inhibitions, weaknesses, dissociations incline to disappear, with consequent beneficial reaction on the physical organism. We confine ourselves, therefore, strictly to the religious and psychological side of the problem. It is difficult to see how we could have conducted our work on more conservative lines, or what greater deference we could have shown to scientific medical authority than we have shown. We have associated ourselves from the beginning with able and conservative medical men, and we deal with no ailing person until his case has been passed upon and diagnosed by a good medical authority; and while our treatment on the ethical and religious side is going on, the physician in charge of the case administers contemporaneously whatever medical remedies he may see fit to prescribe. Two of the rules governing our work are:—1. No person shall be received for treatment unless with the approval of and having been thoroughly examined by his family physician, whose report of the examination shall be filed with the church clinic records. 2. All patients who are not under the care of a

¹ HIBBERT JOURNAL, Jan. 1909, p. 300.

² *Ibid.*, p. 302.

physician must choose one and put themselves in his care before they can receive treatment at Emmanuel Church.

Thus there is no interchange of rôles between the physician and the minister. Each is on his own ground. The physician concerns himself with a careful diagnosis based on a searching physical and neurological examination, the prescribing of diet, medicine, a physiological regime, etc.; while the minister fulfils in relation to the individual that office of spiritual and ethical instruction which ordinarily he exercises in relation to a collection of individuals from the pulpit, and of course the better psychologist he is, the better fitted he will be to discharge his functions.

The next point to be emphasised is that we confine our efforts to the so-called "functional" disorders, because we believe that this is the legitimate sphere of our work. It is a curious perversity of thought which leads to the charge that in making the distinction between functional and organic we are guilty of inconsistency as compared with Christian Science, for which no such distinction exists;¹ but if we are inconsistent here, our guilt must be shared with all the leading authorities in medical science. We know as well as others that it is not always possible to draw a fixed line of demarcation between a functional disorder and an organic disease; but in practice a good diagnostician is seldom at a loss to detect the latter, and in doubtful cases we have excellent facilities of consultation not only with some of the ablest neurologists in this country, but also with other eminent specialists in the various branches of medicine and surgery.

Hence there is no attempt here to unify the functions of the priest and the medicine man. Rather what we have is a new form of specialisation, the employment of special knowledge and experience for a special task. It is because our training as religious teachers fits us for this task that we are trying to accomplish it. If nervous sufferers, victims of alcohol and other drugs, the unhappy, the sorrowful, would-

¹ HIBBERT JOURNAL, JAN. 1909, p. 311.

be suicides, and other children of melancholy felt that religion meant nothing to them, there would be no place for work like ours, and the motive for undertaking it would be wanting. It is here that we are met with two objections:—

I. The doctrinaire theologian, that is, the man who is a theologian in the narrower sense and nothing more, objects to the therapeutic use of Christianity on the ground that such use is a degradation of the lofty purposes which this religion was designed to subserve. The idea seems to be that Christianity is the revelation of transcendental truths intended to illumine the reason and inspire the conscience of men and women in a state of normal health, mental and physical. To suppose that it has any message to the abnormal, the neuropath, the hysteric, the alcoholic, for whom the first and necessary prerequisite to redemption is restoration to their proper personalities, is to drag it down from its high place and make it a minister to petty and evanescent needs. No! The sick are concerned first and foremost with the doctor of medicine, even though the sickness is primarily psychic or moral in character, and only in a secondary way physical. When the physician has finished his work, the minister may then be called in to do his. Unhappily, just at present, the appearance of the minister usually heralds that of the undertaker. All this argues, it seems to us, a wrong conception of the Christian faith and its mission to the world, and it is a conception which especially tempts the liberal theologian. Possessed as he is with a passion for truth, he is prone to rest content with the æsthetic and intellectual satisfaction which the search for truth supplies. His religious idealism works well when the wheels of life go smoothly and mind and nerve are at their best; but it turns thin and threatens to vanish away when forced to face the depression, the melancholy, the disintegration of mental and physical energies, the pathological weakening of the will incident to many maladies of the soul. We contend, on the other hand, that the Christian religion is never more in its element, never shines with a greater glory, than when it is

seen entering the dark places of our experience to cast out the demons of fear, worry, passion, despair, remorse, overstrained grief, and disgust of life, and to make soul and body a fit temple for the Holy Spirit. The weakness of theological liberalism to-day is its doctrinairism, its aloofness from the practical needs, the crying sorrows of our time, its lack of that primitive quality on which Jesus laid so much emphasis—faith, faith which is a spiritual dynamic strong enough to remove mountains. The type of man the Church sorely needs to-day is marked by John Morley when he sums up the character of Oliver Cromwell by saying that he was “a practical mystic.” Keenly conscious of the realities of the invisible world, at home in the realm of thought concerning the sublime mysteries of God, the soul, the meaning of our existence here, the true theologian sees in the visible everyday order the arena in which his faith is to achieve its real victories and stand forth a concrete and palpable power, able to measure itself with the forces of evil and misery which make of human life a hell. Such a man is irresistible, because he is a man of faith.

II. The other objection is psychological, and contends that religion has nothing to do with psychotherapy. “Religion,” says Dr Marshall, “has to do with ethics, with conduct and motive, with the emphasis of the best impulses that are within us; and with these things therapeutics cannot pretend to deal.” Now, to begin with, this is a painfully inadequate account of religion. Religion may begin with ethics, but it cannot end there; and to identify the religious and ethical moments in experience simply obscures the issue and does not tend to clear thinking. Ethics is concerned with the finite: religion reaches out to the infinite, sweeps a larger circle, commands other and deeper emotions. Religion has indeed to do with ethics, with conduct and motive, but it has to do with them in the sense that in its onward way it comprehends them. Man as ethical is a member of a social organism, proper adjustment of himself to which is his duty: man as religious is a member of a grander universe, a child of God, whose faith is that God

loves him, is interested in him and in his fortunes here on this planet as well as beyond the grave.¹ Note, then, that religion has emotional elements. Are not love, faith, hope, peace, repentance, the deepest feelings within the compass of our experience? Are they not definite psychic states, and as such must they not have definite nervous and physiological consequences or concomitants? Thus it turns out that we can deny therapeutic power to religion only by first of all eliminating from religion some of its essential elements.

But from the standpoint of therapeutics, the *ideal* contents of the Christian religion are as significant as the emotional forces it generates. The idea of God as the Friend and Companion of the soul, whose love, in spite of all that seems to contradict it, is the deepest fact in the universe; the idea of forgiveness, the possibility, that is to say, of a man breaking with his past, of reconstructing his character on a new moral and intellectual basis; the idea of redemption, in which a Divine power enters the soul and frees it from all that enslaves and degrades; the idea of our spiritual existence as a dying in order to live, as a losing of our own petty self in order to find a larger self in the life of the family or the community or the world; the idea of a future life in which energies that have here been cramped and hindered, and spiritual potencies that have here been crushed by blind circumstance, will come there to perfect fruitage—all these great conceptions have intrinsically the power to remove morbidity, dissipate despair, uplift the soul, and direct the energies of the individual into channels of health and freedom.

The curse of neurasthenia and allied nervous weaknesses is their egotistic and anti-social character. Now, service of others is of the very essence of the Christian religion, and it is through this service that the nervous sufferer is to win his way back to health and poise and peace.

The vital breath of religion, as we know, is prayer. Now,

¹ "Prove to me," said a nervous sufferer once, "that God loves me, and I will leave this place a well man."

psychologists and medical men are agreed that prayers for the sick, especially if the sick know that they are being prayed for, may contribute to restoration of health, and should be encouraged as a therapeutic measure. Dr Marshall explains the efficacy of prayer by the principle of suggestion, which works inhibitory changes in the central nervous system. In doing this he is within his rights, because he is considering the matter simply as a psychologist; but nobody will contend that this explanation explains in the sense of giving an ultimate ground or rationale of prayer. That is not the business of science. It is, however, the business of religion, which is concerned, not with brain processes and the apparatus of physiological psychology, but with spiritual realities. Man as a scientist belongs to time and space; man as religious lives in an eternal world and finds his deepest life rooted and grounded there. In other words, the scientific explanation is necessarily based on an abstraction; the religious explanation, which is concerned with the value of prayer for the higher life and ideals of man, goes beyond the scientific and seeks to relate prayer in some way to the ultimate realities of the universe. These two modes of viewing the problem need not conflict. They move in different worlds and minister to different needs.

But let us turn from abstract discussion and make appeal to some of the great students of the nervous system in health and disease. "We can reckon," says Möbius, "the downfall of religion as one of the causes of mental and nervous disease. Religion is essentially a comforter. It builds for the man who stands amid the misery and evil of the world another and fairer world. Besides his daily life full of care, it enables him to lead a second and a purer life. The consciousness of being within the hand of Providence, the confident hope of future righteousness and redemption, is a support to the believer in his work, his care, and his need, for which unbelief has no compensation. . . . If we consider the effect of irreligion as increasing our helplessness to resist the storms of life and as

favouring dissipation and crime, its relation to nervousness cannot be doubted; for if chronic moral disturbances contribute to nervousness, these conditions must be regarded as causes."¹

"Religious faith," writes Dubois of Berne, "would be the best preventive against the maladies of the soul and the most powerful means of curing them, if it had sufficient life to create true Christian stoicism in its followers. In this state of mind, which is, alas! so rare in the thinking world, man becomes invulnerable. Feeling himself upheld by his God, he fears neither sickness nor death. He may succumb under the attacks of physical disease, but morally he remains unshaken in the midst of his sufferings and is inaccessible to the cowardly emotions of nervous people."²

And again: "Those to whom the nature of their minds still permits a childlike faith will find strength in their religious convictions in proportion as they are living and sincere. It is dangerous to go through life without either religion or philosophy."²

"It must be clear," says Professor J. R. Angell of the University of Chicago, "that if we make any approach to restoration from diseased conditions by mental means, we shall be the more successful the more powerfully we can appeal to the mind and the emotions. Now among all the feelings to which we can appeal, few if any are so strong as those which we call religious. . . . From the hygienic side, therefore, there is a tremendous advantage to be gained from the religious appeal wherever it can be used."³

It is unnecessary to multiply quotations. Speaking generally, the more philosophical the physician is, the more inclined he is to give religion a prominent place in the treatment of psycho-physical disorders.

Finally, we must look at the life and activity of Jesus

¹ *Nervosität*, pp. 85 seq.

² *Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders*, English trans., pp. 210, 460, 461.

³ *Psychotherapy*, vol. i., No. 1, pp. 67, 68.

Christ if we would understand the capacities and aptitudes of the religion which He created, and the fact is too obvious to be denied that He appeared both as teacher and physician. His work as a teacher has received large recognition in the Church, especially since the Reformation. His ministry as a physician has been, since the fourth century, ignored or explained away by believers as strictly supernatural, and therefore having only allegorical meaning for us, and denied as fictitious or mythical by unbelievers. It is high time that Christian thinkers should face the problem raised by the healing ministry of Christ, and should ask themselves, Has it any meaning for His followers to-day? That Jesus Himself attached great significance to His healing activity is clearly reflected in the Gospels. When, for example, John the Baptist sends to ask, "Art thou the coming One, or are we to wait for another?" Jesus answers: "Go, report to John what ye hear and see: blind men see and lame men walk, lepers are cleansed and deaf men hear, and dead men are raised, and poor men are told good news."¹ This saying proves that in Christ's view the coming of the kingdom of God showed itself in part at least by the conquest of pain and misery and disease. He asks that His ministry which founds the kingdom should be judged by its saving, healing, redeeming quality. It is not that He emphasises His healing deeds as signs of supernatural power, but that He points to them as the tokens of boundless love and pity. As Harnack remarks, "By vanquishing and banishing misery, need, and disease, by the actual influence which Jesus was exerting, John was to see that a new day had dawned."² The saying of Jesus receives point and illustration when we call to mind that, of the eleven wonders or miracles recorded in the triple tradition, no less than nine are acts of healing. The changed attitude to-day of thoughtful men to these stories is very significant. Writers like Strauss rejected them partly on the ground of their assumed miraculous char-

¹ Matt. xi. 5; Luke vii. 22.

² *What is Christianity?* p. 65.

acter, partly because of a preconceived theory (no longer accepted) as regards the formation of the Gospel tradition. To-day the substance of the Synoptic tradition is regarded by almost every Biblical scholar as historical. The stories of Christ's healing ministry are so interwoven with the text of the narrative, so implied in His admittedly authentic words, so necessary in order to account for the profound impression which Jesus produced upon His own and succeeding generations, so psychologically probable in themselves, that only a wild and eccentric type of criticism ventures to reject them. "Medical science," says Matthew Arnold, "has never gauged—never perhaps enough set itself to gauge—the intimate connection between moral fault and disease. To what extent, or in how many cases, what is called *illness* is due to moral springs having been used amiss, whether by being overused, or by not being used sufficiently, we hardly at all know, and we too little inquire. Certainly it is due to this very much more than we commonly think, and the more it is due to this, the more do moral therapeutics rise in possibility and importance. The bringer of light and happiness, the calmer and pacifier, or invigorator and stimulator, is one of the chiefest of doctors. Such a doctor was Jesus."¹

But it is argued that our Lord's healing activity formed no part of His permanent message to humanity. If this could be proved, then it must be confessed the leading motive of our work would disappear. But no such proof is offered, and we must therefore take leave to question the soundness of the idea. One may surely say that if it were true, Christ made a sad mistake in devoting so much of His time, where time was so precious, in lifting from the souls and bodies of men the burden of disease; and one may also say that the evangelical writers were singularly misguided in giving so much space to the records of Christ's healing activity. And still further, the Apostolic and ante-Nicene Church must have hopelessly misunderstood Christ; for if there is one fact that stands firm, it is that

¹ *Literature and Dogma*, chap. v.

this Church healed the minds and bodies of men ; that, as Harnack has shown, one of the great causes of the spread of Christianity in the Græco-Roman world was its power to vanquish all sorts of moral and nervous disorders ; and it is indeed a notable fact that many of the greatest figures in Christian history, such as St Paul, Cyprian, Origen, Athanasius, Augustine, Francis of Assisi, Luther, Swedenborg, George Fox, and John Wesley, have found in the power of the Christian religion to dissipate the moral and nervous maladies of mankind a convincing proof of the continued life and presence of Christ in the world. No doubt the rise and progress of medical science, which is itself the fruit of the inspiring spirit of God, has created new conditions. To ignore or despise the work of students of medicine is to be guilty of folly and presumption ; but why should there be any opposition between the function of the physician to the soul and that of the physician to the body ? On the contrary, if the fundamental dogma of modern psychology—the unity of mind and body, a dogma which receives striking illustration by the researches of the physiologist, the anatomist, and the pathologist—is taken seriously, we may expect the best results from a co-operation between sound religion and medical skill. I do not plead for a return to the mere accidents of the early Christian age. The new conditions under which we live will modify the form of our activity. In my view, the discoveries of medical science are as much a revelation of the Divine order as the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount, and these discoveries must be utilised for God's kingdom. But I do plead for a return to the spirit of Christ ; and where this spirit is, there will be the enthusiasm of humanity poured forth.

As to the practical question, whether in actual experience to-day the Christian religion can give moral and religious help to the suffering, it is obvious that the only way to prove or to disprove such a theory is to try it on a sufficiently large and varied group of persons, to keep careful records, and to abide by the result. Physicians, no matter how famous, who have

made no use of the moral and religious motive are not in a position to deny its efficacy ; and if they were truly scientific, they would not do so. Now, it is this plan of experiment, observation, and record that is being embodied in the Emmanuel work.

Turning for a moment to the psychological ideas underlying our work, we believe with Dr Marshall and nearly all modern students of psychology that there is a subconscious element in mind ; that under the control of this element are such somatic activities as the action of the heart, the circulation of the blood, the secretion of the glands. Therefore these activities can be affected through influence brought to bear upon the subconscious. Still further, we know that in every mental process there is a subconscious element. In our loves and hates, our instincts and impulses, in sleep and in dreams, our controlling ideas which seem to carry us at times whither we would not, the subconscious plays a dominating rôle. It is the subconscious that rules in the mental and moral region where habit has the seat of its strength. If we can in some way reach the subconscious so as to enlist its powers in the interest of health, it is obvious that we have made a great step forward in the restoration of nervous balance and self-control. It is to the process of thus affecting the subconscious that the term "suggestion" is applied. As to how the subconscious activity works, and as to how it is related to the physiological apparatus of brain and central nervous system, let us confess at once we know nothing. All we know are simply external, empirical facts. We know that a few words spoken by another can unlock pent-up energies, remove mental and moral inhibitions, unify dissociated states of consciousness ; but as to how these things are done, we must say *ignoramus*, and perhaps also *ignorabimus*.

Now the Emmanuel work does not depend upon any theory, whether materialistic or spiritualistic, of the subconscious. Such theories are merely pious opinions, which may be taken for what they are worth. It does rest, however,

upon the fact of the subconscious and upon its proved significance in the physical, mental, and moral life. On the other hand, it would be a mistake to suppose that still greater emphasis is not laid upon conscious processes. We believe, for example, in explanation, in convincing the reason of the sufferer, in showing him how the trouble arose and how it may be removed, in arousing within him fresh interest, in soothing and calming his mind by infusion of hope and faith, in, if possible, leading him to a more satisfactory moral or intellectual outlook. In a word, we believe that conscious and subconscious are both essential to the integrity of the personal life. Great as is the power of the subconscious, greater still, we believe, are the powers of reason, emotion, and will. Hence one of the great remedies for the nervous maladies of which we are speaking is psychic, moral, and religious re-education. Just as an athlete can train particular groups of muscles to do his bidding, so we can exercise particular groups of thoughts until they dominate the mind, and this domination leads of necessity to the elimination of other groups of thoughts which we regard as undesirable. In neurasthenia, hypochondria, hysteria, psychasthenia, and other morbid and abnormal conditions, both conscious and subconscious are involved, and the method which affects both elements in mind would appear to be the most rational and practically the most effective.

Another psychological doctrine which commands our adherence is that of the interdependence of mind and nervous system. This is such an accepted commonplace that any elaboration of it here is quite unnecessary; yet it is a commonplace that is only gradually coming to its own. Here, again, we must distinguish between the fact and theories explanatory of the fact. The fact may be expressed by saying that for every phenomenon in the sphere of consciousness there is a corresponding phenomenon in the nervous system; and *vice versa*, for every change in the nervous organism there is a corresponding echo in the mental realm. Nay, more—the activity of consciousness and the activity of the nervous

system are parallel and proportional. Now, so far as a mental or moral therapeutic is concerned, it matters not one jot what theory of the relation between brain and consciousness you accept, whether that of causality or that of parallelism, or whether you are so daunted by the difficulties of either view that you proclaim yourself a psychological agnostic. On any view possible to educated men to-day, the fact remains that human nature is a unity; that between the physical and the psychical there are connections of the subtlest and profoundest order; that on the one hand, the spiritual life is conditioned by and is often at the mercy of physical processes; and on the other hand, that all mental states are followed by bodily changes, whether the mental state in question be an emotion, a desire, a sensation, or an idea. Hence it follows that in all disease there is a mental factor, and in some diseases (the so-called "functional") this factor is of predominating significance. For these disorders caused by or associated with such psychic states as overstrained grief, remorse, worry, fear, despair of the future, etc., the science of medicine knows no definite remedy, chemical or physical. It is the man himself that is diseased. What we have is a disorder not of this or that function or organ, but of the man's personality. What he needs is above all reconstruction of character; and if ethics and religion are powerless to reconstruct character, then the majority of thoughtful men in all ages have been labouring under a lamentable delusion. The more one considers the matter, the more is he convinced that the therapeutic significance of religion can be denied only on a theory which is, in spite of the theorist's protests, essentially materialistic.

To charge the Emmanuel Movement with being "hedonistic" in character is to misrepresent gravely its ethical aim and purpose. We do not believe, any more than medical science does, that "relief from pain is of the highest significance in this world." But we do believe that a broken nervous system and thin vitiated blood are no good foundations on which to build a sound moral and religious life. Religion is

not for the sake of health, but health is for the sake of religion. Not in animal health or freedom from pain can the highest good be found—else would the prize-fighter, who knows neither ache nor pain, be the noblest of our kind ; but animal health exists for a higher good, the flesh for the spirit. The worried, anxious, miserable, depressed spirit can scarcely be said to be advancing a kingdom which consists in love, joy, peace, self-control, and the doing of the divine Will.

To sum up, the Emmanuel Movement does not base itself on more or less speculative theories, psychological or theological, though its leaders, like other educated men, may espouse this or that doctrine ; it is grounded on the proved conclusions of modern physiological psychology. It is in aim a religious movement, and bases itself on the New Testament as it is interpreted by modern critical scholarship. It does not believe that its cures are due to any “miraculous” agency, nor does it believe that there is any magic in the relief of suffering. On the other hand, it is not ashamed to acknowledge that the universe lives in and is sustained by the eternal life of God, and that this life is the source of all healing agency. The Christian Scientist says of an act of healing, “God does it.” The confessed or unconfessed materialist says, “The forces of nature do it.” It would seem to me to be more philosophical to say, “God does it in and through the forces of nature.”

Finally, the Emmanuel Movement is philanthropic in character. It is the only effort, at least in America, which offers free combined medical, mental, and moral treatment to those who are unable to pay the generally prohibitive prices of costly sanatoria. To confound work of this sort with the various irrational healing cults of our time does not tend to clearness of thought, and is calculated to do a grave injustice to those physicians and clergymen who give of their time and skill to help the needy and the wretched.

SAMUEL M^cCOMB.

LUKE THE PHYSICIAN AND ANCIENT MEDICINE.

THE REV. JOHN NAYLOR.

OF the two factors which have led to the recent confident reaffirmation of the Lukan authorship of the third gospel and Acts—their wonderful political and geographical accuracy on the one hand, and the presence of medical terms in them on the other—the medical argument has been the more effective. Ramsay, as is natural in a historical specialist, thinks much of the former ; but wicked Germans smile at him, and still disbelieve. Zahn and Harnack think much of the latter.

Linking the evidence of medical language on to that of the language in general, collected by Hawkins, Harnack thinks the case for the Lukan authorship to be satisfactorily proved—chapters i. and ii. of the gospel not excepted.

The argument from the medical phraseology was suggested as far back as Bengel, who picked up one or two evidential nuggets from Luke viii. 43 and Acts iii. 7, but the goldfield was not worked diligently until sixty-six years ago, when some Mr Walker displayed a few more nuggets before the readers of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. These were technical medical terms used by Luke alone. About twenty years ago a Dublin scholar named Hobart, with the gold fever upon him, set out to make his academic fortune on the Lukan lands. With a marvellous diligence he worked until he had found four hundred little yellow lumps that looked like gold, and he arranged them all in his cabinet of finds. Now, if words used

by Luke, and not by Matthew and Mark, were all precious, Luke's book would be one of the richest in the world in more senses than one, as there are eight hundred such words. Hobart's four hundred are among these. Unfortunately his method of testing precious metal was not quite sound. He reasoned that if he found in the third gospel and Acts terms and phrases such as are found in the medical writings which remain to us from the fourth century B.C. to the second A.D., such terms and phrases would prove that the author was a doctor. Those writings are not numerous, nor are they voluminous. Five names comprehend nearly all of them: Hippocrates, who practised at Cos as chief physician in the famous sanatorium there in the latter half of the fifth century B.C., and who is rightly regarded as the father of scientific medicine; Aulus Cornelius Celsus, a Roman patrician, who wrote a little before Luke and Paul were in Rome; Dioscorides, an army doctor from Cilicia, who marched with the Roman legions towards the end of the first century A.D., and was possibly at the fall of Jerusalem; Aretæus, a physician from Cappadocia, who wrote a few years later; and finally, Galen of Pergamus, who became about 170 the Sir Frederic Treves of Marcus Aurelius, and dominated medical science by his authority for nearly fifteen hundred years. Of these five men it is probable that Dioscorides and Aretæus received part, if not the whole, of their training at Tarsus. They were natives of towns not far away, and were not likely to miss the advantages of a University on which Strabo lavished high praise.

Even in medical books all is not gold that glitters, though it ought to be, as there is not much that does glitter. Hobart thought he saw a yellow gleam on all the words common to Luke and to these writers. He failed to allow for the fact that 360 out of his 400 words were to be found in the Septuagint, and that many of them would have been used by any intelligent Greek writing on the same themes. And so the eager digger was told that only a small number of his nuggets were real gold. Some Germans sneeringly hinted that these

were copper. But a weighty commission of qualified assayers has found and reported that Hobart had discovered enough to provide a decent, scholastic, old-age pension. The opinion of the commissioners seems to be that, peradventure thirty or twenty or even ten fair-sized nuggets of real gold can be found in Luke's medical language, the argument is safe. And there is strong reason to believe that it is safe, for Zahn and Harnack have added to the best specimens of Hobart, and others have gone so far as to hint the probability of Luke's having read and imitated the preface to the *Materia Medica* of Dioscorides, in which the uses, etc., of some five hundred plants are described. Even from Germany the suggestion has come that Dioscorides and Luke were students about the same time in the University of Tarsus.

Beginning with parallels in the prefaces of Luke and Dioscorides, to which one from Galen may be added, let us quickly glance at the nature of Luke's language.

Luke's gospel begins: "Seeing that many have attempted to draw up a narrative of the facts which are received among us, it seemed right to me also, after careful investigation of the facts from the beginning, to write to you, most excellent Theophilus, a connected account, that you may know fully the truth of the things which you have been taught by word of mouth." Dioscorides begins thus: "Since, dearest Areus, many—both ancients and modern—have written about medicines, etc., I will try to prove to you that I have not been impelled without good reason to write this treatise; for of those authors some have left nothing finished and others have written most of their descriptions from hearsay." Dioscorides follows on with names and criticisms of the faulty authors referred to. What a pity Luke did not do the same!

In the dedication of his book on *Antidotes*, Galen writes: "I have carefully written this book, most excellent Piso, concerning the science of antidotes, after having with scrupulous investigations examined all the facts."

It may be that discoveries of papyri in the near future will

prove that such a form of introduction was neither peculiar to medical works nor uncommon. Until then we may regard the above similarities as pointing to Luke the physician.

We note next the prominence given in the Lukan writings to disease and its cure. In the gospel, besides giving seven or eight miracles of healing common to the three Synoptics and three common to Matthew and Luke or Mark and Luke, we have five cases peculiar to it alone—the son of the widow of Nain, the woman bent by a spirit of infirmity, the dropsical man, the ten lepers, and Malchus. In the Acts we have palsied Æneas, blinded Saul and Elymas, revived Tabitha, dead Ananias and Sapphira, the lame man at the Beautiful Gate, the ventriloquist at Philippi, Eutychus at Troas, the handkerchiefs at Ephesus, Paul bitten by the viper, Publius's father smitten by the fever, and the tending with medical care (*θεραπεύειν*) of all the sick at Malta. Medical solicitude is seen likewise in the parables of the good Samaritan who carefully administers oil and wine to the half-dead victim on the Jericho road, and of the beggar Lazarus whose body is full of sores. Luke alone gives us these parables.

Evidence of the profession of Luke is seen in the words, peculiar to him, of a distinct medical form and colour: *ἀχλὺς*, used of the blindness of Elymas, a word not found in the Septuagint nor elsewhere in the New Testament, but applied by Galen to cataract; *ὕδρωπικός*, which suits dropsy as neatly as appendicitis suits a special form of what a few years ago everybody called inflammation of the bowels; *τὰ σφυρά*, which is anatomical for the ankle bones of the man at the Beautiful Gate; *ἔκστασις*, which is psychological for Peter's vision-trance at Joppa; *ἐκψύχειν*, a purely medical word describing the sudden death of Ananias and Sapphira; *παροξυσμός*, applied to the contention between Paul and Barnabas as though it were a nervous outburst of passion; *λεπίς* and *ἀποπίπτειν*, of scales and their falling from the eyes of Paul at Damascus; *ἄρχαι* instead of *πέρατα* for the ends of the sheet which Peter saw in his vision—a word which Galen specially explains

as referring to the ends of bandages ; *θηρίον*, used of the snake which fastened (*καθάπτειν*) on Paul's arm at Malta ; *πίμπρασθαι*, of the swelling which was expected to follow the bite, and *καταπίπτειν*, of the anticipated fall brought about by the poison. All these are technical terms used correctly in a professional way.

Harnack's chief addition to Hobart's researches lies in pointing out the medical tinge of the words employed in describing the undergirding of the ship in the storm off Malta, and the illness of the father of Publius, the governor of the island. The narrative says, in reference to the ship, *βοηθείας ἐχρῶντο ὑποζωννύντες τὸ πλοῖον*, the word for girding being one that is found nowhere else in Greek for such a purpose, and that for ropes being almost an ambulance term for bandages. The diarist seems to be regarding the ship as a giant with fractured ribs, whose fractures are being bandaged in an accident ward. In reference to the father of Publius it is said, *ἐγένετο πυρετοῖς καὶ δυσεντερίᾳ συνεχόμενον κατακέῖσθαι*. Harnack thinks the description an accurate diagnosis of gastric fever—an ambiguous and therefore objectionable name for typhoid, and there is much to be said for this view. Luke elsewhere only uses the term *πυρετός* in the singular, and it is significant that it should here be used in the plural. In typhoid, dysenteric symptoms are present, and there are often striking variations of temperature. But may we not say with even greater probability that here we have an ancient diagnosis of Malta fever, which has quite lately been proved to be communicated to human beings through the milk of the goats of the island, in which the germ (*Micrococcus melitensis*) thrives during part of its life-history ? The unique feature of that disease, which lasts from six months to two years, is the extraordinary fluctuations of temperature. For this reason it is termed undulant fever. It is often accompanied by bowel trouble sufficiently severe to justify the ancient use of the term *δυσεντερίᾳ*. If Publius's father was acutely feverish every evening or every few days, what could be more natural

than the descriptive use of the plural *πυρετοί*? In regard to Malta, Ramsay has neatly corrected Harnack by pointing out that whilst Paul *healed* (ἰάσατο) Publius's father, all the other sick people of the island merely received medical attention (ἐθεραπεύοντο). Who was their physician, if not Luke? In the very next sentence he says of the islanders, "They honoured *us*."

Observe further how Luke, who used Mark as one of his sources, alters Mark's language in a medical direction. Where Mark speaks of Peter's wife's mother "lying fevered," Luke says she was "seized with a great fever"; where Mark simply mentions a leper, Luke notes that he was full of leprosy; where Mark refers simply to the withered hand of the man in the synagogue and the ear of Malchus, Luke specifies the right hand and ear. Similarly he adds to Mark's account of the Gadarene demoniac the information that for a long time he had not worn a garment. He uses the more technical *παραλελυμένος* instead of Mark's *παρλυτικός* in reference to the paralytic on the couch, and *ρίπτειν* for Mark's *σπαράσσειν* in regard to the epilepsy of the demoniac in the synagogue at Capernaum. He modifies Mark's records of the raising of Jairus's daughter and the cure of the epileptic boy. Why this modification of Mark's narrative in all these various ways, each suggestive of an intelligent interest in disease and its treatment? Specially significant is his omission of what Mark says about doctors having not only taken in fees all the money of the woman afflicted with the issue of blood, but also having left her worse than at first. Mark very likely knew the truth about some of the practitioners of the time, but Luke thinks his candour libellous and leaves part of his comment out.

Not only does Luke alter Mark, but he differs from both Matthew and Mark in an arrestive way in one instance. Writing of the camel passing through the eye of a needle, he uses for "eye" *τρῆμα* instead of Mark's *τρυμαλιά* or Matthew's *τρύπημα*, and he employs for "needle" *βελόνη* instead of *ράφίς* in Matthew and Mark. These are both technical surgical

terms—*τρήμα* for puncture, and *βελόνη* for the surgeon's needle. What is the explanation of such peculiar phraseology? If Luke the doctor did not make these changes, who did?

Moreover, Luke avoids using certain terms which are employed in a popular sense by Matthew. The word *μαλακία* is used a dozen times in the LXX and three times by Matthew to denote sickness, but it is never so used by Luke. Likewise, Matthew's words *βάσανος* and *βασανίζειν*, applied by him to sickness, are never so applied by Luke nor in medical speech. How is this?

These and other instances, such as the fact that he alone gives us the proverb, "Physician, heal thyself," serve to show that Luke was probably a physician with an eye for diagnosis, having acquaintance with medical literature, and a really keen interest in all forms of affliction and the art of healing the sick and wounded. We may therefore regard the assumption of Hobart, Harnack, Ramsay, Sanday, and others as fairly established.

It is at this point that our difficulties begin; and they are all the more serious because these distinguished scholars leave us to find our way without their guidance. None of them seems to have done more than study the medical literature of Luke's time with a view to discovering evidence in the vocabularies in support of the tradition that Luke the physician wrote the third gospel and Acts. The ideas of Greek medical writers—as distinguished from the vocabularies they used—concerning the diseases named by Luke, and the relation of Luke to those ideas, await inquiry. Let us therefore explore a little of this sphere of inquiry which rests upon the broad back of our assumptions. As we proceed let us (1) take a bird's-eye view of Greek medical science down to the age of Luke; (2) note the contrast between the attitude of that science and the attitude of Luke, specially in regard to demoniacal possession; and (3) offer a possible explanation of Luke's remarkable singularity as a Greek physician.

(1) Genuine medical science in Greek lands began long before the age of Pericles in the temples around the Ægean, where patients were treated by the Asclepiadæ, devotees of Asclepius, the god of healing, who seem to have been a branch of an original priesthood,¹ differentiated from it by a separate function, as the Levites from the priests of Israel. These Greek Levites looked after the sick—a function the prophets would have approved. Hereditary transmission of office and the habit of inscribing records of cures on votive tablets helped on the accumulation of empirical knowledge until in the fifth century B.C. a fairly large body of such knowledge was in the possession of some families of Asclepiadæ. One of the sons of such a family was Hippocrates, the presiding genius of the sanatorium at Cos. Here he studied in the fashion of our English Sydenham, noting down all manner of symptoms and slowly broadening precedents. Here he wrote the books which are justly regarded as the fountain-head of medical literature, and here he founded the renowned school of Cos, which radiated its influence in doctrine and practice for centuries through all the centres of Greek medical learning, and shone supreme until Alexandria eclipsed it by a still greater fame. (The best-known schools of medicine in rough order of time appear to have been Crotona, Rhodes, Cos, Cnidus, Pergamus, Cyrene, Miletus, Ephesus, Alexandria, Smyrna, and Tarsus.) The books which Hippocrates himself wrote—some six or seven in number—became the nucleus of a mass of literature from the pens of his followers. This took his name as naturally and readily as Proverbs and Ecclesiastes took the name of Solomon. Underlying his cautious methods—for, like our Sydenham, he was never eager to give decoctions, because disease was a sufficiently great mystery without adding another—he taught a curious doctrine of four humours.

¹ According to one theory, lay and clerical medicine had separate origins and remained separate until after the fourth century B.C. See Dr Withington's able essay on "Greek Therapeutics" at the end of the recent volume by W. H. S. Jones on *Malaria and Greek History*.

These were yellow and black bile, blood, and phlegm. Like a true Greek he held that in the rightly proportioned mixture of these lay the secret of health, whilst a disproportioned mixture caused disease. The notion of moderation controlled the Greek mind whether in its view of headache, sculpture, virtue, or education. The germ of dogma, together with reverential regard for the authority of Hippocrates, led to the school of Hippocrates being called Dogmatists.

Dogmatism migrated from Cos to Alexandria soon after the foundation of that city. We are forbidden to accept the tradition that Aristotle, the son of a doctor and himself a medical amateur, took his books thither and became the first librarian of the Museum and thus introduced the Hippocratean influence. But soon after his time two of the foremost anatomists of the ancient world performed vivisection experiments beside which the Battersea brown dog's sufferings seem trivial. These anatomists were Herophilus and Erasistratus. Herophilus is said to have experimented on six hundred live criminals. Tertullian termed him the butcher. It was probably near to the Serapeum, or temple of Serapis, which was the chief hospital standing on the western side of the city, that the mysteries of the sensory and motor nerves were first partially cleared up by these two men. About the time they were busy tracking these nerves, across the city in the eastern quarter where stood the Museum, Euclid was leading asses over his fateful bridge; and a little later, at the palace of the Ptolemies, Theocritus recited his Sicilian love idylls.

After a while one of the pupils of Herophilus slipped the leash of the prevailing dogmatism and set up the school of Empiricists, who discarded current theory in favour of observation and experiment. Contemporaneously in Alexandria medical specialism arose in its three branches of Surgery, Pharmacy, and Dietetics as we know them to this day.

A dietetic philosopher, "cleped" Asclepiades, as confident of the importance of diet as a modern aggressive vegetarian, went to Rome near the date when Julius Cæsar paid his visit

to our country. A pupil of his, Themison by name, established the school of the Methodics, the central theory of which was the Epicurean atomic doctrine applied to the human body. They regarded the body as a system of atoms having a multitude of passages or pores between them. These pores might be widely open or closely shut, health consisting in their being open neither too much nor too little. Here again we have the characteristic Grecian love of moderation—the happy medium. The very name chosen for the school means the middle path—μέσος ὁδός. Its best-known representative was Cornelius Celsus of Rome—Luke's contemporary, whose book on Medicine is the only remaining part of a sort of cyclopædia. Though Celsus was not a professional physician, his book yet possesses immense value for the student of ancient medicine.

The next school worthy of note owed its basal idea to the Stoic philosophy—the idea of an all-pervading soul of the Universe or Pneuma. This Pneuma was thought of as the source of vitality and right relation to it as the condition of health. The head of this school was Athenæus, and his disciples were known as Pneumatics.

Contemporary with these were the Eclectics. The eclectic in philosophy, medicine, and all other branches of knowledge and art generally appears when the multiplication of systems and sects has gone so far that truth suffers. It is his wise aim to sift out and then unite the elements of truth in diverse schools. One of the Eclectics who did this well was the Cappadocian Aretæus, who was a little boy when Luke was an old man, and who has left us a precious work on the *Causes, Symptoms, and Cure of Diseases*.

Summing up and gathering into one view what we know of the above schools, we may say that around the Mediterranean seaboard, in all the chief cities under Greek influence, from the time of Hippocrates to the last days of Luke, the teaching of scientific medicine was making itself felt. Physicians occupied in some places the position of officers of public health paid out of public funds. Before appointment they

had to state the name of their teachers and their own qualifications. Some travelled from town to town like the Sophists or the Stoics. Others settled down to private practice, opening surgeries (*τὸ ἰατρεῖον*) where they interviewed patients. In case they visited the sick at their homes, which they commonly did, the charge was much the same. The doctor's living wage was 9d. to 1s. 6d. per visit. There is a case on record of a physician who reminds us of some of our modern specialists. He required 45s. as his fee for a consultation, and insisted on being paid before seeing the patient. Men able to charge and get such a fee as that found their way sometimes to the best appointments in the Sanatoria, or gained public lectureships in the Universities of Athens and Alexandria.

(2) What were the respective attitudes of Greek medical science and of Luke towards disease in general and demoniac possession in particular?

It is a common feature of all the above-named schools that they followed the true scientific method of observation, experiment, and theory subjected to tests of verification. Fanciful as some of their notions and crude as their philosophy seem to us, they sought to establish the reign of law in the relations between bodily and mental ailments and natural causes. Outside these schools everybody believed in supernatural demoniac powers. Among the Egyptians, before Hippocrates, physicians aimed in diagnosis at discovering the nature and name of the evil spirit that was causing any particular malady. When that was done, the spirit was driven out by its own peculiar charm. In the days of Origen, the dwellers by the Nile held that the human body had a ghostly counterpart for each of thirty-six parts into which it was divided, and "each ghost might use its power to suck marrow, break bones, eat the intestines, or shrivel up the flesh." In striking opposition to this, Greek medicine sought, from Hippocrates downwards, to find the causes of disease and death in the tissues and humours of the body, and in the influences of foods and physical environment. Its view of mental disorders was similar to its view of

bodily ones. Perhaps the greatest work of Hippocrates was his attempt to explain various kinds of madness as due to natural causes—physiological and climatic. And it seems clear, from the writings of Celsus and Aretæus, that the Hippocratic attitude to disorders of the nervous system—such as epilepsy, and of the mind—such as melancholy, was adopted by all the Greek schools. The treatise of Hippocrates, in which he attacks the popular view of demoniac possession, bears the name *The Sacred Disease*. It is a masterpiece of scientific sanity; broad in outlook, keen and ironical in argument, and humane in spirit. The widely accepted idea that the sacred disease was merely epilepsy, is due to the narrowing down of the use of the term to that disease many years after Hippocrates. He evidently means by it any kind of epileptic seizure or form of madness. He ridicules the idea that because a victim of epilepsy foams at the mouth the god Ares is the cause; that because a maniac shouts in a sharp tone Poseidon is responsible; and because howling in the night is a symptom of another poor man's madness he should be looked upon as haunted by Hecate. He lays it down that all diseases, whether of mind or body, are alike in respect of supernatural causation—if one is so caused, then all are; if one is sacred, so are all. He suggests that insanity is in some cases transmitted by heredity, and also points out the potency of heat and cold and various foods in causing and curing the affliction. Thus does Hippocrates attack the superstitions of his time. Although he probably knew Socrates and was acquainted with that philosopher's belief in his demon, he would not allow demoniac agencies to be classed as the causes of disease. It should be noted that demons at that period were not among the Greeks sharply divided into the uniformly good and bad: they were fickle beings whose tempers were unreliable and who blessed or cursed accordingly.

After Hippocrates, and doubtless owing to his teaching, attempts were made to treat maniacs scientifically and humanely. Those, for instance, who feared darkness were

to be kept in the light as much as possible. So prescribed Asclepiades. His name brings us down to within a few decades of the birth of Luke. A little later we find the Roman Celsus writing comprehensively, though concisely, about many diseases, but never hinting in a single line any belief in demoniac possession as a cause of madness or epilepsy. His remarks on the forms and treatment of mania are as naturalistic and scientific as any in his book. They breathe the spirit of Hippocrates.

The Cappadocian Aretæus has also left us chapters on Epilepsy and Madness. In them he treats of melancholia as due to excessive aridity in the system; of mania as induced by luxury, lust, gluttony, and drunkenness. Living too fast was then, as now, a cause of nervous breakdown. Clearly men can live too fast without telephones and motor cars. For the treatment of mania he commends a warm and dry climate. Much more interesting than his remarks on cause and cure is the one passage—probably unique in this respect in ancient Greek medical literature—in which demons are mentioned. It occurs in the chapter on Epilepsy, which in his time had come to be specially known as the sacred disease. It reads thus:—

“There is a sort of ignominy, too, in its character, for it seems to attack those who offend the moon, hence the disease is termed sacred; or it may be from other reasons (either from its magnitude—for what is great is sacred, or from the cure not being in the power of man but of God, or from *the notion that a demon has entered* into the patient, or from all together) that it is so called.”

The true view of this supremely valuable sentence is that Aretæus is simply referring to the popular uneducated interpretations of epilepsy and not giving his own belief. His belief was almost certainly quite contrary to the popular opinion about the entrance of demons.

Turning now to Luke either as student, possibly at Tarsus, or young practitioner with 9d. or 1s. 6d. fees at Antioch, or more probably as family doctor of Lydia at Philippi for six years—during which he might now and then be called to the camp to tend a Roman soldier and maybe the Prætor

himself—or giving his services to all the sick folk at Malta, or settling down to practice in Rome and finally at Ephesus, we ask what his opinions were as to the causes and cures of bodily and mental afflictions. The question is interesting and significant if he was, as is assumed, a trained physician and a Greek—probably the only one in the Christian Church in his time. And the answer is not difficult; for when we look into his gospel and Acts we find his general attitude clearly set forth. His medical opinions were evidently widely different from those of the Greek schools, and his particular view of demoniac possession quite opposite.

Consider the evidence. In regard to maladies of the body, it is frequently said that Luke carefully discriminates between these and maladies of the mind in cases where Matthew and Mark do not distinguish. But the distinction is made by all the Synoptists (*cf.* Matt. x. 8; Mark i. 32); and they all speak of individual diseases without mentioning demoniac influence or even suggesting it. Mark regards the demonised as those only who are mentally afflicted—the insane and epileptic. Matthew makes a further distinction and speaks of the moon-struck, literal lunatics, in addition. On the score of discrimination, therefore, little need be said. What certainly is striking is the extent to which Luke carries the idea of demoniac influence. In common with Matthew, he regards dumbness as due to it, but he is alone in explaining curvature of the spine as due to it (Luke xiii. 10–17). Many are the cases in both Acts and the gospel in which he speaks of spirits (*cf.* Acts viii. 7, xvi. 16, xix. 16; Luke x. 17, iv. 36, ix. 36, x. 17). Indeed, of the sixty instances in the whole New Testament in which the word *δαιμόνιον* is used, more than twenty are in Luke. It is important to note that in the New Testament this word always means a bad demon or evil spirit. How came Luke to make such frequent use of it, if he did not believe in demons as causes of diseases, for in nearly all cases they are connected by him with disease? In the “We” section narrative of the maid at Philippi who told fortunes, he

doubtless expresses his own conviction when he says she had a Python spirit. His account of the demon at Ephesus which cried out to the sons of Sceva, "Jesus I know and Paul I know, but who are ye?" shows his readiness to accept such reports. Many similar examples place it beyond doubt that Luke was a convinced believer in the causation of many physical and psychical disorders by evil spirits, and that he regarded such spirits as ministers in a realm of evil whose ruler was Satan. He would probably have agreed with Philo in holding that "the air is full of incorporeal beings," and with the disciples in holding that when Christ rebuked the winds on the Sea of Galilee he did so because these beings in the guise of stormy gusts were bent on mischief—the wreck of the boat.

We conclude, therefore, that Luke as a Christian physician stood both against the spirit and teaching of Greek medicine from Hippocrates down to his own day. Even so sincere a religionist as Plutarch, eager as he was to see the restoration of oracles, would probably have hesitated to regard the ventriloquist Philippian slave-girl as inspired by Apollo. Anyhow, this is one of those cases which Hippocrates specially singled out for ridicule nearly five hundred years before.

(3) What, then, is the explanation of this singularity of Luke? If the most reasonable solution of the difficulty is one which does not square with the assumptions with which we started, then those assumptions will require to be altered.

There are several explanations possible. It may be argued that there were two streams of Greek medical practice, the lay and the clerical, and that the former had in Luke's time lost its scientific temper and degenerated into a mixture of the methods of Hippocrates and a sort of medicine-man, whilst clerical medicine in the temples of the God of Healing had so increased in influence that Zeus-Asclepius had become a great popular saviour. According to this view Luke would be an ordinary practitioner with a large element of popular Greek superstition in his view of disease, and on becoming a Christian he would simply exchange loyalty to Asclepius for loyalty to

Christ. To this there are several objections: *e.g.* Luke was a man of culture, and it is highly probable that cultured Greek physicians were keenly sceptical of the superstitious beliefs of that time; there is not only lack of evidence of any serious degeneration of teaching in medical schools, but the medical literature, some of which has come down to us, was remarkably scientific in its spirit and method; Luke was probably familiar with much of that literature and influenced by it.

The suggestion is here offered that the best explanation open to us is, that the scientific influence of Greek medicine upon Luke's mind was overborne by that of Paul and by his experiences in the Jewish-Christian atmosphere in which he certainly lived from the time of meeting Paul at Troas, if not from an earlier period of connection with the church at Antioch. That both Jews and Christians believed in demons is patent. Paul had no doubts about them. The powers of the air were intensely real to him, as were the buffetings of Satan. Outside the New Testament, Josephus and the Book of Jubilees make manifest an unquestioning belief among all classes of Jews. In the Christian churches the same belief prevailed. Christ himself neither said nor did anything to reduce or remove that belief. He showed a divinely beautiful tenderness towards the afflicted, but he probably shared the contemporary acceptance of possession. Making full allowance of force to all the apologetic arguments which aim at excepting Christ from his contemporaries in respect of demoniac belief, we are driven to admit with Professor Sanday that the Master did accept it—in fact, that he never doubted it.

What was the effect of this Jewish-Christian environment likely to be upon the mind of a comparatively young Greek physician? An American Presbyterian missionary, Dr Nevius, has told us that when he went to China he at first despised and condemned the prevalent belief in demoniac possession, but after the lapse of years came actually to accept it.

The power of our mental surroundings to mould and tint our ideas is great at all times. It would need less to create

such a belief in the mind of a trained physician in Luke's world than in ours. Epictetus said that "all things are full of gods and demons": but he was not a physician. His Stoic pantheism was not quite secure against the inroads of demons.

Not only would the beliefs of Paul and his fellow-Christians influence Luke; he would also be much impressed by the things he saw. The Christian power of healing through faith would be familiar to him in every church he visited. As faith is a spiritual power and makes use of spiritual agency to work its cures, it is natural that Luke should come to regard the diseases so cured as due to spiritual agents. It is certain that the phenomena he witnessed in Christian circles made it easy for him to believe in demoniac causes of disease. Even in our day there have been and are keen minds of severe scientific habit—Sidgwick, Crookes, James, Lodge—who have been convinced that telepathy and the automatism of the subconscious self do not explain all the phenomena of Hyper-Psychics. Evidence has suggested to them the likelihood of the influence of discarnate souls. Some are persuaded of this. We cannot wonder at a similar persuasion in Luke.

But how came Luke to accept as true such events as—beginning with those nearest the time of writing his books and working backwards—the mauling of the sons of Sceva by a demon that acknowledged Jesus, the efficacy of the handkerchiefs which touched Paul, the raising of Eutychus, the sudden exorcism at Philippi, the blindness which fell on Elymas, the raising of Dorcas, the casting out of devils in Samaria by Philip, and the restoration of many paralytics? These are in the Acts alone and do not carry us back beyond 37 A.D. The gospel events are a decade earlier, and Christ's birth more than forty years earlier.

In regard to some of these cases there should be no difficulty when we remember how exceedingly powerful faith probably was in the early church; how it surpassed that of modern Catholics. Have we not the authority of Pascal for the curing of a long-standing fistula in the eye of his niece by

the touch of the holy thorn? And has not a committee of German physicians certified eleven remarkable faith cures wrought at Treves by the Holy Coat in 1891? Two cases of blindness and two of paralysis were among the eleven. Some of the cures in Acts are not so wonderful as these, the cases of possession being susceptible to the methods of faith-healing.

But the case of Eutychus (at which we may suppose Luke to have been present, for the account is in the "We" section, xx. 7-12) and that of Dorcas are different. Ramsay is right, no doubt, in saying that Eutychus was not killed but only stunned by the fall. But why does Luke say he was dead? Augustine of Hippo records that several dead people had been brought back to life during his ministry there. Augustine, however, was not a doctor, and Luke was. The Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial reports that no fewer than thirteen persons narrowly escaped premature burial last year through apparent death. Luke, however, seems to have believed in the actual return of the soul to the dead body, if not in the case of Eutychus, certainly in that of Dorcas twenty years before. Dorcas was probably no more dead than Eutychus. The blindness of Elymas may have been due to intense mental excitement. It was only "for a season," and we know that temporary loss of sight is often the result of nervous shock. What more likely than that Elymas, at a supremely critical moment in his career, should be dazed for a while by such a shock? Of the blindness of Saul on the Damascus road, there can be no question that physical and psychical conditions sufficiently account for it.

We conclude, therefore, that Luke was led to attach great importance to demoniac influence through contact with Christianity, and that at the same time he was led to believe in the power of faith in the sick, and of personality in Paul and Christ, to work marvellous cures and do many mighty works. Once he had come to the Christian view of the relation of the spiritual world to the natural, it would be easy for him to accept as true many things which as a Greek physician he

would have rejected. It therefore becomes a vital question how far Luke's supernaturalism affects his accuracy as a historian. Ramsay vigorously pleads for his accuracy. And certainly there is much to be said in favour of it. Many of the objections to the acceptance of the miracle stories in Acts fall to the ground when we remember that even if Luke's interpretation of an event be doubtful or wrong, the event may have happened. It seems clear that we have in the Acts a narrative which only needs to be explained in the light of Luke's Christian beliefs in order to yield us much true history. Ramsay has not shrunk from a naturalistic interpretation of the story of the girl at Philippi, the raising of Eutychus, the escape of Paul and Silas from the prison, the blindness of Saul, the story of the so-called viper at Malta, and the so-called cure of all the sick at Malta. He saves the historicity by highly reasonable explanations which get rid of the miraculous in the old sense. Others have applied the same method of criticism to the story of Pentecost, and we have seen how the facts of psychology render probable a natural explanation of other incidents in Acts. It remains to be seen how far historical criticism will enable scholars to get behind the letter of the gospel in the same way. So far there is no reason to question the truth and sincerity of Luke's declaration at the beginning of his gospel. Some day we may know how a Greek physician came to write the story of Bethlehem. Meanwhile it is not enough to say with Harnack that "Luke was rooted in the twofold miracle world of Palestine and Greece." We need and want to know more about the Sir Thomas Browne of the early church and more about his immortal two-volume *Religio Medici*. One lovely truth we do know. It is, that Luke saw the religion of the Lord Jesus bring light, joy, and health where darkness, misery, and disease were before. He saw this and believed. No wonder!

JOHN NAYLOR.

PTOLEMAIC AND COPERNICAN VIEWS OF THE PLACE OF MIND IN THE UNIVERSE.

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THE Ptolemaic theory of the movements of the heavenly bodies was the most elaborate attempt to put into formulæ the sensible fact that the sun and the planets and the stars rose and set. They seemed to move around the habitation of the observer, man. Cycles and epicycles were but inventions of the geometrical mind to express more accurately the movements of these bodies around the great centre of the world. Copernicus displaced the earth from its pre-eminence, dismissed it to the circumference, one of a multitude of bodies that circle round the sun. The source of light and heat and life was no longer a strange and accidental attendant of the earth, put there to serve its inhabitants, but the pivot on which the earth with its inhabitants turned ; and the earth became intelligible in ceasing to be adorable.

The geocentric and heliocentric views of astronomy have their counterpart in metaphysics, and the geocentric view is still omnipotent. The human mind is in nearly all modern metaphysics the centre of the universe. It is the point of reference to which all things are referred. Many phrases would need to be used, and carefully chosen, to describe the particular ways in which this reference is conceived by different thinkers. The very existence of knowledge is supposed to prove that the objects of knowledge are relative to the

knower. It has become a commonplace to speak of the relativity of knowledge. Only the contents of consciousness can be apprehended, and in some sense the world is the contents of our consciousness. Things are dependent on the mind not only for being known but for their existence. Remove the mind, and they vanish into nothingness. Or, in a more moderate tone, the mind is thought to supply the unity, the order, of the world of knowable things; even to be the source of those fundamental notions of permanence and substantial existence and causality upon which the fabric and the life of things depend. Or, in an even more moderate fashion of exalting the mind, it is still pleaded that if we would understand things we must think of them in the last resort as spiritual in character, akin, not necessarily to the human mind, but to mind. The ultimate nature of things may appear as physical, but in its essence it is mind, and if we would seek to know it most comprehensively we must conceive the world as a whole as possessing the unity and coherence which are characteristic of our mental life at its best. Thus things receive their colour and character from mind, and where they are recalcitrant to mind the recalcitrance proves them to be mere appearances. Not only philosophers have thus sought to interpret things in terms of mind. The geocentric habit has infected the students of nature as well. To confirm their belief in the all-pervasiveness of mind they conceive things in the likeness of mind with its accompanying brain, which are regarded as different aspects of one underlying reality; and a physical thing is treated as not merely physical, but as animated with mind, which with it forms one reality. This notion of monism, a form of Spinozistic doctrine helped out by the appearance of life which recent physics has detected in matter, is a widely accepted doctrine among men of science—a testimony to the native fascination exercised by mind.

I will mention in particular a few illustrations of the geocentric habit in philosophy, and two of them shall be from

the thinking of the present day. But I must first note that, though not the founder, yet in a way the second founder, of the Ptolemaic theory is Kant himself. Complaining of his predecessors, that they sought to accommodate the mind to things, he tried the new way of accommodating things to the mind, and the issue was the famous doctrine that all knowledge and all empirical reality depended on the unity of self-consciousness and on certain principles or forms of sense or understanding which were characteristic of it, by which it sustained and co-ordinated the sense materials supplied to the mind. It is very ironical that Kant himself signalled the revolution which he believed himself to be effecting as a Copernican revolution. But there is nothing Copernican in it except that he believed it to be a revolution. If every change is Copernican which reverses the order of the terms with which it deals, which declares A to depend on B when B had before been declared to depend on A, then Kant—who believed that he had reversed the order of dependence of mind and things—was right in saying that he effected a Copernican revolution. But he was not right in any other sense. For his revolution, so far as it was one, was accurately anti-Copernican. According to his own account, whereas things had been the centre, and mind, the human partner in the relation, had been the satellite, he constituted mind, the earthy element, the centre, and things the satellite. On his own showing, he displaced the Copernican by a Ptolemaic conception. In sober fact, his so-called Copernican revolution was neither Copernican nor even a revolution. What he did, because he was so great a thinker and made so great an advance, was to tighten the grip of the Ptolemaic habit. For he was mistaken in supposing himself to have created a revolution. He made an advance, and a mighty one, but it was in the spirit of his Empiricist predecessors. They were saturated with mind; the things we know were to them mental realities, the objects of mind, even nothing but the objects of mind. But the minds they spoke of were individual minds—the minds of you and me. The great

and memorable advance which Kant made was to show that empirical reality was not dependent upon individual minds but upon mind as such—upon mind universal, upon something which, though mind, was eminently not individual. And in the end he dimly hints that, behind empirical reality, the world of things in themselves, which we can never know except in their empirical appearance, is not alien to, but one with, the mind upon which empirical reality depends. It is not therefore strange that in the thought of T. H. Green, where Kant's hesitations have disappeared, the whole universe appears as the unfolding of a spiritual principle.

But it is not my design to discuss the historical position of Kant. Let me turn to two doctrines which largely occupy the thoughts of our contemporaries. The one declares that reality is experience, and even that it is sentient experience; the other declares that our minds and their needs are the measure of truth. They are commonly known as absolutism and pragmatism respectively, and their quarrel has the peculiar embitterment of quarrels between relatives, for they both have their origin in the same mental presuppositions. They are both descended from one father, Ptolemy. Their difference is in their method and the implications of it. What the pragmatist resents in the absolutist is the unity and the immutability, the want of growth, which absolutism attributes to ultimate reality, its belief that the reality is, as M. Bergson says, already made and finished. The imperfect experiences which are the realities in which we live, nature and time and space, even our own selves, the categories under which we view things, causality, substance, the qualities of things, and the relations of them—all of these are imperfect and false, and therefore absorbed into an ultimate reality which is perfect and true and coherent. The pragmatist clings to life and multiplicity and growth: the world is a growing one; even the physical world is unstable, it moves, and its future forms are unpredictable. For us the world is full of contingency, and we are ourselves part of the growing world.

What the absolutist misses in the pragmatist is a sense of the insistency of reality, the resistance which reality offers to our fancies, that it forces us to think of it in certain ways; that we must think so or feel so, or else we perish; it bends not with the remover to remove; that we discover truth and do not make it. These two strongly contrasted results—that there is an ultimate reality, and that every other reality is an appearance of it, real as an appearance, but unreal when taken for more; and that what we need for our mental welfare, unity, and satisfaction, what, in a word, is useful, is true—these two propositions are the outcome of two different methods of thinking. The method of the absolutist is to take in turn each portion of our experience, and each of the concepts we use in handling it, and to measure them by the test of coherence or harmony and completeness. None of them but are infected with some internal contradiction or some insufficiency. Our selves, for instance, are inconsistent and divided, and at every turn we are limited by others and by nature. There are grades of such reality; but only the complete reality, the complete experience, is perfectly harmonious, self-dependent, and inclusive. The test of reality is found thus in certain logical measures, and is used to declare all things fragmentary appearances of the one ultimate. The pragmatist starts with himself, and is confessedly content to find truth in whatever at any stage satisfies his craving for coherence in his various experiences, including not merely his intellectual but his emotional and practical needs. And truth (and the pragmatist insists that his philosophy is merely a method of testing truth and not of describing reality) becomes for him thus a changing and growing truth to be learnt by living.

But different as their results are and their methods, the fundamental spirit is the same in both. There is always a certain danger in attempting to point the contrast between two complicated systems of thought in a few words. But it would not be untrue to say that for both doctrines reality is

experience. Only whereas for the absolutist the stress is laid on reality, for the pragmatist it is laid on experience. For the absolutist, reality is experience. For the pragmatist, experience is reality, so far as he deals with reality. Now hardly anything appears so convincing upon first reflection as the dogma of the absolutist—that reality is experience, that it is not merely mental in the sense that it can be known, but is essentially mental. There is no such thing as subject alone or object alone. What is real is the experience in which the two are distinguishable indeed but inseparable. Or, as it has been put by another thinker, there is no duality of mind and things; there is only a duality within unity, or a unity in duality. The physical is only one side of the true reality, artificially set aside from the other. The mental is only another side. Singly, they are unreal; together, they are experience. What, indeed, are things without the thinker to apprehend them? What is the thinker without the things to occupy his thought? Now with this thought in common—that reality is experience (not necessarily that it exists as it is experienced on any particular occasion)—the two methods work very differently. The absolutist takes the different forms of experience, tests them, and condemns them all except the ultimate one. He openly and avowedly takes experience as a whole in its double character. The pragmatist, on the other hand, takes his experiences from their mental side. He does not seem to lay stress on that obtrusiveness of reality which enforces our obedience; he even seems to forget it. He simply takes the various new elements of reality as swimming into his experience, and so allows for the non-mental side of reality by naively assuming its existence and dealing with it in its personal form as it is experienced. But, because of the different emphasis which they lay upon reality, the absolutist uses an apparently impersonal test, whereas the test which the pragmatist uses is palpably personal. In the end, however, the impersonal test of coherency and completeness which the absolutist uses is personal too. From what other than a

personal source is derived that striving for non-contradiction and for completeness which he applies in order to judge the degrees of reality?

To describe reality as experience, let alone as sentient experience, however profound and convincing it may at first appear, is to adopt from the beginning the geocentric prejudice. Why experience, except that reality is known to beings which enjoy experience? The other way or spirit of philosophic thinking is the heliocentric. It is not easy to illustrate from the history of philosophy, or to do more than indicate it by comparatives. As the Copernican theory of the heavens existed before the Ptolemaic in the astronomy of some of the Greeks, so Greek philosophy, with its outward-gazing attitude, is more Copernican than modern philosophy; and of the moderns, the earlier ones, Descartes and Spinoza and Leibnitz, are more Copernican than the later ones. But the Copernican spirit is abroad in the land in some forms of realism. It must not be confused with empiricism, for in point of fact pragmatism is almost clamorously insistent on its thorough-going empiricism, and the absolutism of Mr Bradley, like that of Hegel, is pre-eminently distinguished for its resolute devotion to fact. On the other hand, the historical empiricists have been Ptolemaic above their fellows. It is they who have insisted more than all others on the mental character of the objects of experience; and though some of the greater ones among them have tried to enjoy both worlds, to turn phenomena into ideas, and at the same time to assign a reality to things in themselves, the bent of empiricism has even been towards that extreme form of thinking which treats the objects of knowledge as states of consciousness, and which in an exaggerated degree asserts the central position of mind.

As the privileged earth became, upon the new theory of the heavens, but one of the heavenly bodies amongst others, so in the Copernican metaphysics the mind is but one thing or class of things among others, physical bodies being a co-ordinate group; or rather, to speak more accurately, mind

is a distinctive property of a certain group of things which are themselves physical. This result it arrives at from an unprejudiced analysis of that very act of knowledge which was supposed to indicate the supremacy of mind. Take the simplest kind of apprehension of external things—the perception of a house or tree. It contains in relation to one another two separate things—the tree and the act of perception. Only a mind which, in Berkeley's phrase, is debauched by learning can regard such an experience as the presence in consciousness of a so-called idea, object, or presentation—the idea of the tree. An ingenious theory has been put forward to account for the misconception. Another person tells me he is conscious of a tree, or he has the perception of a tree. It is natural enough, though hasty, to suppose that his consciousness is qualified by the existence of this tree-percept. For what I apprehend is this man and the tree, separate and distinct from one another; and when he tells me that he has a perception of the tree, what else can I think but that there is some idea of a tree which he seems to say he possesses in his consciousness? And now, when I have supposed this idea "tree" which is present in his consciousness, must I not go on to interpret my own experience by his and say that what I too have in my consciousness is a conscious presentation of a tree? I make a theory about his condition, and then read the theory into my own mind. Whereas, if I had followed my unsophisticated instinct, I should say, that since I see a tree which is not myself, he too, by an act like mine, sees a tree which is not himself nor myself, and that we both of us see the physical tree which is separate from us both. Whether this history of how we are seduced into error, and then our dissipation is made habitual by philosophy, until in the end we come to think it the last refinement of wisdom to believe that what we apprehend is not physical things outside us but ideas which somehow we refer to physical things—whether this story of our rake's progress is true or not I will not undertake to say. But it is certain that, whether or not it represents the history of our

downfall, the belief itself which it describes is a distortion of a plain fact. When I see the tree, my conscious act of sight is one thing, the tree is another; the sight of the tree is the relation of the one thing to the other. That perceiving is an act of consciousness which stands in relation to a non-mental external physical object.

It may be thought that such realism is the crude and naive statement of the unphilosophic man. On the contrary, the naive mind accepts idealism and realism indifferently. Berkeley, who holds that things are merely ideas, and Reid, who holds that things are real in themselves, are equally acceptable to common sense; because common sense has never raised the issue, and not appreciating the terms, it is all one to it for practical purposes whether we are dealing with ideas or things. What does puzzle and embarrass common sense is that there should be both ideas and things. On the other hand, that when I see a tree my act of perception is a mental thing and the tree is a physical thing, and that these are related to each other—to say this, is not the judgment of common sense but is undoubted metaphysics; but metaphysics undebauched by prepossessions, and content to accept the bare fact for what it is worth.

A very little reflection discovers in this alleged duality in unity, which is a real duality of two related but independent things, much more than the bare fact I have described. Of the two things, the physical tree and the act of perception, the conscious act belongs to a physical and even to a living organism, and is more particularly connected with the brain. The act of perception itself is an activity of the peculiar kind called consciousness, peculiar in a sense that it does not appear except in connection with physical matter of a certain order. Its nature we can understand if we compare it with the behaviour of an animal or a plant. The air excites the action of the lungs to inspiration and expiration. The tendril of the plant twists towards the supporting pole. The wounded flesh responds to a particle of extrinsic dirt by suppuration and extrusion. The decapitated frog wipes off a drop of acid

on its shank. The nutritious parts of food are absorbed and the rest excreted. All these are vital actions. In their sum they make up life. They are, from one point of view, chemical and mechanical processes. But they are not merely such, but have the unique character of life. Compare perception with such actions. It, too, is a reaction upon stimulus. When the tree is present and my eyes are open, I respond by a certain kind of mental activity which is seeing the tree, and which is different when I see a horse or an ox, which is different again when I only dream a tree, or remember one, or think it, or judge it to be green. In all these cases, precisely as a living being responds by vital actions to things which affect it, does a conscious being respond by conscious actions to things which affect it—that is, which affect the bodily organs and the brain whose motions have this unique property of consciousness.

This is far enough removed from the naive consciousness, and is, in truth, out and out metaphysical, though it keeps to the given fact. It even costs me an effort to keep myself from giving up this fact and allowing the sun again to go careering round the earth. For in this reaction of the mind upon physical things mind is conscious *of* the physical object. This is what it is to be conscious of an object—that the object evokes a reaction of consciousness, which reaction, being a movement that varies in direction with the object, may be said to be variously directed towards the object. But not only is this reaction knowledge of the object, but it is of itself self-consciousness. To be conscious is to be a self-conscious thing. A self-conscious thing is one whose life consists of consciousness, and the consciousness is the self. It is not conscious *of* itself as it is conscious *of* the tree. The self consists in its consciousness. That is what makes the statement difficult to understand. We fancy that if we are aware of ourselves we must stand outside ourselves as we stand outside the tree. And again, when we say we are aware of the tree, we find it hard to believe that we who think of the

tree are only a thing beside the tree, unlike it but juxtaposed, as an animal is juxtaposed to its food. A being outside both me and the tree, to whom both my mind and the tree were, as it were, physical objects in the sense in which an animal and a stone are both of them to me physical objects, the one living and the other inanimate, would perfectly well understand that there are two objects juxtaposed—my consciousness and the tree. But because we are never anything but ourselves, are not outside ourselves but live ourselves, we find it difficult to understand that we who know things are but a thing beside them, although endowed with that capacity of reaction upon them which we call experience of them. We still imagine that the only way in which a fact can be experienced is that our minds should look on at it, whereas the fact which is our mind can never be looked at by us but only lived or felt. Suppose there were no being higher than life, suppose there were no consciousness, life would still be a reaction upon surroundings, and it would not be a reaction upon itself, but would be itself, would be lived. Now let there be a new and higher form of reaction called consciousness. Its reaction upon things is a contemplation of things, including among those things life. But it only feels itself. Yet it remains a new kind of existence co-ordinate with the rest.

What truth there is concealed in the statement that reality is experience, that experience is a duality of mind and things in unity, is now apparent. The two things in the reaction we speak of as apprehension of an external thing are separate and independent. Yet so far as they enter into this relation they are shown to be not absolutely independent. The mind can exist only in the activities in which it becomes aware of other things. It depends so far on them, but no more than an animal depends on air for breathing, and yet remains an independent thing. On the other hand, the mere fact that external things may be known shows that they are related to mind. But this no more proves them dependent on mind than an apple is dependent on the earth because it

falls to it. The only truth contained in the doctrine that reality is experience, or experience reality, is that, as a matter of observed fact, the universe is one which contains both mind and things in relation to one another. But in this relation both parties preserve their independence, though they are relatively dependent in the sense of being interrelated.

It follows from this view of mind and things that knowledge of things, the apprehension of things which are not mental, is a process of discovery and not in any sense of creation. In so far as a tree evokes in me a perception, it reveals itself to me to the limited extent to which I perceive it. The revelation is incomplete; it may need to be amplified by revelations contained in other perceptions and in thought which modify each other. But it *is* given or revealed to me; and when I get more knowledge of it, it is not that my mind becomes, as it were, supplied with fresh material—it is fresh matter which is revealed. The change that occurs in the mind is that the activity evoked is more complex and refined and articulated. I am, therefore, a mirror in which things are reflected; and the so-called image is virtual, as the opticians say, and not real. There is nothing in the mind itself like trees and triangles. There is only more refined and elaborated activity of consciousness adequate to receive the revelation of trees and triangles. And the extent of the revelation depends upon the native or improved capacity of the organism of which consciousness is a property: according as it can respond or not to the full wealth of the real things that are outside it. These things can only be revealed to minds that belong to appropriate organisms. Colours are not revealed to the blind, nor music to the tone-deaf, nor scientific truth to the thoughtless. It is those organisms which can respond to the stimulations of the various properties of external things that have been, as it were, selected by nature through practical success in dealing with them. A physical body can only be affected in a few ways by a physical body, a living body in more ways, a conscious

body in still more ways. It is only in the stricter sense to the conscious body, which in being aware of itself directs its consciousness upon things, that things can properly be said to be "revealed" in the ordinary sense of that term. But the process of knowing remains a process of revelation, in which all the energies of the mind are bent to become the passive recipient of the influences which surround it.

I am endeavouring only to present, and shortly, the general character of the Copernican method in metaphysics, and therefore I will not attempt to deal with the difficulties which beset it. I will only add, by way of indicating the means by which these difficulties may be resolved, that the revelation will be imperfect or distorted by whatever imperfection or distortion belongs to the instrument. Whenever the personality of the subject of the revelation gets between him and the object the revelation is blurred. It may be a fault of the sense organs which makes a man colour-blind; or it may be ignorance or prejudice, where the observer clouds the object over with his fancies, just as a fanatic in religion may put his private revelations in place of the true ones. All error of all kinds is the intrusion into things of the defects of the mirror in which they are reflected. All personality which is private impedes that attitude of strenuous impersonality which is the recipient of the true nature of things. The methods of science, its checks and cautions, its instruments of precision, its inventions to extend and refine the senses, are but cunning and admirable devices to improve the mirror and to keep it clean, to keep out what is peculiar to the individual.¹ On the other hand, the more complete the instrument the more complete the revelation. The genius is that powerful and gifted personality to whom things unseen by other men are first revealed. His discoveries are literally visions. And where he sees he teaches others to see after him. I may add further that for all we know, just as higher revelations are possible to me than are possible to

¹ On this topic see a paper on "The Conduct of Understanding" in the *Journal of Education*, March and April 1909.

animals, there may be orders of beings to whom revelations not vouchsafed to us may be accorded, for whom nature and man may render up secrets which we shall never know because we have no means of response to them, because they evoke in us no appropriate reaction. Such beings would not be mere minds, but still higher existences built up on mind as mind is built up on life. If there are angels, they may be such subjects of higher revelations.

One of the ways in which we can appreciate the meaning of a point of view is to consider what consequences it carries with it. It would be natural for me here¹ to speak of the consequences of the Copernican view for religion. But before doing this I must first proceed with more philosophy. What can we say on this view of the universe as a whole? It is a universe of which minds are but special parts, privileged ones, but in no way rightfully claiming pre-eminence so that they should control or be arbiters of the rest; and there is nothing which precludes the existence of higher existences than mind. Physical bodies, living bodies, thinking bodies—these constitute the things we know in the universe; and there may be others. But let us confine ourselves to minds and things. Seeing that mind is but one set of things amongst others, it is clearly illegitimate to describe the universe as a mind or as a living being. It contains life, and it contains mind. But if it were mind or spirit (to take the higher denomination) it would have a property which mind or spirit, so far as we know it, never has. For the universe is self-contained, and having nothing outside it can react upon nothing. But the essence of mind is that it is reaction upon the things outside it which are revealed to it. To suppose the universe to be mind is to suppose a mind which contains its own material of revelation. This is, in fact, the conception entertained by many philosophies and religions—that the supreme spirit supplies itself, in Kantian language, with its own “manifold of perception.” But such

¹ This paper was originally read before the Theological Society of Manchester University.

a spirit ceases to be spirit. For a still stronger reason we cannot describe it as life, as something which grows. Though time is a real form of the universe, and the universe therefore has a history, it is not the universe which can be said to grow, but only its parts. Such descriptions of the universe are but metaphorical—efforts to express its concrete nature in terms of the higher forms of existence which we know.

But there is one thing which we may say of the universe—that it is infinite; and in order to understand its infinity we may turn to the mathematicians for instruction. The universe is not merely something to whose bounds we can never reach by thought, not something negatively beyond our powers of comprehension—it is a real and positive infinite. Now the mathematician means by an infinite whole that which contains within itself, as a part, something which can be obtained from it by a process in which all its various elements are represented or transformed. I will illustrate this abstract and abstruse statement by the simplest case of infinity we have—the system of numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, etc. This system is not infinite merely because we can never get to the end of it, but for a quite different reason. Perform on each member of the system an operation, say, adding 1 to each number; you have 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, etc., which is a part of the original system. Or double each number; the resulting infinite series, 2, 4, 6, 8, etc., is already contained in the original. An infinite thus is not merely a magnified finitude. On the contrary, the finite is just that which, when an operation is performed on its members like that described above, yields, as a result, something which is not contained in the original. Take the finite series 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Double each number; we have 2, 4, 6, 8, 10; and some of these numbers do not form part of the original, and by no operation can you get a result entirely contained in the original. This simple but illuminating conception shows us that finitude is a defective infinitude. It is common to speak of the result of operating on the members of the system so as to produce a corresponding system, as the image

or representation of that system. An infinite, therefore, is that which has an image or images, themselves infinite, as a part of itself.

→ Now I think we may, with caution, apply this conception to the universe. Every part of the universe is related with every other part.¹ Every mind may then be considered as an image or representation of the whole universe² in the mathematical sense. But we must not suppose from this that the mind contains, as it were, a duplicate picture of the universe. On the contrary, the universe is revealed to it. But that revelation means exactly correspondent reactions on the part of the mind—that is to say, acts of consciousness. And in so far as our mental life consists of acts in which things are revealed, so far it is an image of the world. Yet these mental reactions, these acts of consciousness, are facts, as we have seen, of the same universe to which its revelations belong. The image is thus a part of the whole which it copies. Moreover, every mind is different from every other. The revealed object may be the same to two minds, yet the conscious reaction in which the revelation is made to the two minds is different in the two cases. And thus each mind may be said to occupy a certain point of view determined by the character of its organisation; and though the whole universe plays upon it, each mind's response to this same universe is different. Bodily conditions, position in time and space, all the circumstances which affect a man's life, determine the character of his response to the world, and may correspondingly tinge and discolour the revelation which is accorded to him. But every mind is the subject of a revelation—a revelation of the whole world; and being itself a part of

¹ I observe here explicitly that what is about to be said of minds may, so far as I can see, be said of all other things equally. But it is less intricate and difficult to confine ourselves to minds.

² *Including itself.* This may seem paradoxical, because since mental actions correspond to the rest of the universe, there would seem to be nothing to correspond to, or represent, the mind itself. The paradox disappears on reflection, for when the mind regards itself *from the same point of view* as the rest of the universe, it treats itself as brain-processes, and of these it has ideas (*i.e.* mental actions directed upon them) which are a part of the mind.

the world, the world is infinite in the true and positive sense in which the mathematicians use that term. What it is which makes us finite is a question to which I do not yet see an answer. Finite we are in ourselves, located in a definite time and space, limited in time and space and in our capacities. We are infinite in our relations. And as reflecting the universe, however faultily, we are infinite copies of the infinite original.

The Ptolemaic view of mind inevitably leads to a relation of the finite human being with the universe which in some way offends experience. Interpreting the universe in terms of mind, its religion tends to pantheism or to mysticism; or else, avoiding the difficulties of these religions, it leaves God out altogether and tends to atheism. If these conclusions were forced upon us by a just philosophy or a just regard for fact, I should not shrink from them. But the mistake upon which they are founded betrays itself in certain features which have always been repugnant to the ordinary mind. Atheism disregards the crying human need of an object of worship; pantheism, regarding all things not merely as pervaded by God but as contained in God and absorbed in him, must leave in him the evil of the universe as well as the good, and in enlarging the comprehensiveness of God and making him co-extensive with the whole renders him awful but removes his claim on our affections. Mysticism, which loses the individual in God, offends that sense of independence which man retains in his dependence on him. The religion of the average man is not abject, but dignified, obedience. One of the ways in which we arrive at this state of mind is to follow our impulse to imagine a supreme spirit in whom, as I have said before, the distinction between the mind and its object disappears, in whom the mind supplies itself with its own objects. The world is his own creation, in which he resides, and the individual is lost in the gulf. The attempt to combine pantheism with theism in the now popular notion of an immanent God suffers, I must think, from the like effort to suppose a mind which can exist without reaction upon some-

thing outside itself, and if it is immanent in the world there can be nothing outside it.

The Copernican view leads to a different conclusion. I say what I am going to say with hesitation, for two reasons. One is, that if we approach the subject from the side of psychology there is so little concerning the way we arrive at the object of worship that may be regarded as established. The other is, that the metaphysical treatment is faced with the difficulty of understanding evil, of understanding the place of God in a world where evil is a patent reality. One thing seems clear: that no intellectual demonstration of God's nature, taken by itself, without reference to man's emotional needs, is sufficient to explain the object of religion. Mr James, who insists so strongly that philosophy can at best discover an intellectual statement for a sentiment which does not arise from science or philosophy, has offered an account of the psychological conditions of religion in some of its developed forms. Founding himself on an analysis of cases in which the sentiment is intensified to exaggeration and becomes pathological, he concludes that it represents some uprush into feeling from what is below the ordinary level of consciousness. Now this uprush into feeling may fairly be interpreted¹ as representing the play upon us of the whole universe. That universe is revealed to us in detail in our ordinary objects of knowledge. But the whole, as a whole, is not in the first instance revealed to knowledge, but it makes its entrance to our minds by exciting that vague endeavour and desire, akin to so many other feelings, which we call religious craving or emotion.

Now this endeavour is a mental act, and, like all mental acts, it is directed upon an object. But whereas in the ordinary revelations of objects it is the object itself which is the more striking member of the relation and it is the mental reaction which is shadowy and unimpressive, in the total effect

¹ Mr James is, of course, not responsible for this interpretation, which goes much less far than his.

upon us of the universe it is the mental activity which is in the first instance felt, I conceive, through the converging influences of the universe upon our bodies. But no mental activity operates in the void. Wherever the mind works it finds its object, and, with the guidance of all its past experience, it shadows forth an object as the correlate of its own condition. "This bodiless creation ecstasy is very cunning in," says the Queen to Hamlet. But when the ecstasy is founded on reality, the thought which it creates is not a bodiless fancy. The religious idea of the world as a whole is the response which the mind sets up when the actual world as a whole operates on us through feeling, revealing itself in this indirect way.

Somewhat in this fashion the universe as a whole may be revealed to us, first kindling us into emotion and then bodied forth as the object of that emotion. But the more specific religious object emerges when, in this world as a whole, a distinction takes place between that part of it which makes for good and that part of it which makes for evil. For though evil is vanquished in the struggle for good, the evil and the struggle are there: Ormuzd may overcome Ahriman, but Ahriman is a reality. As the world goes on in time a sorting-out is effected of those parts of it which make for continuance and those which, though real, fail and perish. Among minds the failures are those which miss truth, the ignorant and the prejudiced and the sophisters; those which miss goodness, the vicious; and the sordid, which miss beauty. The developed sentiment of religion finds its object in this continuously growing part of the universe which represents, in a now famous phrase, the conservation of values. That line of growth, manifested in human progress but also in the sub-human world, and not necessarily concluded by human progress, the beings which make it up, form that infinite part of the infinite universe which is God. He is thus revealed to man, not directly through the senses, nor discovered in the first instance by reflection, but as the object of a sentiment which demonstrates its justice by the

persistence of its object. All values conserved are contained in God. The teachers of religion are those who through religious genius are more sensitive than other men to this reality. And directed by their instinct to God they describe him in virtue of their insight in terms of his relation to men's moral affairs and to nature. Once discovered by religion, we may take this object and go on to discern its relation to the objects of science, and recognise it as whatever in nature or in mind or in those higher phases of existence for which we must leave room makes for permanence, reproduces itself and establishes itself. Man's dependence upon God and his worship of him is part of man's own contribution to the conservation of values. The revelation of God to individuals is in no fuller sense a revelation than the revelation to me of the tree. But it is no less a revelation. And the consequence of the just assignment to mind of its proper place in the world, not the centre of things but beside them, is that the abasement of man's claims to the level of what he truly is leaves him at the same time with the assurance of his affinity to and his trust in this chain of things which have value, to which he himself is a contributor, which he calls God.

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MODERNISM: A RETROSPECT AND A PROSPECT.

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IT is the distinctive glory of the Christian religion, says Rothe, that it is of all things the most capable of change. If, from one point of view, *semper eadem* is its note, from another it is *varium et mutabile semper*: in no two generations is either its content or its connotation the same. If, however, there is one presentation of it to which this does not apply, it is, one might have supposed, that offered by the Church of Rome, bound as she is by precedent, by her special genius, and by the persistent voice of the supreme and infallible Papacy to a dead past. But the history of our own time has shown us that this is not to be taken for granted. Whatever its ultimate destiny and results—and it is difficult to forecast them,—Modernism has to be reckoned with in this connection. It is the most important life- and thought-tendency that has appeared in the Church since the Reformation, of which it is a development, and in relation to which it must be judged.

The name Modernism was given to the present phase of the liberalising movement in the Church of Rome by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and it may be accepted: Modernism may be described as the shape which religion takes in the mind of the modern as distinct from the mediæval man. In this large sense it is found in all the Churches: no communion has escaped the strain which attends the inevitable friction

between the old and the new. In the Church of Rome, however, the stereotyping and accentuation of the ecclesiastical element makes this strain exceptionally severe. And the situation is aggravated by the lateness of its development. A suppressed disease is more virulent than one which takes its normal course. Our Reformation took place in the sixteenth century; that of Latin Christendom is taking place in the twentieth: this is why it is so acute. It will be understood from this that the affinities of Modernism are not with the Evangelical, still less with the distinctively Anglican, school among ourselves. It stands for a reaction against the external in religion—hierarchy, institutions, formula—which it conceives as relative. It does not abolish these things; rather it vindicates their right to existence. But it markedly throws the accent elsewhere. Its natural kinship is with the Liberal movement in the English Churches, Episcopalian and Presbyterian, and we must class its representatives, not with Simeon or Pusey, but with such men as Stanley and Jowett in England, or, in Scotland, Erskine, Caird, and Robertson Smith. This being so, it is remarkable that, while Evangelicals and Anglicans have been almost uniformly sympathetic, the one discordant note in this country has come from one or two prominent Broad Churchmen. There is something peculiarly narrow in the narrowness of a broad man. Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? is a foolish question. When it was asked of an apostle, the answer was, Come and see.

The Roman Church, from her great scale and her venerable antiquity, presents "writ large" the features found dispersed and in miniature in lesser churches: the crimes of her rulers, the extravagances of her theologians, the hardihood of her thinkers, and—let us be just—the sanctity of her saints, all are in "the grand style." A protest against the stereotyping and professionalising of religion has never been wanting from within her fold: to take the last century only, the names of Lamennais, Montalembert, Döllinger, and, in his measure, Newman, record attempts to stem the rising tide of clericalism

and keep religion in touch with life. It does not follow that because these attempts failed in their immediate purpose they were fruitless: the Liberalisms of the past, political, historical, theological, each has poured its waters into the flood of the Modernism of to-day. What this adds to them is criticism, scientific method, knowledge. Its operation, therefore, is universal: it is not, as before, a particular dogma or institution that is in question, but the whole fabric of Catholicism as presented by the Church. The Modernists have been branded, in consequence, as iconoclasts, recklessly and cruelly wrecking the faith of the simple. Nothing could be more unjust and untrue. To suppose that they started the questions now before the mind of the age argues ignorance both of the facts and of the laws by which facts of this kind are governed: it is not in this way that such questions arise. Οὐδείς οἶδεν ἔξ οὗτος φάνη. They are in the air—impalpable: they enter by barred windows, and pass through closed doors. To deny their existence, to evade their presence, to minimise their significance—hopeless. They best honour God and serve men who face them “having their loins girt about with truth.” “Have faith in criticism,” said a great English bishop, “and have faith in God.”

Though such names as those of Schell, Kraus, and Ehrhard cannot be overlooked in an estimate of the freer tendencies in Catholicism, Modernism proper is a movement of the Latin mind. It is Latin in its pure, as opposed to our applied, intelligence; Latin also in its distrust of individualism, and in the stress—I think we must say the excessive stress—laid by it on the corporate element in religion and life. Its home is in the Latin countries—France and Italy; and at the head of every department of its activity stands a man of Latin race. It is Latin again in its passion for the concrete: though here it chimes in with a general tendency of contemporary thought. The mind of our time is positive rather than metaphysical: it turns instinctively to the actual, testing theory and formula by fact. For the Catholic theologian, however, fact, history, the concrete, is dangerous ground. The formulas with which

he has to deal grew up in an age which saw "men as trees walking," in which neither the course of history, the laws of evidence, nor the methods of science were known. Genius of the highest order for affairs and in practical life went hand in hand with incredible intellectual childishness: the time did not "know letters, having never learned." And formulas, in whatever subject matter, are relative to the conditions under which they came into being. To take them as absolute, or fixed quantities, and make them the basis of an elaborate series of reasonings, is to court disaster: the logical fallacy is the most mischievous of fallacies, because, given an error, however slight, in the premises, the more rigorous the reasoning the wider is the conclusion of the truth. Babel-like we pile syllogism on syllogism: one touch of reality, and the fabric falls to pieces like a house of cards. The most extravagant claims of the Papacy have been maintained with entire conclusiveness by logicians as acute as any that the world has seen. The flaw was not in the structure, but in the foundations: the temple was colossal, but it was built on sand.

"Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus."

Let us look to ourselves. There are theologians elsewhere than at Rome.

For men of good will the first years of the last Pontificate were a time of hope. Leo XIII. was not a Liberal, but he was scholarly and a friend to scholars; his instincts were those of a statesman; he saw the necessity of rescuing the Church from the general contempt into which it had been brought during his predecessor's long reign. The anti-clerical press was accustomed to represent Pius IX. as a scolding old woman. It was quick to note the difference. You might like or dislike the man; you might approve or disapprove of his policy; but no one ever spoke or thought in this way of Leo XIII.

He was anxious to bring Catholic scholarship up to the level of Protestant. With this end in view, he threw open the Vatican library to students; he made overtures to the Liberals—creating Newman a cardinal, and entering into

negotiations with Döllinger; he encouraged historical research. An ecclesiastic, and a man rather of letters than of learning, he did not really understand the Liberal standpoint, or see how wide a departure from tradition it involved. When it became evident that things were going further than he had thought, he was puzzled, and temporised. An opportunist by policy and temperament, he was unwilling to break either with the past or the present; he was old, and left the decision to his successor—not foreseeing that his successor would be Pius X. Between 1878–90, however, the impulse given to learning produced a brilliant group of French scholars—d’Hulst, Duchesne, Loisy, Hébert, Houtin, Batiffol; the *Instituts Catholiques* were developed; a new era, it seemed, had set in. In a memorable series of Encyclicals, the Pope busied himself with those social and economic questions which give life to the dry bones of theological speculation; there was “a noise and a shaking”; for the moment it seemed not impossible that these should receive breath and live. It was not to be. An institution is limited by the law of its being. Rome, Christian as well as Pagan, is ὁ κατέχων—he that restraineth. Its power, enormous as it is, is passive, not active; it obstructs movement; it is the negation of life. An individual Pope is powerless against this dead pressure; autocracy is a legal fiction, whether at St Petersburg or Rome. Popes come and go; behind them stands the vast impersonal force of the Roman Church, which was before Popes were; the permanent officials who, with the tradition of centuries behind them, direct and manipulate the ecclesiastical machine. This works slowly, inevitably, remorselessly. A Leo XIII. retards; a Pius X. accelerates its working. Both very slightly; in the long duration of the Papacy a pontificate is an incident; it is “past as a watch in the night.” To fall upon this stone is to be broken; the record of the distinguished men who have dreamed the fair dream of a renovated Catholicism is one of hope deferred, of illusion shattered, of hearts broken—often of faith failed. From the

first the Liberal school was suspect; the Pharisees, the Sadducees, Herod—the three opposed. One of its most distinguished pioneers was a man whose services to Catholic scholarship it would be difficult to overestimate, the Abbé, now Mgr. Duchesne, who then held the Chair of Church History at the Paris School of Theology (1878–95). He had at once the learning of a Neander and the irony of a Voltaire. Orthodoxy could pardon him neither; it dreaded at once his encyclopædic knowledge and his incisive tongue. He taught men to see. For what they saw he was not answerable; but it was not what the Church wished seen. His examination of the legends which attached to the foundation of the great French Churches, though based on the work of such scholars as Tillemont and the Bollandists, gave offence to modern piety, while his *Étude sur le Liber Pontificalis* (1877), saved with difficulty from the Index, demonstrated the presence of fable in the records of the earliest period of the Christian community at Rome. He refrained from drawing the theological conclusions indicated by his historical criticism. But these could not fail to suggest themselves to his pupils. The study of Christian origins, seriously undertaken, leads to a new conception of ecclesiastical dogma and institutions; tradition and science cannot keep house together in one mind.

Exegesis seemed at first sight less dangerous than history. Catholics, who build on Scripture plus and interpreted by tradition, could deal more freely, it was thought, with the sacred text than Protestants, who build on Scripture alone. This reasoning overlooked what may be called the regulative function of the Bible. It is not necessary that either the formulas or the institutions of the later Church should be found in Scripture; and as a matter of fact they are not found there. But it is necessary that they should not be in conflict with it. And reference to the sources showed, as it had shown at the Reformation, that this was the case. The ecclesiastical instinct felt rather than discerned this. When the Abbé Loisy, then Professor of Hebrew at the Institut Catholique of Paris, dealt on

scientific lines with the Canon, the religion of Israel, and the Babylonian myths lying behind the first chapters of Genesis, it cost him his chair. And when in 1902 he criticised Harnack's famous *Wesen des Christentums* in his no less famous *L'Évangile et l'Église*, the Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus*, in which Leo XIII. reasserted the traditional teaching with regard to Scripture that had been formulated by the Councils of Trent and the Vatican, gave expression to the distrust and disapproval of Rome.

To average orthodoxy, Catholic or Protestant, *L'Évangile et l'Église*, it must be admitted, was an enigmatic book. As a critic, the author went beyond Harnack, emphasising more strongly the apocalyptic features in Christ's teaching, its points of contact with the mind of his time, its undogmatic and unsystematic character, and the absence from it of any provision for the organisation of the Christian community. Most startling of all, he abandoned the attempt to prove the Resurrection of Christ on the ground of history; it was a fact, he argued—here agreeing with Harnack—not of history, but for faith. In what is perhaps his literary masterpiece, *Autour d'un Petit Livre*, and at fuller length in his monumental commentary on the Gospels, he proceeds resolutely, perhaps rather ruthlessly, on these lines. This is not the place for detail; it will be enough to say that his conclusions do not materially differ from those of such scholars as Jülicher and Joannes Weiss. Nor is this surprising. Critics are not infallible; nor are their opinions irreversible. But criticism is a science; its facts are the same for all of us; and in every subject matter two and two make four. If this brings him into conflict with ecclesiastical formula, the expert will answer that it is for the latter to justify itself. He at least has no concern with formulas; they must adjust themselves to fact, if it be fact, not fact to them.

M. Loisy disclaims a speculative philosophy. The time, he probably thinks, is not ripe for such a construction; and meanwhile, with the help of such notions as symbolism and

evolution, the scholar can hold his own. Ultimately, however, a philosophical foundation is a necessity; it is impossible to state the simplest fact without philosophical implications, because thought is one. The philosophy on which Catholic theology is built, and which from first to last it implies, is the Thomist-Aristotelian; and the Aristotelian ontology which underlies this underlies the language and thought of the average man. For practical purposes this gives this philosophy an immense advantage; every one knows, or thinks he knows, what its terms mean. With the later systems it is not so; they have to be explained, and the explanation is made and retained with difficulty; habit and imagination carry us the other way.

Scholasticism presents the world as it appears to the unscientific, Kantian and post-Kantian speculation present it as it appears to the scientific man, accentuating the mental element in experience—a *pure* object is unthinkable—and the movement or flux of things. The world-concept of the former is static, that of the latter kinetic; things, permanent as they may seem, are (it tells us) in a never-ending process; they are always becoming, they never are. The former, dealing with fixed quantities, leaves no room for evolution. But a fixed quantity is a notion, not a thing. Nature, in other words, knows nothing of fixed quantities. Do we ask her formula? It is that of Heraclitus; *πάντα ρεῖ*. Some such philosophy of becoming—I say some such, for philosophy, like the rest of the content of experience, is a becoming, not a thing become—is essential to a scientific theology. It is obvious, however, that it takes us far from the world of the Councils and the Schoolmen. It finds the static, or quasi-static, element in things (which is, in effect, the reverse side of the kinetic), not in an abstract substance, or in any formula professing to represent such a substance for thought, but in life. “We reach and posit it in every vital action, and most definitely in moral volition”; it is on the will, not the logical understanding, that the so-called Philosophy of Immanence lays stress.

Before passing to other aspects of our subject, the names of two eminent Englishmen must be mentioned, Cardinal Newman and Father Tyrrell. It is impossible to mention Newman's name without reverence—and regret. He was born free. Oh, that he had been able to retain his birth-right, forfeited to his own loss, and to ours! He was in no sense a Modernist. He accepted the Papacy because it was an essential part of his conception of the Church: to be a Catholic, in the sense in which he understood the word, without the Pope was, he saw, a contradiction in terms. But no Modernist was ever more alive to the weak points in the theory of Catholicism or to the defective working of its practical system than he. He may be regarded as the Father of Modernism in this sense, that he gave currency to certain root-ideas of the movement. His theory of the development of Christian doctrine, applied on a restricted field, accounted for the differences between the ancient and the mediæval Church; taken largely, it involved an outlook over religion and history which he would no doubt have repudiated, but which, equally without doubt, owes its diffusion to him. While his doctrine of the Illative Sense, as advanced in the *Grammar of Assent*, is incompatible with Scholastic Intellectualism: the two look different ways. Though he is not named, there can be no doubt that his teaching is aimed at in propositions 25 and 58 of the Syllabus of 1907.

In Father Tyrrell, says Professor Holl, "the religious motive is found at its strongest and purest." A convert in early life, disillusionment met him on the threshold: the mirage proved sand. If the unique spiritual life of Catholicism attracted, its obscurantism, its disingenuousness, its ingrained worldliness repelled him: he framed argument after argument to justify the position in which he found himself; one after another they broke under his feet. His present position—it is common enough among educated Catholics—is that of one

"Standing between two worlds—one dead,
The other powerless to be born."

He hopes against hope, and believes against conviction. He "will not face, because he can so hardly resist," the impression of doom. Can it be that the Church which so many legions of martyrs, saints, thinkers, and scholars have enriched with their very best, with their heart's blood and their spirit's anguish, is to fall the prey of a selfish and godless bureaucracy? "Is this what Catholicism has come to—so grand a name for so mean a thing?" (*Mediævalism*, p. 184).¹

For Modernism and Modernists with the death of Leo XIII. (1903) the deluge came. The pontificate of Pius X. will be remembered as the apotheosis of clericalism—the theory which identifies the Church with the clergy and religion with the Church. There is no stranger psychological study than that of the clerical mind. I do not speak of the horde of placehunters who, in every society, attach themselves to the party in power. At Rome, as elsewhere, such persons are nondescripts; were the Pope a Modernist, they would be Modernists to a man. The clerical mind is a thing apart. Those who possess it are often capable of signal heroism; their personal holiness is, or seems to be, beyond question; they are men of interior life, of asceticism, or prayer. But they will do with a light heart what men of the world, little troubled by scruples, scruple at: there is scarcely a crime from which they will shrink; it would be difficult to find an act of cruelty, of duplicity, or meanness at which they will hesitate—not directly in their own interests (though the two tend to run into one another), but in what they believe to be the interests of God.

"Sapius illa
Religio peperit seclerosa atque impia facta."

Was he a heathen and epicurean poet who said it? The Hebrew seer strikes the same note. "Doth God," he asks, in sombre irony, "need your lie?"

¹ Since this was written Father Tyrrell has passed away, 15th July 1909.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?"

The new Pope fell from the first into the hands of the "piccolo mondo cinquecentesco" which Leo had instinctively distrusted. The temper which led to the rupture with France was exhibited in every department of the varied activity of the Holy See. The leprosy of delation, never far from the surface where ecclesiastics congregate, broke out: it was the hour of the spy and the informer: the sun of Apostolic favour fell on the assassins of the whisper and the pen. In modern thought, in modern life, in modern society Pius X. saw the uprising of the world against the Church, of the layman against the priest—a rebellion against the theocracy which culminated and found its necessary expression in the Roman See. He had the courage of his opinions; in July 1907 the long-prepared blow fell. The decree *Lamentabili*, condemning sixty-five propositions purporting to represent Modernist teaching, was published; and a few months later the Encyclical *Pascondi* appeared. The sentiment inspired by these documents is one of sheer amazement: the positions which they denounce so vehemently are for the most part matters not of opinion but of fact. It is not that the world will not accept their teaching, but that this teaching contains a note of interior contradiction and so destroys itself; it is not that men will not do what the Pope commands them, but that what he commands cannot be done. The practical provisions take us back to the days of Pius V. and Philip II.: in every Catholic diocese a Vigilance Committee, sitting in private and receiving reports from persons whose names are kept secret, has been formed to carry them out. This body keeps a watchful eye on suspects; and, in the words of the Encyclical, takes "prudent, but prompt and efficacious measures" in their regard. Priests are the chief victims: the Pope's distrust of the clergy is undisguised. Under Pius X. excommunication, like silver in the days of Solomon, is "nothing accounted of"; so broadcast has been its distribution that it is difficult to find a single thinking Catholic by whom it has not been incurred. "Lord, save us from the perils of modern thought," is a

prayer according to the intention of the Pontiff. "Yea, Lord, deliver us from all thought at all." To avoid the difficulty presented by a whole Church under excommunication, canonists have proposed a theory according to which the sentence, where not pronounced "nominatim ac personaliter"—as in the case of M. Loisy and of Don Romolo Murri (in the latter for a political reason)—does not bind till intimated by the Ordinary to those concerned. To judge from the invective of the recent Encyclical *Communium Rerum* (April 21, 1909) against those who "like unnatural children, remain in the bosom of the Church only to rend it," this theory has not found favour in Rome. For the rest, this pronouncement is directed less against Modernists—who are "judged already"—than Moderates. It inveighs against those who advocate compromise, conciliation, adjustment—the *esprit concordiste* or *concordataire*. "They are shamefully deceived who, urged by a vain and false hope of peace, submit the rights of the Church to unjust abatements, as if there could be a mutual understanding between light and darkness, between Christ and Belial. These are the dreams of sick men."

How will English Churchmen, Established and Free, think of Modernism? Many Modernist opinions as to the origin and history of dogma and ecclesiastical institutions will certainly be unwelcome to Anglicans; and much of the exegesis of M. Loisy will fail to commend itself to English Protestants, Episcopalian or non-Episcopalian, who approach such studies for the first time. This comes, in part at least, from a congenital difference between the French and the English mind. To the French savant it is a point of honour to state the facts, as he sees them, without appreciation or personal judgment, direct or indirect; to us it seems, I think rightly, that in questions which lie near the heart of religion the personal side of the equation cannot be dispensed with—that here to state, in the sense of stating only, is to misstate. English divines, on the other hand, are apt to speak and write as if they were addressing a theological Mrs Grundy, with

one eye on their subject and another on the standards of their Church. These, excellent in their place, are out of place in scientific work ; and reference to them in this connection, conscious or unconscious, is irritating in the extreme. German, and, I will add, Scottish theologians avoid these pitfalls. They do not divorce fact from its legitimate and necessary background ; nor do they import into theological discussion considerations foreign to the matter in hand. I do not, of course, mean that feeling can either produce or change facts. It cannot. But it can, and does, give them life and significance : it can, and does, supply the perspective in which they present themselves and the background against which they stand. These considerations help to bridge the gulf between Modernism and English orthodoxy. That they wholly bridge it I shall not say. Few Englishmen, however, whatever their personal opinions, will doubt that the methods of repression adopted by the Vatican are impossible and immoral. The one because, in the province of thought at least, force is no remedy —“on ne tue pas les idées à coups de bâton” ; the other, because they are in themselves evil, and we may not do evil that good may come. Religion is strong enough to hold her own in fair conflict. Protestants, at least, have learned by the experience of more than three centuries that liberty is the best guarantee of truth. Differences of opinion there must be ; but the growth of knowledge, the general sense of the Church, and the working of the Spirit may be trusted to correct, to balance, to prune. If I lay stress on the first of these factors, it is because the questions at issue are not primarily religious. Here learned and unlearned are equal ; they are “spiritually discerned.” But science is, and must remain, a thing for experts. No degree of piety will enable the “cottage dame” to grapple with the Synoptic Problem, or from the scanty indications that have come down to us to reconstruct the Apostolic or the sub-Apostolic Church. The answer of an apostle, or of One greater than an apostle, would perhaps be, could we question him on such subjects, “Unusquisque in

suo sensu abundet" (Rom. xiv. 5). Yet, if science gives the What, charity supplies the How of the solution: it is not truth, as such, that is a Christian virtue, but "the truth in love."

Lastly, is the position of the Modernists in the Roman Church legitimate? In the Reformed Churches the tendency is more and more to leave such decisions to the individual conscience. If a man believes that, taken all in all, the Church to which he belongs is teaching truth and doing God's work in the world, he does well to leave the διακρίσεις διαλογισμῶν against which St Paul warns us, alone. The Pope calls the Modernists many bad names, of which Protestant is the least injurious; and that certain scientific conclusions held by Modernists approximate, or something more than approximate, to those arrived at by Protestant scholars is true. But the angle of vision differs. The notes of unity and universality, it seems to the former, are found with sufficient distinctness only in the Roman communion. They identify Protestantism with individualism. They do not admit its continuity with pre-Reformation religion, nor recognise the identity of substance which exists under diversity of form. Does this make them—of their sincerity, of course, there is no question—consistent Catholics? I think not. We can conceive a Catholicism which would cover their position, but such a Catholicism is not that of the Church of Rome. And we must take this Church not as we think it might be, or should like it to be, but as it is.

It expresses, we saw, the static or absolute conception of the world as opposed to the kinetic, or relative, and between the two an impassable gulf is fixed. It is impossible to express the one in the terms of the other: on the hypothesis of the latter, the former exhibits a term of the dialectic of life which has been subsumed and overcome. It has passed over into its Other, and survives only in history; it is for thought, not in things. Rome sees this more clearly than the Modernists. The conflict is internecine: if the Papacy cannot kill Modernism, Modernism will kill the Papacy, and all for which the

Papacy stands. What Rome does not see is that it cannot kill Modernism without committing suicide ; that, paradox as it appears, Modernism, while the wound which it inflicts upon Catholicism is mortal, is yet the principle in virtue of which Catholicism lives. For life is movement : and where movement is extinct and excluded, death is near.

What of the future ? Well, the average Catholic neither understands nor is interested in these matters. He takes religion as a thing of routine and of feeling ; as for the rest, it is the priest's affair, not his. This, more or less, is the attitude of the average man in all the Churches. But the average man, useful as ballast, is not vital. A Church which refuses to look beyond his standpoint has no future : the trunk remains and may stand for centuries—but the sap is dead.

The existing situation is too strained to be lasting ; it is probable that the next pope will be a Leo XIV. rather than a Pius XI. This will mean a relaxation of the present tension, a certain urbanity and opportunism, a capacity for affairs. Will it mean more than this ? Is it conceivable that, as certain Modernists hope, time should bring about a reconciliation between the Church and the Modern spirit ? Such a consummation, though directly negatived by the Syllabus of 1864, is not perhaps absolutely impossible. The Church is a woman, says Renan : you never know what she will do next. But it is in the last degree improbable. And this is certain, that, were such an event to come about, she would cease to be, in the theological and ecclesiastical sense of the word, Catholic : her exclusive claims, her *ex opere operato* sacraments, her absolute dogma would be gone. These things consist neither with life nor with the Gospel : " We are not children of the bondwoman, but of the free." Such a transformation, however, is scarcely within the range of practical politics. Evolution does not mean that anything can develop out of anything : neither the experience of the past, nor the laws which that experience enables us to trace in human affairs, make it possible for us to look forward to

so catastrophic a change. Nineveh is gone, and Babylon and Tyre and Carthage: Rome is passing, it seems, before our eyes. "Quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt": the torch is alight, but the torchbearers disappear. Rome represents a stage through which the Christian idea has passed, but a stage from which it has emerged and to which it will not return. And "the Sabbath was made for man; not man for the Sabbath": Rome was for religion, not religion for Rome.

That its disappearance will be slow is probable—the world is not ripe for its disappearance; and, till this is so, it will not disappear. The Papacy—if I may repeat what I have said elsewhere—is, and will be for long, a force in politics. It can command votes, it can effect combinations, it impresses the imagination; it bulks large before the world. But it is a declining power. The stars in their courses fight against it; the forces which are making history are on the other side. Silently, ceaselessly they work. Like a majestic iceberg, detached from some Arctic continent, it moves southward from the Polar ocean, a fragment of a dead world. Ghostlike, a peril to mariners, it towers over the waters that wash its base: its peaks glitter in the sunlight; its cliffs reflect the blue of sea and sky. And all the while the process of undermining is going on: the frozen mass encounters kindlier currents; the temperature rises; a little sooner, a little later it may be, there can be but one end. "*L'Église ne marche pas dans le sens de la vie; et la vie la repousse.*" And what history and observation demonstrate, philosophy explains. If, and in so far as, Catholicism means the arrest of life, it contains in itself an interior contradiction. For life is one; and in a world like ours, in process there are no fixed points, few or many: the stream bears all things on its flow. Unity is indeed a note of the Church, but this unity is one of idea, of direction, of movement. "Neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem: but in spirit and in truth."

ALFRED FAWKES.

JESUS OR CHRIST ?

A REJOINDER.

THE REV. R. ROBERTS.

I.

IN dealing with Mr G. K. Chesterton's criticisms of the article "Jesus or Christ?" in the HIBBERT JOURNAL for January, I must indeed begin at the beginning. It seems clear from his first paragraph that Mr Chesterton is not aware that to his contemporaries Jesus was known as Jesus of Nazareth, not as Jesus Christ. Nor, apparently, does Mr Chesterton remember that Jesus was a common personal name, while Christ was titular. Carrying with it the meaning "anointed," it was probably applied to Jesus only after His death, and subsequently became the symbol of the Judæo-Christian Messianic hope. It is doubtful whether Jesus Himself accepted it. Mr Chesterton has proved that it is possible to write an entertaining article on the subject without this knowledge. He seems also to forget that whereas Jesus was so named from His birth, and only after His death came to be recognised by His followers as the "Christ," Napoleon Bonaparte was thus named at his baptism. This simple fact destroys Mr Chesterton's parallelism. I cannot believe that he intended this reference to Napoleon Bonaparte as a contribution to the literature of knowledge, and I take it to be his latest gift to that literature of decoration for which he has shown such fascinating powers.

With an easy gaiety of spirit Mr Chesterton admits

“that the Jesus of the Gospels is not enough for all human purposes.” He seems unaware of the widely destructive effect of this admission. The explanation of the unconcern with which he makes this great surrender is to be found in that doctrine of “Catholic tradition” wherein he has sought refuge from the sun and weather of liberal thought. But the nations of the West have broken with that method of supplementing Jesus; and for them and the exact student there is nothing left in the realm of history but the sayings and doings attributed to Him in the New Testament. On these their theory builds. Now, if Mr Chesterton had been as careful to understand the article he was criticising as he was quick to write smartly about it, he would have found that I was concerned with certain “stupendous” claims which distinguished scholars of all schools have made on behalf of Jesus. Those claims must rest, in the final analysis, on the Jesus story. For all believers in the Christian theories of Incarnation and Atonement Jesus is the rock on which they must build. I have endeavoured to show that modern apologists have built a lofty edifice on what seems to me a wholly inadequate basis. How lofty that edifice has become was set forth with full citations in the article.

Let me now set Mr Chesterton’s admission “that the Jesus of the Gospels is not enough for all human purposes” in the light of the claims made on His behalf by these representative scholars. I again recall them to mind. On the place of Jesus in Christian life and doctrine the late Bishop Westcott writes:—

“We look back indeed for a moment upon the long line of witnesses whose works, on which we have entered, attest the efficacy of His unfailing Presence; but then we look away from all else (*ἀπορῶντες*) to Jesus the leader and perfecter of faith, who in His humanity met every temptation which can assail us, and crowned with sovereign victory the force which He offers for our support” (*Christus Consummator*, p. 159).

And with still sharper point in the same volume (p. 171):—

“The Gospel of Christ Incarnate, the Gospel of the Holy Trinity in the terms of human life, which we have to announce, covers every imaginable fact of

life to the end of time, and is new now as it has been new in all the past, new in its power and new in its meaning, while the world lasts." (The italics are mine.)

To prove that the great Anglican scholar was voicing convictions tenaciously held outside his own communion, I added in the article the testimony of two distinguished Congregational divines. Principal Fairbairn, writing of the "historical Christ," says:—

"The Person that literature felt to be its loftiest ideal, philosophy conceived as its highest personality, criticism as its supreme problem, theology as its fundamental datum, religion as its cardinal necessity" (*Christ in Modern Theology*, p. 294).

I then cited another witness, one who might be taken as worthily representing the younger school of cultured Congregational divines. On the last page of *The Ascent through Christ*, by the Rev. Principal E. Griffith Jones, I found the following very significant words:—

"We do our Master little honour when we place Him among a group of teachers competing for the acceptance of men. He is not one of many founders of religions. He is the source and fountain of all, in so far as they have caught a prophetic glimpse of His truth and anticipated something of His Spirit, and given a scattered hint here and there of His secret. He is the truth, the type, the saving grace, of which they faintly and vaguely dreamed; the Desire of all Nations, the Crown and Essence of Humanity, the Saviour of the World, who, by the loftiness of His teaching, the beauty of His character, the sufficiency of His atoning sacrifice, is able to save to the uttermost all who will come to Him and trust in Him" (*The Ascent through Christ*, p. 456).

Testimony to the same effect might be quoted from every quarter of the Christian world, and especially from that school of High Anglicanism in which Mr Chesterton has found sanctuary. If I may without immodesty do so, I would ask him and my readers generally to ponder thoughtfully the immense sweep of these claims. In view of the banter which Mr Chesterton has bestowed on my insistence on the intellectual and ethical limitations of the sayings attributed to Jesus, let it be noted that these claims are by no means confined to a recognition of the leadership of Jesus in the spiritual development of the race. They are by no means limited to an affirma-

tion of His unchallengeable supremacy in the moral culture of mankind. They cover every aspiration of the human spirit in all departments of human affairs. Science, art, literature, politics and industry, the arts of administration and government are all included within the sovereignty attributed to Jesus. From Him they receive initiative, inspiration, and purpose, and to Him they bring their wealth of achievement, their hymns of adoration and praise. "All human purposes" are surely covered by these abundant superlatives. Mr Chesterton tells us plainly that the Jesus of the Gospels is not sufficient for these lofty enterprises of the human spirit. Well, much as it may surprise my critic, that was one of the main contentions of the article. To me it seems clear that the available data concerning the Jesus of the Gospels are barely sufficient to establish His historicity, while they fall far short of justifying the enormous claims here set forth. If I understand my censor aright, Mr Chesterton agrees with me in this matter of the "claims"; and in doing so he seems to me to have already lost more than half his case.

I do not forget "the very large and hearty quarrel" Mr Chesterton has with me. He states the ground of the quarrel quite clearly. "It is simply a quarrel about the facts." "The thing that strikes me most about Mr Roberts is that he is wrong on the facts." Very well. I accept the challenge and proceed to examine the "facts." Let us state what they are. The article alleged that "limitations of knowledge, restrictions of outlook, evasions of issues, and disillusionments of experience were disturbing things in One *concerning whom such enormous claims were made.*" Certain textual references were made in a footnote, and here Mr Chesterton has caught a mis-reference for which I must express my regret. The reference to Luke xv. 18 should have been Luke xvi. 18.

And now let us look at some of the sayings attributed to Jesus, always bearing in mind that the Jesus of whom I am speaking is alleged to be "the truth, the type, the saving grace, of which they (other religious founders) faintly and

vaguely dreamed ; the Desire of all Nations, the Crown and Essence of Humanity, the Saviour of the World."

I will take first the matter of demoniacal possession, on my reference to which Mr Chesterton has expended much banter. Not even my critic doubts that on this subject Jesus is represented as sharing the beliefs of His age and country. He is shown successfully practising the arts of exorcism, proving Himself a more potent exorciser than His disciples, and admitting that His opponents also cast out devils. He allows the people to believe that, on His word, an actual "unclean spirit" came out of a man, after having spoken from the interior of his body. This is the animistic theory of disease as believed and practised to this day on the barbaric culture-level, and as accepted in the offices of the Catholic Church. Dr Tylor quotes from the Rev. J. L. Wilson, at one time a missionary in Guinea, as follows:—

"Demoniacal possessions are common, and the feats performed by those who are supposed to be under such influences are certainly not unlike those described in the New Testament. Frantic gestures, convulsions, foaming at the mouth, feats of supernatural strength, furious ravings, bodily lacerations, gnashing of teeth, and other things of a similar character may be witnessed in most of the cases which are supposed to be under diabolical possession" (*Primitive Culture*, vol. ii. p. 119, 1st ed.).

If the New Testament narratives are to be trusted, Jesus shared this primitive belief of His countrymen. In this respect then, whatever Mr Chesterton may say, Jesus was "a Galilean of the age of Tiberius." Now, unless the whole medical science of the West is utterly astray, I am entitled to say, on the evidence, that in this matter Jesus was wrong. The "facts" prove "limitation of knowledge." Mr Chesterton evidently expects much from the Psychical Research Society. He casts wistful eyes in the direction of Mrs Piper, and is not without hope that the occult may yet confound the "impudent nonsense" of those who put their trust in human reason.

Let us take next the sayings attributed to Jesus as to the approaching end of the world. After the apocalyptic utterances in the earlier part of Matt. xxiv. we have the

following words attributed to Jesus in verses 34–36: “Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass away till all these things be accomplished. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. But of that day and hour knoweth no one, not even the angels of heaven, neither the Son, but the Father only.” We find the same thought expressed too in much the same words attributed to Jesus in Mark c. xiii. vv. 30–33. Luke also, c. xxi. vv. 32–33, has the same apocalyptic scenes, and repeats the same emphatic words, “This generation shall not pass away till all things be accomplished.” I cannot say how these texts appeal to my readers, but they seem to me to be conclusive. Jesus believed in a catastrophic ending of the then existing cosmic order, and if the narratives are to be trusted, He further believed that the end would come in the life of the then existing generation. Well, the experience of the world has belied the expectation. Mr Chesterton has appealed to the “facts.” Here are the facts. If these words do not prove limitation of knowledge, there is no meaning in language. Am I to be charged with writing “impudent nonsense” when I say that on this matter also Jesus was in error, and that His prediction has been falsified?

I will now deal with the facts as to the teaching attributed to Jesus on divorce. In Matthew we have two accounts. The shorter one in c. v. is as follows:—

“Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a letter of divorcement: but I say unto you, That every one that putteth away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, maketh her an adulteress: and whosoever shall marry her when she is put away, committeth adultery.”

The longer reference in c. xix. does not vary from this on the matter of divorce. The husband, then, is to have the right to divorce his wife when he thinks she has been guilty of fornication. In this case no such power is given to the wife when she has reason to think her husband guilty. There is no hint of any right of appeal, and should any man marry the divorced woman, he is to be regarded as an adulterer. The

divorced woman is thus utterly helpless. Surely this would be harsh usage even at the hands of an ordinary human judge, but what can we make of it as part of "the eternal ethical code of Jesus," and administered by the Divine Judge of all the earth? The Mark version (c. x. vv. 11-12) certainly does put husband and wife on the same plane as to power of divorce. But note that against wrongful accusation both are equally helpless, while such process and power of divorce as are here described, were it possible to act upon them in England, would make our High Anglicanism, and indeed our whole English society, shudder to its last hair. But what has Mr Chesterton gained by his discovery of the wife being put on the same plane as the husband? Merely this: that whereas in Matthew only one possibility of wrong, that of the husband, is permitted, in Mark there are two—husband and wife. English law, however, has recently ordained, in spite of High Anglican protests, that divorced persons may legitimately remarry, and to this extent has improved on the teaching attributed to Jesus. I have already explained the misreference in Luke. We learn that in attempting to torture the passage in Luke into some distant relation to the subject, Mr Chesterton's "brain gave out." He "could no more." He has my sympathy, and I am glad to know that since this temporary collapse he has given full proof of recovery.

At this point, I may be allowed to anticipate an objection that may be urged in the interests of the now popular "development" theory. It will be urged that no great principle discloses its full wealth of meaning on its first announcement. Great inventions have not reached their fullest efficiency at one stroke. The latest type of locomotive is the result of innumerable small improvements suggested through a century of intense mechanical application. Ideas, too, come but slowly to maturity. The doctrine of evolution has only attained to its present importance through the work of Darwin and Spencer and others crystallising the hints and suggestions that had lain dimly

recognised for ages in the intellectual laboratories of the race. We measure the worth of evolution as a working hypothesis not by the hints found in the writings of Erasmus Darwin, but by the patient and reasoned work of his greater grandson. And why, it may be asked, is not the principle recognised in this instance? Why should the sayings of Jesus be deemed inadequate for the needs of to-day when, admittedly, they stand at the very beginning of the Christian process? Is the fact of two thousand years of Christian experience to have no effect on the development of Christian doctrine? In other words, is there no office for the Christian Church in developing the sayings of Jesus?

This objection derives its plausibility and strength from that which is best in the intellectual life of the age. There are several answers which may be made. In the first place, that section of Evangelical Christendom represented by the scholars whom I have quoted would not admit that it was the function of the Church to supplement the ethic of Jesus. Admitting the office of a teaching Church, they would yet, I imagine, draw a sharp distinction between expounding and supplementing. And apologists with a somewhat wider outlook would answer that the development of richer modern meanings from words of ancient wisdom is the result not of Church meditation and pronouncement, but of the play upon them of that vast secular process which we call the civilisation of the race. There is, however, an answer which goes much nearer to the roots of the objection. The words attributed to Jesus in the Gospels expressly prohibit divorced persons from re-marrying. The present law and practice of English society allow such persons to marry again. Can any reasonable interpretation of the word development derive this English permission from the Jesus prohibition? Again, Jesus' rule against oath-taking is as absolute a prohibition as can be put into language. Can the practice of oath-taking so generally observed throughout Christendom be a legitimate development from this absolute prohibition? Jesus' words, as reported in the Gospels, prohibit

us from laying up "treasures upon the earth." But Western society has its banking corporations, its stocks and shares, its bonds and consols; and the practice of Christendom is to buy these securities and lay up treasure in them. The words attributed to Jesus tell us to "resist not evil," and say that when we are smitten on the one cheek we are "to turn the other also." But the practice of Christendom is the opposite of this. Can the policy of building *Dreadnoughts* be claimed as a legitimate development from Jesus' plain inculcation of non-resistance? In short, may I not ask the advocates of this development theory: Can any principle develop into its own contradiction?

Mr Chesterton has appealed to the "facts." On the facts he says I am "horribly unfortunate." Well, on three important positions attributed to Jesus—diabolical possession, the anticipated end of the world, and the question of divorce—I have given the facts. They appear to me to prove conclusively that, from the point of view of Western thought, Jesus was wrong. Scientific theories of disease do not admit that nervous derangements are the result of devils invading the human organism. The generation which Jesus said should "not pass away" before the final catastrophe occurred has been gathered to its fathers, and nearly two thousand years more have come and gone without any sign of an approaching end. English ideas of legal justice have set up courts to grant divorce and right of remarriage to divorced persons on grounds which Jesus would not recognise as valid.

When Mr Chesterton condescends to reason, he flounders. Dealing with the meagreness of the materials available for the life of Jesus, he tells us that "the less there is about Jesus, the less it is possible to belittle Him." There is no question of belittling Jesus. It is, in the first place, a question whether the Jesus of the Gospels was an actual historical person. If we grant the historicity of Jesus, it becomes then a question whether the events and sayings attributed to Him warrant the belief that He was either God Incarnate

or "the Crown and Essence of Humanity, the Saviour of the World." The facts I have adduced in this article prove limitations of knowledge, and I can attach no meaning to a limited God. My critic says that the complaint "that Jesus does not mention debtors and creditors or the slave system is utterly absurd when taken in connection with the nature of the books." This is an astonishing inaccuracy. As I pointed out in my article, Jesus does mention debtors and creditors. But he does it in such a way (Matt. c. xviii. vv. 24-34) as to leave uncensured the system which made it possible to sell a man, with his wife and children and all that belonged to him, in payment of debt. It is true that the reference is in a parable. True also that the governing idea of the parable is to commend the cancelling of debts; though the delivering of the "wicked servant" "to the tormentors till he should pay all that was due" is a curious inversion of the central thought of the lesson. But the important point for us to consider at present is that the Fount and Origin of all justice, the Divine Judge of the whole earth, He in whom all perfection of knowledge, pity, and love reaches its fullest and eternally sufficient expression, leaves this cruel system uncensured and this torturing of prisoners unproved. What are we to think of this? If it were the case of a modern teacher who should use these cruel Oriental practices for some purpose of illustration without censuring them, we should think him ill equipped for his task and singularly forgetful of his duty. But, on the theory for which Mr Chesterton contends, Jesus is the Divine Judge. The Rev. Dr Horton tells us that "the commandments of Jesus are a rule of life," and "the principle of ethics"; and he describes them as "the eternal code of Jesus." But here is an unutterably cruel legal system passed in review by One who is said to be the Divine Judge of all the earth, and not a whisper of censure does He pass upon it. The commendation of the duty of forgiveness was an accepted truism in the later Judaism. Jesus, as one trained in the pieties of the synagogue,

would be familiar with the lofty moralities reflected in the later psalms. His commendation of mercy in this and other parables was all on the lines of the nobler synagogue teaching, and would by no means appear as startlingly new to an instructed Jew. True, public opinion in the time and country of Jesus acquiesced in the inhumanities referred to in the parable. His own acquiescence without protest in these practices shows nothing that belittles Him; it shows that He was what Mr Chesterton oracularly pronounces that it was impossible He should be, "a Galilean of the time of Tiberius." This is the fact *minus* the exaggerations; and Jesus is no more dishonoured by it than Mr Chesterton would be were I to mention the country in which he lives and the king under whom he serves.

Mr Chesterton somewhat magisterially takes me to task for beginning two or three sentences with the words, "If He was God." But the creeds of Christendom tell us that Jesus was "Very God of Very God." Is it, then, immodest on my part to ask what proof there is that Jesus was God? It is these high claims forced on One whose life-story is so meagrely told that compel earnest souls to put such questions. Notwithstanding his magisterial airs, Mr Chesterton must be plainly told that when priests and theologians claim our belief and obedience we have a right to know what credentials they can produce. There is no immodesty in this. It is the just and natural demand of human reason, and I offer not the shadow of an apology for having made it. I submit that the limitations of knowledge and restrictions of outlook through which the Gospel story shows us Jesus make it clear that, in the warp and woof of His life, He was indeed what He professed to be, a Son of Man. That He had lofty inspirations, that He quarrelled with conventionalisms social and religious, that He struck out great thoughts,—all this, and far more, is perfectly and gloriously true. But this does not make Jesus God. It does not even show Him "making vague and vast claims to divinity." All prophets, poets, and true artists,

all children of the spirit, have at once obvious limitations and, at the same time, "a dangerous absence of limits." Disciples follow and admire them as inspired souls, opponents often regard them as fanatics and sometimes as maniacs. The narrative shows that Jesus met with just this treatment, and Mr Chesterton's reasoning is that this proves that He was God. I submit it proves that He was Man.

II.

It is some relief to turn from the paradoxes of Mr Chesterton to the more sober and thoughtful criticisms of Dr Moulton. I must preface what I have to say on my critic's remarks as to "blunders" in dealing with certain passages by a few obvious remarks on the text of the Jesus "sayings." Dr Moulton will admit that they stand apart from the narrative and comment in which they are sometimes embedded. It was a tradition of the early Church that the Gospel according to Matthew was originally written in Hebrew and after some time translated into Greek. This original text cannot be recovered, and no one knows who translated it into Greek. It follows from this that the Greek text is not the original—as we now have it; it is already a translation. Further, Jesus, assuming His historicity, was a Galilean. There is no proof that He ever went out of Palestine, though it is not impossible that He did so. Now the language of Palestine at the time was Aramaic, and this, it is almost certain, was the language Jesus spoke. Therefore, so far as the "sayings" are concerned, the popular supposition that the Greek text gives us the actual words of Jesus is a mistake. The bearing of this, especially on the Johannine "sayings," is very important but cannot be developed here.

It was stated in the article which Dr Moulton criticises that "provident regard for the future is utterly condemned. 'Take no thought for the morrow' is an absolute injunction." Dr Moulton says that this is a "blunder betraying indifference to facts within the reach of everyone." Let us see. The

Revised Version, which Dr Moulton prefers, says, "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself." There may be a faintly perceptible *nuance* of difference in the meaning of these two versions, though a plain man may well be excused for thinking that if he is not to be "anxious" about a matter, his best plan is to "take no thought" in regard to it. If he once suffers himself to think about the morrow's contingencies when he finds himself without sixpence to buy to-day's dinner, he cannot help being "anxious." Moreover, it is real, and, as I contend, perfectly legitimate "taking thought" about the morrow which has created the whole science and business of insurance. A man insures himself because he wishes to provide for those dependent upon him, knowing the terrible risk to which they are otherwise exposed. Is there no "anxiety" in that thought? Can the provision be made without a "thought," and can the "thought" exist without the "anxiety"? At the present moment the Chancellor of the Exchequer is dealing with a Budget whose issues stretch far into the future. Will any sane man say that he is neither "anxious for the morrow" nor "taking thought for it"? Yet that anxiety, that provident "taking thought," is utterly condemned by this part of the Sermon, whichever version of it we accept. Christian merchants send goods by ocean steamers to the remotest ports of the world. In doing so they expose themselves to innumerable risks arising from what Shakespeare calls "the infinite doings of the world." Is it possible for them to avoid anxiety? Has it not been the custom for pious Methodists to pray God to bless their business ventures? I have nothing to do with what King James's translators thought of the "sayings" here dealt with. Nor am I concerned with the ingenious explanations which more modern theologians in distress have put upon these deliberately candid words. That the sentiment expressed by them is the product of an intellectual and religious climate—perhaps Essene—wholly different from ours, may be a possible historical explanation of their presence in our canon. But

historical explanations are not a justification. Whichever version of the "sayings" we take, I cannot see how we can escape the conclusion that they utterly condemn that "anxiety," that "taking thought for the morrow," which is the active principle of all the prudential arrangements of the world.

Let me now turn to the next "blunder" detected by Dr Moulton. In the article I had written, "The prohibition to have any regard to rewards from men does not apply to the 'Father which seeth in secret,' whose reward will be given 'openly,' and may be, apparently, expected." Dr Moulton argues that the crucial word here is "openly." Very respectfully I submit that it is nothing of the kind. The article dealt with the prohibition to have any regard to rewards from men. How does the Revised Version put the matter? We read: "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee." Taking the context as a whole, it will be seen that the real contrast is between the doing of alms ostentatiously that the doer may have glory of men, and the doing of alms secretly that the doer may have recompense from the Father. Pure disinterested almsgiving is not here in question at all. The almsgiver, if he does his almsgiving secretly, may count on the Father recompensing him: whether in this world or some other, whether secretly or openly, is not stated. Indeed, it may be said that these verbal distinctions are of quite inferior importance. When pressed by apologists they merely serve to divert attention from main issues, to obscure essential meanings, and to hide obvious facts.

Dr Moulton also writes: "There is not a point left in Mr Roberts's belittling of the Sermon on the Mount which a sober, critical exegesis will not dispose of." Dr Moulton, of course, has a perfect right to put what construction he deems proper on an article which he criticises. But when he describes me as "belittling" the Sermon on the Mount, he forgets, as

Mr Chesterton forgot in a similar connection, the use of that Sermon with which I was dealing, and he attributes to me a purpose which I must most emphatically repudiate. My discussion of the points raised had in view, let me repeat, the enormous claims made on behalf of Jesus by the several writers quoted in the article. Dr Horton, as I have said, has written a suggestive volume to show that "the commandments of Jesus are a rule of life," "the principle of ethics," and he describes them as "the eternal code of Jesus." Now it is with this construction of the supreme Christian classic that I am concerned. Let me give some illustrations. In Matt. v. vv. 33-37 we have teaching attributed to Jesus on oath-taking. Beginning with verse 34, we have the following emphatic words:—

"But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by the heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is the footstool of his feet; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil one."

Can any impartial reader of these words conceive of a "sober, critical exegesis" which would transform them into a justification of oath-taking as habitually practised in the law-courts of Christian lands? Am I putting a strained interpretation upon them when I say they are an absolute prohibition of oath-takings? Surely this is so, if words have any meaning at all. Yet, with rare but honourable exceptions, such as the Society of Friends, Western Christendom has systematically disregarded them as a rule of life. Oath-taking is woven into the very tissue of English associated life, which means that the words ascribed to the Master here have been treated as impracticable. Charles Bradlaugh, refusing to take an oath at the bar of the House of Commons, was more loyal to the words of Jesus than were the orthodox zealots who tried to deprive the "infidel" of his civil rights. Ought not the charge, then, of "belittling" the Sermon on the Mount to be brought not against myself but against that universal

practice of "Christian" society which so flagrantly turns its back on the precepts of the Sermon? Or take, as another instance, the following:—

"But I say unto you, Resist not him that is evil; but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to law with thee, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away. . . . Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you."

Now the claim made on behalf of these words is put at least in two ways. Struck by their incongruity with the state of society which has grown up in the Christian centuries, apologists have spent much exegetical skill on the "ideal" character of these injunctions. That "sober, critical exegesis" in the name of which Dr Moulton condemns me, has seen in them a challenging appeal to men to shake themselves free from the egoism, animalism, and conventionalism in which they are bound, and rise to "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." In the article I admitted fully the value of this ideal, though none of my critics have noticed the admission. But that is not the only claim made on behalf of this "Sermon." It is claimed as a "regulative" code of morals. It is described as a "rule of life" to be observed by men and women in their relationships to one another and in the offices of national life. It is in this latter sense that I say of these injunctions that they are wholly impracticable, that Christian society has repudiated them, and that the attempt to put them into force would disintegrate the social order.

Can any ingenuity of "sober, critical exegesis" make the words, "whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also," a practical rule of conduct? Christians seem forbidden to go to law, and in 1 Cor. vi. they were discouraged from carrying their disputes to the Roman courts. Has this commandment had any practical effect on the conduct of Christendom? The Western world has established law-courts, a vast science of jurisprudence has been slowly evolved, disputes between citizens are compelled to

submit to the decision of the judges. Every day's experience throughout the Western world proves that these "counsels of perfection" have had next to no influence on the conduct of Christian people. "Agree with thine adversary quickly" is a very plain mandate. But it is a fact that when our adversary is a Boer we do not agree with him—we shoot him. It is a fact that we have built up colossal factories, invented ingenious machines, and organised world-wide businesses because "raiment" is a necessity which cannot be got without that "care" which is condemned by this "rule of life." It is a fact that we do not "love our enemies"—we build *Dreadnoughts* to frighten, and, if necessary, to kill them. It is a fact that health inspectors have been appointed because of our "anxiety" to secure pure milk, meat, bread, and water. It is a fact that we do not live the apparently careless lives of birds and flowers, though it should be noted that the science which was unknown to Jesus has proved that the struggle to live is remorselessly keen among these denizens of air and field. It is a fact that every time we invest money in stocks and shares, in consols and bonds, we "lay up treasures upon the earth." When fever burns and wastes our loved ones' frames we do not propose to exorcise the evil spirit. We see to our drains and send for the doctor. When we deal with the deaf and dumb, we do not say: "Thou deaf and dumb spirit, I command thee to come out of him." We summon science to our aid and build institutions. In short, individually and collectively, we live our lives and order our affairs on other lines than those of this Sermon and of this idyllic Life.

We neither live that life, *nor have we any serious intention of doing so*, and the sooner we honestly confess this latter, the better it will be for our self-respect, our morality, and our religion. I am fully aware of, and quite prepared for, the ridicule that will be poured on all this by that "sober, critical exegesis" so dear to Dr Moulton. Critics entitled to respect will demand: Is Jesus to be blamed for the moral failures of organised Christianity? Granted that the precepts of the Sermon have failed to create

a social order conformable to their intention, is Jesus to be blamed for the dismal tragedies of the Christian centuries? I do not know how others will answer this question. But for my part I answer quite frankly—most assuredly He is not. He, assuming His historicity, has held up the Ideal. Amid the savageries of egoism we catch the vision of a selfless One; we hear the calm, sweet voice which tells of peace and joy. With that Vision Beautiful at its heart Christendom may hope to live down its ape and tiger elements. But let me not be mistaken. This Sermon is not a code of laws, a regulative principle of individual and social conduct, an eternal ethic of humanity. *Used as such*, I say of it again what I said in the original article, “It is useless, and it has been mischievous.”

I write these words, then, with no wish to “belittle” anything that is justly held in honour. I am most anxious to avoid the seeming irreverence which devout souls feel inseparable from all dealing with Jesus or Christ as world-problems. With the impertinence that would reduce these great themes to mere intellectual or antiquarian curiosities, I have neither part nor sympathy. The single fact that around them have gathered the holy ardours and passionate loves of nearly two thousand years of Christian experience would alone make it impossible for me to approach the subject in such a spirit.

But I “cannot make my judgment blind.” The evidence available for the Jesus of the Gospels is so meagre, so contradictory in essential particulars, and so permeated with miracles that it does not carry conviction to my mind. The palpable discrepancies between the teaching attributed to Him and the constant practice of His most distinguished followers leaves on my mind the impression that, in their heart of hearts, they do not accept His teaching as their rule of life. The reluctance of devout Christian people to face these serious facts has its roots, I believe, in their fear that if they are admitted religion itself will vanish from the earth. That such fears are quite groundless is my profound conviction. The supreme need of the hour in these matters is the disengagement of

religion from its dependence on historical personalities. Truth is truth whether uttered by Sophocles or Plato in Athens, by Hillel or Jesus in Palestine, by Seneca or Aurelius in Rome. Once uttered, it becomes part of the imperishable stock of the human spirit, nor is its value to the race disturbed by the limitations of the speaker. The truth of gravitation does not depend on the competence of Newton as an expounder of Scripture. To the scientists of the millenniums to come the name of Newton may have become a myth; but, be that as it may, gravity will remain a fact while the cosmos lasts. Religion, too, rests not on inspired or divine personalities, but on the order of the world. It was a power in the life of the man who wrote the Creation-poem of Genesis, it was a power in the life of Darwin who demolished the poem. It was potent for good in the life of Paul who believed in miracles, it illuminated with its radiance the life of Huxley to whom the miracle was a myth. And if, in the inevitable evolution of the not distant future, Jesus too should disappear from the assured certainties of the world, man would not cease to be religious. On this crucial point it will be reassuring to quote the words of the distinguished Zurich scholar, Dr Paul Schmiedel. He writes:—

“My inmost religious convictions would suffer no harm, even if I now felt obliged to conclude that *Jesus never lived*. It would, of course, be a loss to me if I could no longer look back and up to him as a real historical person; but I should feel assured that the measure of piety which had long ago become part of my nature could not be lost because I could no longer derive it from him. Indeed, if one day it should appear quite incredible that Jesus lived, I might expect the question to be cleared up once for all, ‘Upon what is our belief in God really based?’ As a critical historian, however, I can only say that I see no prospect of this” (*Jesus in Modern Criticism*, p. 85).

There is no finality in the life of the spirit. As Lowell sang:

“New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth.”

Humanity outgrows its Jesus, and creates new Christs for its new emergencies.

R. ROBERTS.

CALVIN AND CALVINISM.

PROFESSOR DR E. TROELTSCH.

CALVINISM stands to Lutheranism as daughter to mother. Its original purport was none other than pure Lutheranism, incorporating the whole of Protestantism, with the capacity of absorbing all one-sided tendencies into itself. It assimilated the leading idea of the Baptists, the practical social nature of the religious community, and simultaneously came into contact with Swiss reform; it secured the Lutheran doctrine of the sacrament against Zwingli by certain concessions to that doctrine, maintaining at the same time its original sense intact; it consummated, in conjunction with South Germany, the rigorous purification of religion from all Catholic ceremony, in which it was also at one with Zwingli, intending, however, merely to carry out more consistently Luther's axiom of conformity to Scripture. Following the example of Geneva itself, the centre of strictest doctrinal unity and discipline, Calvin thought he could, by arranging all peripheric peculiarities, weld the various countries and churches into the great body of general Protestantism. It was the resistance of German Lutheranism and the assertion of Anglican independence which made Calvinism a peculiar Protestant creed.

The entire capital, therefore, with which Calvin started out in his religious and theological work is of Lutheran origin. Calvin always set the utmost value on his harmony and personal relations with Luther. He recognised in Luther the founder and guide of the Reformation, while for Zwingli his

feelings of disagreement and reserve became more intensified. His conversion he owed essentially to Lutheran influences, and his further progress was aided by Lutheran writings. As for the other influences brought to bear upon him,—the humanistic theology of reform, the purification of the Swiss churches, and the numerous Baptists in Strassburg,—Calvin himself traces all that was essential in them to Luther. Certainly in South Germany, particularly in the awakening in Strassburg, it is Lutheranism, coloured by the unionist tendencies of Butzer, the municipal relations, the competition of the Baptists, and the influences of its neighbour Zurich; but none the less it is a positive Lutheranism.

The principles of Luther are, then, the principles of Calvin. Calvin stands fast upon the Lutheran doctrine of justification and sanctification—in fact he, of all the reformers, gives to this doctrine the most systematic and purest expression. In the absolute depravity of sin and in the helplessness of the natural man, the certainty of grace and forgiveness vouchsafed by God in Christ is the conversion of the soul to joyful union with God, to moral strength and active work in God's service. On the other hand, this doctrine of justification and sanctification is, exactly as by Luther, riveted within the framework of the conception of a church. It obtains fulfilment only by means of the ecclesiastical institution of salvation founded by Christ, and provided with His word and sacrament as objective means of grace; and this institution engenders all subjective and personal religious life everywhere only by means of the Scriptures and the Christ of the Scriptures. Strictest adherence to the ecclesiastical means of salvation, sharpest insistence on the sacraments as objective divine agencies, emphasis upon continuity with the original Christian Church in contradistinction to the apostasy of the papacy, foundation of the Church on the Bible as the supernatural producer of fellowship, creating faith and thereby authenticating itself, catholicity of the Church in so far as Scripture and sacrament are still anywhere accepted under the mask of error and false ceremony,

universal and uniform dominance of ecclesiastical truth in its attainable and governable territory, theocratic connection of Church and State, compulsory dominance of the pure doctrine, at least in its exterior recognition, strictest connection of Church and State in its fundamental internal variety, reception of worldly culture and Christian inspiration of the professional system of natural law, identification of the Decalogue and natural right and the convergence of positive right to both: all these ideas, along with the conception of the Church itself, are features of Calvinism in its essence. It takes them over as already complete, and is consequently free from the indecision in which Luther had originally elaborated these conceptions; it provides them with that doctrinal consistency which, being the property of the men of the second generation, is already a firm inheritance of generations to come.

Accordingly, all the peculiarities of Calvinism are developments of this body of belief, which is at one with Lutheranism. They are not on that account to be regarded as insignificant, but are, on the contrary, of the highest original import. They turn the religious idea of Protestantism into an entirely new channel, whose ultimate divergence from Lutheranism is, in the light of the very different nature of the latter, easily conceivable. The differences come to light essentially in regard to the conception of God, the fundamental religious conduct implied in that conception, and the peculiarly Calvinistic form of the social problem proceeding from it.

The *first* and most important difference is the elaboration of the conception of predestination, the famous central dogma of Calvinism. Here, too, Calvin is the pupil of Luther, and his doctrine of predestination is in the first instance only the logical and systematic presentation of the fundamental element of Lutheran doctrine, and equally of an essential characteristic of Pauline teaching; and his strict obedience to the Bible rendered it for him an absolutely binding law. This is the element in Luther's doctrine by which the character of the reformed religion as based upon pure faith was safeguarded

from being blended with human thought and opinion. Faith was not human knowledge; it was knowledge produced by an absolute miracle on the part of God. Thus, at the same time, the human element in the form of all human deserts and of all personal human achievement was excluded, and the element of grace in the religion of faith was fully secured. Calvin's doctrine of predestination appears, then, to owe its importance in the first instance merely to the inherited acumen of the pupil who systematises his master's doctrine, and in doing so works out the central nerve upon which the whole depends. Calvin was, however, more than a mere pupil and successor. At the back of his doctrine of predestination there lay concealed, in addition, the conception of God which was peculiar to his personal religious consciousness. Not the absolute miracle only, the supernatural nature and merciful grace of salvation, did Calvin look for and formulate in his conception of predestination. He further insisted upon the absolute sovereign character of God's will. The idea of grace was an idea of grace purely unmerited, and had absolutely nothing to do with a justice which a suffering creature could demand from the Lord of the world. It was God's nature to bestow the gift of salvation upon some men freely and arbitrarily, without any merit on their part, and to prepare destruction for others as their sinfulness had deserved. No one could boast, and no one complain. As no one had any claim to be a man rather than a beast, so no one had any claim to be one of the elect and not one of the damned. God's kingly and dominating will was the ground of all grounds and the norm of all norms. Grounds and norms there were which through God are valid, but none which have validity over Him or for Him. Perfectly freely and spontaneously He imposes His decree, and His law is the law of the glorification of Himself in the gratitude of the undeservedly blessed, and in the torment of the deservedly condemned. No longer, as in Lutheranism, are we met by the conception of Love as the central feature of the thought of God. Instead,

it is the conception of kingship, according to which the imparting and awakening of love by God must be considered only as a means to the manifestation of God's majesty. According to this conception, God did not create the world out of need for the responsive love of His creatures. His plan of the universe had not been disturbed by the free will of His creatures, and salvation was not the universal bliss of every created soul restored by the miracle of redemption. Far from it. God's unfathomable will was the ground and the cause of the whole world-process. God had arranged the sin of Adam, and in His universal economy He makes use of the sinners and of the justified alike: the former to be a sign of His grace which vouchsafes every good thing through His will alone; the latter to be a token of His wrath against unholiness and evil. It is not the selfish salvation of the creature's soul and the universality of the divine will of Love that is of consequence, but the honour of God, who is glorified in the holy activity of the elect and in the impotent fury of the rejected.

Herein is to be found a rich harvest of conclusions. Calvinism is from the very outset relieved of all the problems of a theodicy which lie so heavy upon Lutheranism, and which always lead back, in the establishment of the universality of the will of grace, to the question of the justice of God and the problem of a salvation which depends upon the accepting will of the created. There is room for the various purposes of God side by side: He manifests Himself in the *gratia universalis*, in every gift of reason and in the beauty of the world, to both the elect and the non-elect, and does not need in these gifts to aim merely at redemption; He manifests Himself in pain and in punishment, which are not merely means of education and of purification, but inflictions of His supreme will for the exhibition of His wrath and the tempering of His saints; He manifests Himself most intimately, but not exclusively, in the blessedness of the justified, who may trust God in every circumstance, but must also in every circum-

stance do His service. In this way, to go further, the consequence of an absolutely practical ethical purpose in the conception of justification is forthcoming. For justification is not a Quietist folding of the hands in thankful bliss, but a means of and a spur to action. It is with an active God of volition that justification has to deal, not with a grace which merely forgives sins. He creates and bestows in election the certainty of forgiveness of sins, to the end that the soul so freed should work to the service of God, and submit itself to be made by God the instrument of His being. By justification He makes men members of the body of Christ, and permeates them with the active spirit of Christ, constituting them soldiers and warriors of Christ and subjects of His kingdom. Justification is tested, not by fervour and depth of feeling, but by the energy and the consistent results of action. Finally, another valuation of the doctrinal element is contained in this conception. The pure doctrine is not, as in Lutheranism, the exclusive property of the Church, on the ground that purity of doctrine is a guarantee of purity of faith, and that with this all further demands are met. The doctrine is not its own object; but precisely as faith is a hypothesis of correct conduct, so pure doctrine is also merely a hypothesis and a means. This certainly implies in the systematic aim of Calvinism a further theoretical extension of the doctrine, which advances beyond the requirements of Lutheranism; but still the doctrine, in its universal systematic development, remains the means to the end, the hypothesis of that which is intrinsically valuable, Christian action. The conclusion is that Calvinism, with its forcible logic and its reception of the culture of Western Europe, maintains an intellectual level much in advance of Luther's doctrine, without concentrating to any such extent upon doctrine and system. God is for the Calvinist irrational in the sense that He may not be measured by standards of human reason and logic; but He has bestowed reason upon man for the purpose of work here below and for the glorification of God. In this way even the most cultivated

and discerning reason and doctrine form only a means to super-rational ends and a condition of action.

If the Lutheran doctrine of predestination is thus developed in a new sense, the same is also the case in regard to the *second* leading idea, that, namely, of religious individualism. With Luther it was at bottom always a question only of the certainty of salvation and blessedness of the individual, produced by the certainty of forgiveness of sins, in relation to which, however, everything else was only the wider circle of activity proceeding from union with God—only an obvious consequence, not an essential purpose. By means of this radiating activity the individual was directed by an inner motive force and a freedom which was not subject to law: he submitted himself to the existing conditions of life and calling, and invented no special artificial conditions; he kept his body under constraint, assisted his neighbour in every need, and furthered the progress of the whole, but always without any compulsion of aim, without any religious purpose of salvation in the carrying out of the given precepts. Everything was a means merely, not an end. So the elect soul in its consolation of grace lagged behind in all action and never really took up the practical tasks of worldly life at all. These tasks it performed as an ordinance of God, enduring them in pain and affliction as punishment for the sins and usages of earthly life, but it never devoted itself to them as to instruments of a divine purpose. In Calvinism all this is different. Calvin, too, accentuates the inner nature and disposition of all religious belief, and its purely personal and individual character; he, too, rejects the mere faith in dogma and authority as well as the magic of the sacrament; he, too, derives the new life from faith. Yet, as it is not the salvation of the creature's soul but God's honour which is, for him, the central idea, so, too, it is the glorification of God in action which is the real test of a genuine personal religion. The individual does not repose in his state of blessedness, nor indulge himself merely in a somewhat impersonal service of love, nor submit himself in other

matters merely in suffering and patience to natural law, lagging behind in half-hearted participation. Much rather is it his whole intention to play his part in this natural law, and shape it to the expression of the Divine Will. By struggle and by work he helps to promote the sanctification of the world, always certain that he will never lose himself in it; for in everything he is only working out the will of God, which is itself the source of strength for such an act. This is certainly not feasible for Lutheranism, believing as it does in the possibility of losing grace; and herein lies the sharpest difference in the two-sided interpretation of religious individualism, the Protestant religion of faith and character. Lutheranism does not think out predestination to its ultimate consequence, the impossibility of losing the state of grace, because, from the outset, it wished to secure the single activity of grace while ascribing evil to the human will. Thus the task of the Lutheran became merely the preservation of the condition of faith and grace, the continual anxiety for the purity and solidity of a faith without works and without merit: all his care was directed to the cultivation of his own emotional life, the maintenance of the state of meritless bliss, and a code of ethics which resolved itself into nothing more than the retention of the state of grace, that could be lost by grievous sin or by self-confidence. Of this possibility of falling away from grace, and, by implication, of this anxiety, Calvinism knows nothing. Consequently, it has not to endure the mental tension of preserving the state of grace, nor does it in any way demand continual concentration on the personal life of emotion and will. The Calvinist knows that God's election cannot be lost, and will therefore have to direct his efforts, not to himself, but to the task of fashioning the world and the community after God's will. His obligation is not to hold to God, but, on the contrary, to be himself upheld by God. The reformed individualism therefore contains on all sides impulses to activity, to a full co-operation of the person with the tasks of the world and the community, to work of unceasing strenu-

ousness and utility. It has not merely a deeper and more enduring foundation in religious metaphysics; nor does it suffer from the continual interruptions and relapses of Lutheranism, so tightly self-fettered to the forgiveness of sins; but with a straightforward and conscious aim it organises consistently and systematically the work of preservation.

We thus arrive at the *third* leading idea of Calvinism: the totally different importance of the conception of a religious community and the task of producing its sanctification, combined with a Christian supremacy which shall glorify God in spiritual and worldly conduct. The Church is not merely an institution of salvation for the presentation of the objective means of grace, from which everything else is to be expected as a consequence, and in reliance upon which the ungodliness of the world is to be endured in humility and patience. The institution of salvation is rather to be at the same time an institution of sanctification, whose effectiveness is evinced in bringing the life of the religious community nearer to the Christian standard, while embracing the whole field of living action under the commandments and purposes of Christianity. It is to perfect the necessary instruments by means of which the religious community can be formed in all its phases of church, family, civil, social, and economic life, in all private and public relations, in accordance with the divine spirit and teaching. It is the complete development of the ideas upon which Luther touched in the years of unsettlement and local reform, but which he was obliged to drop for want of actual Christians.

All the same the aim is here somewhat different, and more capable than the ideas of Luther were of practical realisation. For Luther, in consequence of his insistence beyond all else on freedom and personality, it was a question of the inferences to be drawn from the principle of universal priesthood—a question of the self-government and administration of the religious community, whereby that community would be enabled to complete the means of self-control and discipline, but all this in absolute freedom. Yet while it was for him essentially a

question of the universal priesthood, he shrank from putting this principle into effect through the revolutionary democratic movement for the sole securing of pure preaching by the law of the land. For Calvin the question was rather one of the production of the control and purity of the religious community for its own sake ; and so strongly convinced was he of the necessity of this that he never doubted he could find for it in Scripture, as well as for his dogma, the basis and indications needed. Thus, precisely after the manner Luther had developed the dogma, he, on his part, developed also the constitution and Christian form of the religious community, out of Scripture. Scripture contained for him, besides justification and predestination, the constitution of the Church in the famous four offices of pastors, doctors or theoretical theologians, deacons or ministers to the poor, and disciplinary justices who should be constituted out of the pastors and chosen ecclesiastical representatives of the religious community. The starting-point being found in the ethical interest of sanctification, and in the biblical directions instead of the demands of universal priesthood, security was given against every democratic and revolutionary misuse, and against all religious subjectivism ; and the share, within these limits, which the religious community was required to take in the confirmation and acceptance of the ministers proposed to them by the executive ecclesiastical board, in the choice of the deacons, and in questions of seniority and discipline, prescribed for the universal priesthood and for religious subjectivism a part which, without any loss and without any danger of infringement upon worldly democratic effort, could well be accorded. Luther's principle of having no biblical dogmas for ethics and church constitution, and of leaving all in these matters to free development, coupled with his rejection of any further ethical purpose than the blessedness of justification, had rendered for him an escape by this door impossible. He was compelled to give up his idea of a religious community sketched out solely by the general priesthood and resigning to this priesthood its particular formation : he had to fall back upon the

objectivity of the ministry, which was only threatened, but not furthered, by class-emancipation and discipline in the religious communities. For Calvin, however, there was here no contradiction. By his interpretation of the function and constitution of the religious community both were satisfactorily settled, since the same Scripture which attested itself to faith as dogma procured consent to the moral and constitutional ordinances, and by so doing placed the universal priesthood from the very beginning under the most effective limits without entirely doing away with it.

It is an approximation to the notion of a sect while maintaining the character of an ecclesiastical institution. Only, Calvin's approximation to the idea of sect is quite different from that which Luther tried to establish. Luther, after the quick rejection of his scheme of forming holy religious communities or a still narrower actually Christian circle within these communities themselves, approached the idea of sect only in so far as it typified the sects which suffer and endure in obedience to the Sermon on the Mount. For him it was the truly Christian ethics of the individual which he combined with the ethics of the national and established church only by placing alongside of it the ethics of office as in right, power, and authority an active duty required and confirmed by God, and by treating this double ethic as a free consequence of the confidence exercised by the institution. Calvin, for his part, approached the notion of sect on its strong, dominating, and social reform side by adopting the idea of holy religious communities and of the enforcement of their sanctity. He extends this sanctity over the whole range of life, admitting into it professional conduct, the recognition of worldly superiority, and requires the retention of the weak and unconverted. Geneva is a parallel to the kingdom of the saints in Münster, but immeasurably more considerate, substantial, and profound. The idea of a kingdom of saints and of Christian government is Calvin's too. Only, the difference lies in adhesion to the established church, the national church, and to the worldly morality of

business vocations. On the one hand, that was possible for Calvin in consequence of his doctrine of predestination, which did not make all subjective achievement and holiness depend upon the exertions of the individual, thus implying that religious communities did not consist in the mere assembling of individuals, whilst still emphasising achievement and the individual in the strongest possible way. Further, his doctrine allowed him actually to recognise the difference between converted and unconverted, and yet to avoid the consequences of a separation of the two. Since we cannot know who is elected and in whom the election will later appear, we must treat every one as elect, impute to all faith in their election, and unite all in fellowship, either in the hope that their election will one day become manifest, or else for the purpose of controlling and subordinating the non-elected sinner. On the other hand, it was possible for him because he drew the requirements of the Christian moral law not solely from the Sermon on the Mount, but from the whole Bible, and more especially from the Old Testament. As Luther, to find justification for his ethics of the worldly vocations, had already gone back more and more to the Old Testament, so also to the full extent does Calvin, supported by the belief in the formalistic validity of the Bible, which the second generation of Reformers possessed as a completed heritage from the first. Thus he was enabled to lay the foundation of an ethic of sanctification for the discipline of his religious community and for the organisation of the State: an ethic which for strictness might well be compared to that of the Baptists, but which did not lay down as universal law the ethic of Love taught in the Sermon on the Mount—an ethic that was for society in general so radically impossible. Herein lies the real source of the so-called Old Testament character of Calvinism. It is the same motive which formerly drove the strongly reforming sects to the Old Testament, to their warfare for God and for His covenants. What we have here is not a revival of the Jewish legal code, but of the Old Testament

regard for the practical life of the people. Nor has this ideal of sanctified religious communities anything to do with the lapses into Catholicism. It is an ideal based on the notion of sect, coupled with an established church, and raised by forcible use of the Old Testament to the level of possibility. In all else it is a very active and living Protestantism.

In what has been said we have already touched upon the *fourth* point, the peculiar nature of Calvinistic ethics. Basing ethics, in common with Luther, upon faith, that basis was at first simply strengthened, and instead of being a mere consequence, ethics was made to serve the purpose, of justification, —a mode of procedure which, starting with the assumption of the doctrine of predestination without any relapse into sanctification by works or thought of reward, was quite admissible. Further than that, the regulation of Christian ethical conduct was more sharply defined, since the Holy Spirit had from the very outset, in a clear, distinct manner, presented as means to this end the moral law of the Bible, the Decalogue, with its explanation in the light of the whole contents of the Bible and in its identity with the natural moral law. Even Lutheranism could not stop with the mere free impulse to action, but had recognised in the Decalogue the divine elucidation of the moral impulse and had developed its theory from the Decalogue, from the two tables of the law, from the identity of the divine and the natural law, the distinction between the absolute law of Paradise and the relative natural law adapted to the sinful. All these theories Calvinism took over. It gave, however, to the Decalogue a firmer place in its system, inasmuch as the *usus legis* was for it, not a problem full of subtle distinctions, but a self-evident central theory. Why should the Holy Spirit be deprived in Ethics of that clearness which He produced in Dogmatic, when the Bible supplies ethical as well as dogmatical directions? That would be, from Calvin's point of view, a relapse neither into heteronomy nor into a legal code, for in this law the content of faith is explained only on its ethical side, and the value of moral progress lies not in particular

works but in the mental attitude arising from faith. In the Decalogue the Holy Spirit enlightens the elect upon the rules of conduct leading to the realisation of Christ's kingdom—rules which could not be relegated to merely blind impulse and natural emotion. Here, too, Calvin is only the more systematic thinker and the more practical organiser, who takes no doubt a step out of the free idealism of Luther into the restricted domain of average human morality.

In another respect as well—in respect, namely, to the much-discussed rigour and asceticism of Calvinism—the latter is merely a finer edge put upon Lutheran propositions, and a more organic adaptation to the whole thought and purpose of salvation already dimly outlined. Lutheranism also sought after a Christlikeness which should be in the world and overcome the world; Lutheranism also was an asceticism practised within the field of business activity, but not fastened down to earthly objects. By its rejection of persevering grace, and its admission of continual relapses, breakdowns, and dangers, it made, however, no provision for a consistent organisation of conduct for the purposes of Christ's kingdom and of the blessedness of the life to come which was unfolded in Christ; it was continually driven back upon the mere protection of the faith. Worldly professional regulations were for it forms for submissive acceptance, in which faith must attest itself, and to which it assigned no inner meaning for the realisation of the Christian ideal of life itself. In Calvinism, on the other hand, there are no such interruptions, but conduct is put under a strict organisation: for Calvin business callings are not merely forms of work, but means towards the ideal of Christian life, towards the production of Christ's royal kingdom. And so it comes about that by means of an intimate relationship of all conduct to a goal beyond this world, Calvin's ethics appears, on one hand, much more rigorous and ascetic than Luther's. Self-renunciation, concentration on the life to come, interpretation of life as a warfare for Christ, play a much greater, and above all a more

central, part than in Lutheranism. On the other hand, worldly conduct has also a much more direct relation to and connection with the Christian end of life, inasmuch as the sanctification of worldly life, the practical act of self-renunciation in the service of one's calling, and the systematic, consistent conduct of life, all lead to an end in a world beyond this. Calvinism is severer and stricter than Luther's opportune world-joyousness, and yet it is more active in its reception of the worldly life into Christian ethics. All this is due to the sharper insistence upon the ethical aim, which, on one hand, completely subordinates the world to a mere means, but, on the other, assigns to this means its value for the attainment of the end in view.

A most important peculiarity of Calvinistic ethics lies finally in the distinctive acceptance of natural law as identical with the Decalogue. Here, apparently, all the forms of the ethical doctrine of Luther and Melancthon are taken over. The identification in question is, as with them, the means of embodying political and business knowledge, domestic and economic ethics, in the ethics of Christianity, of uniting Old and New Testament with Aristotle and Cicero, and of deducing from the Decalogue an all-embracing ethics of the inner life, which can only be inspired with the Christian spirit. But the point of view adopted in the interpretation of the natural law itself is different. In Lutheranism the view was developed, under the influence of Luther's authoritative and conservative manner of thought, of the natural law as an irrational law of force, according to which the various authorities which had, under God's guidance, arisen in the course of history were to be regarded as of God's ordinance and foundation, meriting absolute respect and submission in virtue of their authority, without any right to resistance, and without any regard for rational claims of the individual, consequently also without any share on the individual's part in the construction of such authority. In contradistinction thereto, Calvin held firmly to the old rationalistic

interpretation of natural law, according to which the State and society come into existence through the purposive, active reason of the individual, to whose claims and needs attention must be paid, and which must be continually regulated upon the basis of this ideal. Calvin personally limited such criticism and reorganisation very carefully to the properly constituted courts, prescribing for the lower magistrates the law relating to resistance and reform only on the refusal of the genuine superior authority to administer it, and thus favoured a personal and aristocratic spirit. But in his rational natural law are contained the consequences of an estimate of institutions by the rational claims of the individual, and of the participation of the individual in the formation of their authority. All the more are these consequences contained therein when it is remembered that, for Calvin, Christian ethic prescribed not the mere recognition and endurance of worldly authority, but the formation and maintenance of a reigning authority which should correspond to the Christian end of life and to the word of God. This gave, however, to the whole of Calvin's social ethics a direction totally different from that of Lutheranism.

An ethic of this kind implies the united social body, the body Christian, which is built up to the honour of God in a different but not separate working of spiritual and worldly control. As in Catholicism and in Lutheranism, we are still left with the idea of Christian education, of Christian society, of the compulsory unity of faith. It is the ideal of the Middle Ages founded and elaborated anew. In Lutheranism it was the voluntary service of Love rendered through the powers of natural law, whose entire direction was towards justice, peace, and order, for the purely spiritual institution of salvation, which must be equipped by the State with its instruments and supported by the State in the realisation of its spirit. In Calvinism it is the obligatory unified application of superior authority recognising its Christian and natural duties from reason and the Bible, in co-operation with the independent Church, capable of action of its own, presiding over its

own organisations for the Christianisation of society, and working along with the State in one common purpose to fulfil the word of God. In all cases it is a united living and social whole, which in matters worldly and spiritual is inspired by one common ideal, thereby possessing an all-embracing and fundamental sociological model, in which the relation of individuals to one another and of individuals to the community is expressed on broad typical lines, and instinctively permeating and moulding all exceptional social forms. This sociological model is the *fifth* point which throws light upon the peculiar nature of the religious idea of Calvinism.

Under the operation of its whole structure of religious thought, the idea of personality in Calvinism stands out in quite a different manner than does that idea in Lutheranism. Not humble devotion of self to God, and charitable devotion of self to one's neighbour, but the strongest personal value, the high sense of having a divine mission in the world, a grace-given preference over thousands, and an immeasurable responsibility, are what engross the soul of the man who, in the complete solitude of his inner self, experiences and succeeds in working out the grace which is his title to election. Here is truly an enormous individualism, an extraordinary self-dependence on the part of the individual, with which the attitude of the Renaissance and the broader differentiation of Western culture could easily make common cause. Only, this idea of personality, which is rooted in the conception of predestination, is not to be confused with modern democratic individualistic conceptions. Predestination implies the call of the best, of the sanctified, of the minority, to dominion over the sinners, the majority. It comprises the treatment of the existing conditions of life and authority, if not contradictory to Scripture, as disposals of the divine will, which man should accept with glad submission. But within these limits Calvinism possesses a valuation of the personality of the elect which reminds us throughout of Kant, while Luther remained much more within the circle of the mystics.

With this strong insistence on personality, the idea of fellowship also assumes a peculiar complexion. Fellowship is not produced, as in Lutheranism, merely indirectly out of the conditions of the corporeal world, out of the existing ordinances of natural law, and out of the invisible working of the visible doctrine and practice of the sacrament, but directly out of the very predestinating will of God Himself. God's will is from the very beginning directed towards a sanctified community. Isolated though an individual may be in the time preceding the working-out of his election, this doctrine of predestination itself brings him at once back into a fellowship which is mutually supporting, enduring, criticising, and improving, and such fellowship is, in every case, as in Israel's, defined to be a fellowship of the people. God concludes a covenant with every nation and demands mutual loyalty, educates by judgments and by visitations, and gives His word to make known His will. The individual nations and churches are related to one another in close connection and reciprocal action, where all stand for one, and one for all. An international religious politic is to be found underlying Calvin's ideal; a covenant of Christian peoples, in which every people in its own circle realises the idea of the divine state,—that is God's will, when rightly interpreted in the light of the Bible.

Under these circumstances there is obviously no question of the division between private and public morality as in Lutheranism. The streams of individual life empty themselves on every side into the ocean of Christian unity, and every Christian is obliged to regulate his conduct with circumspection to the good of his fellows. The individuals retain the right of approving the pastors proposed for them; may put their knowledge of the Bible to good account in Bible-instruction, even in opposition to the pastor—indeed, in emergency it is their right and moral duty to remind the existing authorities of God's word, either by their representatives or, if the worst come to the worst, themselves, and to

enforce obedience to Scripture. Before the disciplinary justices there is no respect of persons: the presidency of the preachers' board changes every week; all offices are duties, but none are privileges. The situation is reversed. It is the whole which has to take care of the individual, partly directly by means of the charitable activity newly organised by the religious community, partly indirectly by an appropriate and reasonable organisation of the civil and social whole. It is a socialism without democracy and without communism, a socialism in the sense which the Old Testament prophets had in mind. Every man is to stand for himself, and yet every man is to be at one with his fellow from feelings of obligation and compassion. In this common life every man is to have his honour, his maintenance, and his right cared for by Church and State alike. Ministry to the sick is a function of the Church, which has to contend with insufficiency of work and objection to work by means of special arrangements, and which provides a large number of officers with employment. All luxuries, prices, and provisions for emergency, even the rate of interest, are to be jointly settled in Geneva by ecclesiastical and civil powers. But more especially all moral injunctions and the management of police control in matters of morality, the extension of education and the fear of God in all religious communities, are to be a common care of the governing powers.

If we are allowed to treat the sociological scheme of Catholicism as a union of religious and rationalistic individualism with the social and ecclesiastical authoritative conditions of the Fathers, to treat Luther's scheme as a radical mystic individualism in its inner thought and an unconditional patriarchalism in the actual relations of the external life, we may call the scheme of Calvinism a socialism of mutual responsibility—the responsibility of every individual for the whole and of the whole for every individual, and further of the individuals for one another. This last is of course fulfilled according to the nature of the particular positions which every one takes up in regard to another in business, office, or work,

and is interpreted in a patriarchal aristocratic sense, yet always in such a way that allowance is made for the initiative of each individual. So we find that it is not till Calvin that we can speak of Christian social reform and social construction, in so far as we mean the conscious united work of Christian society. Before Calvin there had been the sects and the radical ethic of Love, since the time of the original community in Jerusalem. But in every case the practical application of the conception had not been forthcoming, nor its adaptability to the masses, nor its introduction to practical use in the arrangements of the world. In this resemblance to a Christian social constitution lies the most unique of the religious ideas of Calvinism.

From what has been said it is quite clear whence the specially characteristic features of Calvinism, which pass beyond the common rigid Lutheran capital of Protestantism, originate. They originate, namely, through the agency of Strassburg and of Butzer, from the pietist and Puritan currents of the Reformation period, and also from elements akin to the notion of sect, partly no doubt from the impression made by the practical earnestness of the strongly developed Baptist body in Strassburg. Calvin's exceptional power of discernment and force of will made it possible to unite these tendencies into one whole with the Lutheran conception of justification and with the dogma of predestination which sprang from his own absolutely personal religious consciousness. In this whole he has not got rid of all contradictions and all tension, but he has created the overwhelming impression of a tremendous unity of mind and will. Thus, then, Calvinism arose, the peculiar characteristics of which were, beyond all, so fruitfully unfolded in the political and social life of Western Europe.

E. TROELTSCH.

DARWIN AND DARWINISM.

PROFESSOR BORDEN P. BOWNE.

THE centennial anniversary of Charles Darwin's birth has been widely celebrated, and can hardly fail to raise the question concerning his contributions to philosophical and speculative thought.

Respecting the eminence and genius of Darwin as a practical investigator there will never be any question. His work was a model of patient and careful investigation, and he certainly set agoing a vast amount of inquiry which has gradually modified our ways of thinking in many fields. It is possible, however, to give all this honour to Darwin as the investigator without becoming thereby responsible for the system of thought which is connected with his name. That system has undergone great modification in recent years, and the end is not yet. For a time it was a kind of biological orthodoxy, which, if any man received not whole and entire, he was regarded as belonging to the outer darkness. But of late years there has been much falling away. The Continental scientists as a body were never such ardent Darwinians as the English and American biologists, and they are increasingly lukewarm. And even the disciples have been compelled to sew so much new cloth on the old garment that the original pattern is greatly obscured. But to them it remains the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever, even as the boy's knife was the same, although it had had three new handles and five new blades.

In loose thought Darwinism and biological evolution

through descent are identified. In fact, however, these are quite distinct things. The conception of evolution is as old as the Greeks, and the doctrine of the evolution of species through descent was current before Darwin's time. Buffon, the elder Darwin, Lamarck, and Herbert Spencer had made it familiar. The thing which is pre-eminently Darwin's contribution, according to his own claim, was his doctrine of the origin of species through natural selection. Others had held the doctrine of descent, but Darwin, it was said, made it clear how the species arose. Others had suggested the idea, but Darwin offered the demonstration.

This does not represent the current conception in biology. As stated, Darwin started a vast amount of inquiry which has given a new aspect to the organic world. In particular he showed that species are no such hard and fast things as had been supposed. He showed them to be in motion when their history was studied. At the same time, it is clear that the doctrine of natural selection on which Darwin mainly relied has been reduced to a very subordinate position, and its inadequacy to the solution of the problem may be looked upon as very generally admitted. This does not imply that the doctrine of descent has been given up, but only that natural selection is no longer viewed as a sufficient account of the origin of species. While, then, there is probably greater agreement than ever in the conception that living things spring from a common root, there is very general dissent from the Darwinian position as an adequate theory. It is now some years since a German paper announcing the death of a prominent scientist spoke of him as "the last of the Darwinians." The following despairing quotation from Weismann also dates back some years: "We accept natural selection not because we are able to demonstrate the process in detail, nor even because we can with more or less ease imagine it, but simply because we must—because it is the only possible explanation that we can conceive. We must assume natural selection to be the principle of the explanation of the metamorphoses, because all other

principles of explanation fail us, and it is inconceivable that there should be yet another capable of explaining the adaptation of organisms without assuming the help of a principle of design." It would seem from this that natural selection is in a bad way. We must accept it, though "unable to demonstrate the process in detail or even with more or less ease to imagine it," for otherwise we must "assume the help of a principle of design." But this is not science; it is naturalistic orthodoxy. To make out his case Weismann carries the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest behind the individuals of experience, where alone we can test it, and posits a "germinal selection" within the "germ plasm." Within this plasm the developing individual is predetermined. Every one of its physical characteristics, down to colour, hairs, skin-spots, birth-marks, etc., is represented by "determinants" which control the development of the individual. But these determinants are struggling for existence and the survival of the fittest decides the result. This view, however, carries the whole subject below the microscopic limit into the realm of biological mythology. Weismann's "ids," "idants," and "determinants" are no discoverable facts, but theoretical bolsters for Darwinian orthodoxy. By this time the aim is no longer to throw light upon the facts of experience, but to maintain a theory which has ceased to pay expenses.

So, then, the altar of natural selection is somewhat dilapidated and the disciples are falling away; and indeed it is doubtful if all speculation can show a more curious verbal illusion than this doctrine of natural selection. In itself it is manifestly a metaphor. It had been observed that human selection in breeding processes result in marked change of animal forms, and Darwin claimed that something analogous goes on in nature under the form of natural selection. Things which are not adapted to their environment or the general conditions of their existence perish or are destroyed in the struggle for co-existence by others which may be better adapted. In this way we may say that things adapted are

gradually selected by this natural process, and in the course of time, through this selection, unfit things perish and fitter things are produced, and so finally we have the world of organic forms.

There is an anthropomorphism in this phrase, natural selection, which gives to it a certain specious character, but when this is eliminated the principle becomes the survival of the fittest—that is, those things best adapted to the conditions of their existence survive, while others survive less certainly or perish. But this phrase, the survival of the fittest, is ambiguous. The fittest may be taken in the qualitative sense of the highest, or it may be taken in the simple sense of adapted to existing conditions. In the former case it has a strong teleological flavour, and would imply that nature favours the best. This conception had led many writers of a rhetorical and religious turn to glory in the survival of the fittest as security for progress, immortality, and other good things. But in the latter case, where it means simply adaptation to conditions, it contains no such implication and is less comforting. In this case fitness might depend upon strength of fangs and claws, or weight of the fist, the number and range of the guns, and not on righteousness or rank in the scale of being. In this sense the survival of the fittest may be simply a deification of brute force. Professor Huxley, who favoured the doctrine in biology, was strenuous in denouncing it as a sufficient law of ethics (see his essay, *Evolution and Ethics*). In an arctic winter a walrus or a polar bear would be “fitter” to survive than a man; a stunted shrub or lichen would be “fitter” than the fairest growths of the temperate zone; but there would be no hint of progress in such survivals. Taken in this sense of adaptation to conditions, the doctrine reduces to the statement that the able to survive survive, and that the unable to survive do not survive, or that things survive in the measure of their ability to survive. By this time we have something which is not merely true, but a truism, and not merely a truism, but a tautology. The whole

discussion well illustrates the imposture and deceit that may lie in words. If Darwin had never used the phrase natural selection, but only its equivalent, the survival of the fittest, and had freed the latter of its ambiguity by saying the survival of the best adapted to conditions, his doctrine would have had far less influence and reputation, and in many cases would have lost the favour which it enjoyed through its ambiguity.

It is plain, therefore, that this doctrine really accounts only for the non-survival of the unfit. It in no way accounts for the arrival of the fit. We see how the weak perish, but not how the strong arrive. We ask how strong boilers come to be, and we are told that weak boilers blow up. We ask how the winner of the race came in ahead, and we are told that his competitors had weak wind and muscles. And this does explain *their failure*, but it contains no account of the *winner's good legs and lungs*, which are the essential things after all. The survival of the fit is clear enough when fitness is determined by survival, but the arrival of the fit, which is the real key to organic progress and differentiation, is left absolutely untouched. If, then, we should ask, how on this view existing organic forms are explained, we are told that other forms which could not survive perish, but we are not told how these surviving forms came to exist. If we ask, how the arrivals and survivals and the non-arrivals and non-survivals so fall out that an orderly system of organic existence emerges, we get absolutely no hint from this mere negation which is presented in explanation. The favourable variations are assumed or taken for granted, and we get only the barren truism that the able to survive survive. But the knot of the problem lies in the origin and direction of variations. Here, and here only, must we seek for the cause of the distinction of species that arises through natural generation. We may rely on the destructive agencies of the system to remove the unfit, but we must look elsewhere for the cause of the arrival of the fit. Accordingly, when we hear of the "all-sufficiency of natural selection," we can only point out that it

takes for granted the essential point in the matter—the existence of the fit—and only shows how the unfit falls away.

Are, then, those variations through which species arise fortuitous and in all directions, or do they move along more definite lines? If fortuitous, we have a doctrine of chance. If along definite lines, we have a teleological factor, or at least the possibility of a teleological interpretation of variations. Fortuitous, however, they cannot be, as that would break with the notion of law and fixed order upon which all interpretation depends. That they were not in all directions is equally clear from the geological record. This record points clearly enough to connection through descent, but not to any such production of all sorts of things as is presupposed by natural selection in its unmitigated form. The multitudes of missing links which such a system implies are not found, and they cannot be shown ever to have existed. Here the general confusion of Darwinism with the doctrine of descent leads people to the blunder which views the latter as proof of the former. When this distinction is made, it becomes plain that natural selection as the true and only book of Genesis is very far from finding support in the history of the past.

There was indeed a most impressive collection of facts in the discussion, but after all the argument was really a piece of abstract reasoning, on abstract quantitative notions, without duly considering the concrete circumstances of the case. Such argument is always treacherous when applied to reality. Ten men might be able to do a piece of work in one day, but it would not follow that a thousand men could do it in half a minute. They probably could not do it at all, because of being in one another's way. One has a feeling of a similar fallacy when one reads of the excessive production of living things, and is told that natural selection must do all the rest. And even on its own ground the argument was a failure. Variations were to arise in an unexplained manner, but it was supposed that, once arisen, natural selection would perpetuate them. This, however, overlooked the fact that the variation

must tend to be eliminated by cross-breeding with the original stock. The objection was made at an early stage in the debate, and never received a sufficient answer. Presupposing continued fertility between the variation and the parent stock, the variation must tend to disappear, unless the variation occur in a great many individuals at the same time, or unless the individuals in which it occurs are in some way segregated from the others. This difficulty left room for the scientific imagination to work. Some feigned changes in the reproductive processes whereby cross-fertility was made impossible. Others remembered that animals wander about, and may thus segregate themselves and give the variation a chance to perpetuate itself. One distinguished writer recalled the ancient legend of Atlantis, that was sunk under the sea, and re-christened it Lemuria; and there he allowed the necessary wonders to happen. A writer of prominence, in announcing his continued adhesion to the doctrine of natural selection, points out that the segregation of the variations is a necessary part of it. But by this time the doctrine has become so vague and formless as to be practically worthless, and resembles an orthodoxy in an advanced stage of decay. We conclude once more that, whatever may be true of the doctrine of descent, natural selection in its original form is obsolescent and largely obsolete.

Now, leaving the question of Darwinism for the more general doctrine of evolution, it is clear that the discussion of the subject in the last generation was greatly confused by certain philosophic assumptions that were no real part of the problem. Irrelevant clamour, religious and irreligious alike, also contributed to confuse the issue, and the echoes have not wholly died away. But the simple fact of evolution through descent in itself is perfectly harmless, and it gained its portentous significance in popular thought through the philosophy on which it was based or by which it was interpreted. This appears from the fact that nowadays no intelligent person is disturbed over evolution, and equally no intelligent person regards evolution as now held as being hostile to

the higher faiths of humanity. Such better condition of things is due to the progress of philosophical thought, and to the more careful analysis of the problem. We shall find it worth while to examine the point more closely, in order to see how baseless and gratuitous the alarms and triumphs were.

The world of experience presents two questions—the order and connection of things in space and time, and the causality that underlies the order. As a matter of fact, things exist and events occur in certain relations in space and time, whatever our thought of their causality may be, and we may study these relations without raising the question of causality. To do so is the work of science. But if this work were completed the question respecting the causality which underlies the space and time order, and whether there be any observable trend in the movement, remains unanswered. The latter question is metaphysical and belongs to philosophy, or, putting it in another way, we may say the two questions concern the causality of the world and the method of its manifestation. The question of causality belongs to philosophy; the question of method to science. The latter question can be answered only by observation and inductive study. The former can be answered only by reflection upon the data revealed in experience. Science, then, is in its full right when it seeks to trace events in the space and time order, and to exhibit their connections in the system of observed law; but it is mistaken when it assumes that all questions are thus answered. Philosophy, on the other hand, is in its full right when it points out that the work of science is merely descriptive and not truly explanatory, and that we must pass behind the space and time world into the power world for the true explanation of anything. But philosophy is also mistaken when it supposes that the affirmation of causality and even of purpose answers the other question of method and mode of manifestation.

In the somewhat naive metaphysics of naturalism it has been supposed that the question of causality was very

simple, and that all we need to do is to endow the physical elements with various forces whereby they interact and found both the forms and order of the world. This view may be regarded as obsolete. The recession of mechanism is apparent in many ways. To begin with, the atomic mechanism is scarcely regarded now as anything more than a convenient mode of representation, which in no way gives the fact as it is, and more and more all physical things are viewed as phenomena of some all-embracing energy of which they are only manifestations, so that the true causality of the world lies not in them but in a power manifesting itself through them. In the words of Herbert Spencer, we are continually in the presence of one infinite and eternal energy on which all things depend and from which they for ever proceed. Thus mechanism fails through the vanishing of its substantial basis. On this view matter is no agent, but a process; and the mechanism is not the real working agent, but only the form under which the hidden power works in space and time. What that power is, and whether there be any purpose in its working, can be decided only by studying the products to see if we can discern any indication of purpose or any movement toward a goal.

Mechanism as description explains nothing; it is equally worthless as an ontological fact. Mechanical explanation, when it is more than description, is tautologous and empty. When we attempt to explain any effect by mechanical causes, we are always compelled to carry into the causes all the facts that are to be explained. This is necessitated by the logical equivalence of cause and effect in every necessary or mechanical system. The A that explains B must in principle contain B. If we could think A exhaustively without finding B necessitated by it, it would never explain B; and if the A that explains B essentially contains B, then the explanation consists in carrying the fact to be explained behind itself for its own explanation. This applies equally to the whole system of things. In such a system, if we make a cross-section of the

universe at any point, we are always compelled to find at that point, either actually or potentially, everything that will ever emerge. No matter how far back we may go, the same necessity attends us. If we reach some nebula, we are compelled to find in it a provision for every future event to the minutest detail. We escape nothing in our regress, but carry our problem for ever with us. Thus the explanation commits us to the infinite regress and is hopelessly tautologous. We end where we began. The variations and arrivals and survivals, and even our own dull notions about them, are from everlasting—as it ever has been, is now, and ever shall be. Mechanism makes no new departures; its implications are from the beginning, and if there was no beginning, they are from everlasting.

Had this double aspect of the world, as an order in space and time, and as the manifestation of an invisible causality, been understood in the last generation, there would have been little disturbance over the doctrine of evolution. The distinction enables us to unite the belief in law and natural order, on which science depends, and the belief in purpose, on which philosophy and religion insist. They represent opposite aspects of the total problem, and both alike must be taken into account if we would seek mental rest and peace. And the two points of view must always be kept separate. When we are asking for the connection of events in the order of observed law, remarks about purpose are irrelevant; and when we are asking for the meaning of events, it is idle to recite how they come about. The meaning is one thing; the method of realisation is quite another.

This double point of view reappears in interpreting the doctrine of evolution. That doctrine may be a description of the genesis and history of the facts in space and time, and it may be a philosophical doctrine of causation. In other words, it may be a description of the order of phenomenal origin and development, and it may be a theory of the metaphysical causes that underlie the development. The former is

evolution in a scientific sense. The latter is a metaphysical doctrine. In the scientific sense, evolution is neither a controlling law nor a producing cause, but simply a description of a phenomenal order, a statement of what, granting the theory, an observer might have seen if he had been able to inspect the cosmic movement from its simplest stages until now. It is a statement of method, and is silent about causation. Such observer might have seen just the history of things which the believer in natural selection depicts. And it is plain that there might be entire unanimity concerning evolution in this sense, along with utter disharmony in its metaphysical interpretation. In such cases we have at bottom not a scientific difference, but a battle of philosophies. The theorists agree on the facts, but interpret them by different schemes of metaphysics. This is the reason why some thinkers find in evolution a veritable aid to faith, while others see in it nothing but atheism. Philosophy and religion are interested, not in the method of cosmic activity, but solely in its causality; and science, on the other hand, has as much interest as religion in maintaining that the causality of the world is essentially rational and purposive; for in any mechanical system of causality we not only have the deadlock just referred to, but also the complete overthrow of reason itself which results from all mechanical doctrines of knowledge.

In addition to this superficial metaphysics of popular naturalism, there was a great deal of misunderstanding in popular thought respecting the meaning of the doctrine of evolution. Thus, when species were said to be transformed, there was a general failure to notice that species in any case are not things; and when they were said to be transformed, there was a kind of feeling that they were not transformed after all, and the higher and lower forms of life were supposed to be identified. If men came from apes, they are apes. If evolution is a fact, atheism is established. This view was by no means peculiar to religious people. Darwin himself, of course, was not an atheist, but natural selection as he put it

was non-teleological and largely anti-teleological. So it was generally understood by his irreligious disciples, and in the name of Darwinism atheism was proclaimed as scientifically established. Thus Strauss in his book, *The Old Faith and the New*, adduced Darwinism as a final disproof of the belief in God; and not a little inhumanity, brutality, and animalism were practised and justified in the name of the survival of the fittest. This itself is not a necessary part of the doctrine of descent, but it was long thought to be such, and this fact explains much of the hostility with which the doctrine was regarded.

As to the transformation of the species, much of our difficulty disappears so soon as we understand the doctrine. In any case a species is nothing but a group of similar individuals. These individuals and the power or powers which produce them are the only realities in the case. The important problem is not what is a species, but what is the individual and what the power that produces individuals. Thus it is clear that the transformation of species means simply the production of individuals along lines of descent in such a way that, if we should take individuals from points mutually distant in such a line, they would be so unlike that we should not think of classing them together. If the power which produces individuals produces them all alike on the average, the group is constant. If it produces them on a varied scale, there is differentiation. If on a rising scale, there is progress. If later individuals are so unlike earlier ones as to forbid grouping them together, there is transformation. But throughout the process there is nothing but the individuals, similar or dissimilar, and the power which produces them. The evolution of species, then, would mean the production of individuals on a varied and rising scale, such that new and different groups would appear, in which case there would be no production of the higher by the lower, but simply and only a successive production of individuals in such a way as to give not a single stem on the biological tree, but a multitude

of lateral branches, each one growing in its own direction and giving rise in turn to new sets of lateral branches.

The only further question that can arise concerning species is whether the power which produces individuals does so at random or according to rule. In the latter case species exist in the only sense in which species can exist—that is, natural groups exist whose members are bound together by their likeness, and the likeness of the members is due to the fact that they have been produced according to a common rule. Of course, in addition to these species there are many species which are purely of our own making. Some of the larger and more sharply defined species seem to be manifestly natural groups, but when we get among the smaller organisms, plant or animal, we soon see that the arrangement into species is largely relative to our own convenience or point of view, rather than anything fixedly objective. Professor Asa Gray used to say he did not believe in the fixity of species, for he had made and unmade too many of them. In great stretches of organic existence the only thing of which we can be tolerably sure is the individual, and by no means always of that. We classify at our own risk and cost, and in much of the work we know that the result is relative to our own scheme and not a fixed objective order. Had this nominalism of all species and this relativity of many been always kept in mind, there would have been much less disturbance over the doctrine of descent. Popular thought was ruled in this matter by the old logical realism which made a species a sort of real something, which never went beyond its own original essence and of which individuals are only accidents. The original species, then, were the realities of all later species, and as they were low forms, the later species were low also. Hence, if man came from an ape, he is an ape, no matter how transformed he may seem.

The doctrine of descent makes no difference in what we are. If we were created as we are by fiat, we should not be any different because of that fact. And if this human world has been reached through descent rather than through fiat, it

still is what it is. An inventory of the universe with the aim of appraising its values would not need to take count of descent, but only of the place which each thing has in its systematic relations to the whole. Descent as such carries nothing with it in the intellectual system. It is merely the actual method by which the organic system has been realised, but it becomes such a method only because it is so adjusted as to produce the result. The systematic relations of things in a graduated and co-ordinated scale of existence were insisted upon long before the doctrine of descent was thought of, and this doctrine adds nothing to that earlier view, except a conception of the way in which that intellectual order was realised. But, as just said, descent alone explains nothing, unless its inner order presupposes just this result. Animal homologies, we are told, presuppose blood relationship; but this is not so unless blood relationship implies animal homologies. Yet what is the source of animal classification, if it be not common descent? In reply, we might ask, What is the source of any natural classification, say of the chemical elements, minerals, crystals, etc.? Intelligence is the only source of any objective classification, and descent at best is only a method in certain cases. And even if we should leave out all reference to intelligence as the source of classification, we are still unable to affirm descent as its only source. If we assume, with some, that life has come from the inorganic, it would be in the highest degree improbable that this spontaneous generation happened only once and in one place. But given such generation, then the order of living things would root directly in the nature of the elements themselves, and thus the biological order would take on the fixity of the natural forces themselves. It is really not so easy to get clear of species after all. And as to individuals, they are what they are. If there were two human worlds side by side, one which has come to its present condition through descent, and another produced by immediate fiat, they would each have precisely the same value, and the intellectual relations of the members

of each would in no way be modified by the fact. It is a mere whim of uncritical thought to suppose that descent in any way affects the deeper question of the nature and significance of things.

There was equal superficiality and confusion in the polemic against special creations which played a great part in the debate. Thus a distinguished religious writer gives a specimen. He says, "A few years ago each new appearance in the world, each new species of plant or animal, was believed by most Christians to be the result of a special act of the Divine will." Doubtless the good man thought he meant something, but he would really have been puzzled to tell what it was. Without suspecting it, he was tangled up in the relation of the logical universal to the particulars subsumed under it. As belonging to the class, individuals are only cases of a kind. There is nothing "special" about them. But as individuals each has its own special individuality, whereby it is itself and is distinct from every other. All actual and concrete existence is special, and the production of any actual fact is correspondingly special. In mechanical causation, as we have seen, every thing and event, even to the minutest detail, must be provided for in the original mechanism, and without the special provision necessary the thing or event would never occur. Or, if we make the causality of the world a supreme will moving through the laws of nature, we still have to affirm the same special provision. General laws explain no particular facts, and if there were no special act of will, there would be no special product. Continuous and specific production is possible only through an activity equally continuous and specific. From the standpoint of concrete production each feature must be "specially" produced, and by "special act of will," or it will not be there. Thus, we repeat, it is difficult to see just what the special creation is that is so objected to. The only thing which clear thought abhors is illogical chaos, things unrelated, produced at random, or without subordination to any plan for the whole. Thought

demands the continuity of purpose and reason, but it is not concerned to maintain that all creation is played on a single string. It only insists that all strings, however many they may be, shall concur in harmony. The unity and continuity of nature are rational only, and they would not be affected by any view of causation whatever, provided the same rational order were produced. Only in the sense of the unreal and unassimilable is thought opposed to special creation. But when it comes to realising the general plan in a multitude of concrete individuals, co-existent or successive, the work is possible only through a multitude of acts, each as specific and special as its products. Each special fact demands its special act.

Probably popular thought was also misled in its estimate of evolution by the long times with which the theory dealt. We commonly see purpose only where it is quickly realised, and as purpose is commonly shown only through the convergence of many factors to a single result, when the convergence is slow we miss it altogether. This, joined with the fact that evolution was said to begin with next to nothing, and develop into something, strengthened the impression that the doctrine is atheistic. The conception of purposes, too, as something immanent in the cosmic movement, was foreign to popular thought, and thus atheism seemed to be established. But all this was misunderstanding. Mechanism, we have seen, reaches nothing new. The argument for purpose in its essential character is independent of method, and depends solely on the relation of the causality to time. Whenever there is a forward look to the movement, we then have the essential form of intellectual causality. Mechanical causality is shoved out of the past as a resultant of previous conditions. Intellectual causality is self-moving into the future, and provides for things to come. From this point of view, evolution, instead of weakening the argument for purpose, or intellect, in the world, rather tends to strengthen it. We now have a purpose stretching across ages, and moving

faithfully toward its goal, and such a purpose is more impressive than any possible cases of contrivance of the earlier design argument. It is not piecemeal and sporadic, but cosmic and all-embracing.

These popular misconceptions have been dwelt upon at such length, because they are the great sources of the religious fear of evolution and also of the irreligious use often made of it. Both are baseless, and Darwin is not to be held responsible.

Returning again to Darwin, we must admit that he did a great service in starting anew an important movement in the thought world. We have no longer a rigid static world, but one that is moving and growing, and if there be a Divine Mover behind it or immanent in it, we need not be in any way afraid of the changes in things, especially as they seem to leave the way open to indefinite progress and improvement. But we must also recognise that Darwin's particular claim was very crude, and that most of it has already passed away. The general conception, however, of organic connection and unity in the world of living things remains, and is likely to be a fixed part of our intellectual possessions. Still, that connection and unity must be found not in the space and time world, where everything is outside of every other, but rather in the world of thought, where alone things are truly united in one systematic whole.

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A PALADIN OF PHILANTHROPY.

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THE story of Dr Samuel Howe's life was briefly told by his wife in 1876, and by his contemporary, Mr Sanborn, in 1891 ; but a new generation needs to have its attention freshly called to this Paladin of Philanthropy, and the two stately volumes of his Letters and Journals,¹ which his brilliant daughter has piously edited, are not too long to commemorate his unparalleled career. He is, beyond question, the most striking figure in the history of social reform, romantic and impetuous as a knight-errant, yet far-sighted and sagacious as a statesman. He combined, as was said of him at his death, "the qualities of Sir Launcelot and of the Good Samaritan." The field of charity was to him a battlefield, where science contended against ignorance and compassion against indifference ; and the same militant spirit which at first gave itself to a suffering nation, spent itself later in a kindred campaign for suffering humanity.

Dr Howe was born in 1801, and as a youth was notable for a versatility and inventiveness which were applied—it must be admitted—to many college pranks, diversifying his academic career with repeated rustications. His physical charm arrested attention. "What a beautiful youth!" said the Greeks when he appeared among them. "Your father,"

¹ *Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe*, edited by his Daughter, Laura E. Richards, 2 vols., 1906, 1909 ; Boston, Dana, Estes & Co. ; London, John Lane.

a lady of his own age said to his daughter, "was the handsomest man I ever saw." He had a soldierly bearing, keen blue eyes, jet black hair, and an aspect of intense and restless energy. His mind was not logical but intuitive in its action. As his presence was "like the flash of a sword," so his decisions were "flashes of vision." It was a character which might easily have led to mischief had it not been incurably romantic, and instantly responsive to the call of the Ideal. When Dr Howe, in 1824, received his degree in medicine, at the age of twenty-three, the political hero of young Americans was La Fayette, and their literary idol was Byron. France was aflame with new desires of liberty, and Greece had for three years resisted Turkish tyranny. Byron had reached Greece in 1823, and died there in April 1824. A disappointed passion of the heart conspired with young Howe's passion for adventure, and, to the consternation of his family, he abruptly abandoned his professional prospects in the sober life of Boston, and sailed, like a crusader, to the East, to offer himself as a surgeon among the disheartened yet unconquerable Greeks. He was welcomed to unpaid service among the bands of mountaineers which were holding the passes against their merciless enemy; "ill-clothed, worse-fed, and paid, as one may say, nothing at all." "Their regulars," he wrote, "fought like militia, and their irregulars like Indians. They are brave and hardy, but they will not work. A Greek soldier will submit to no discipline, for he thinks it makes a slave of him; he will obey no orders which do not seem to him just, for he holds that in these matters he has a right to be consulted." For more than three years young Howe shared in this guerilla warfare, attending the wounded, joining in the raids, and cheering the not infrequent retreats. "It is now," he wrote, "three months since I have slept in a bed, and I have passed weeks without taking off my clothes day or night." "My feelings," his diary records after his first skirmish, "were singular, but, I think, not those of fear"; and later he writes, "My heart bounded with delight that something was to take

place in which I should be obliged to take an interest." In describing another attack he says: "At this moment the thought struck me that my duty called me to go if there were no surgeon there." His courage, in short, was unforced, spontaneous, and light-hearted; and recalling these experiences in a letter after his return to America, he wrote: "I liked the excitement immensely; the danger gave zest to it; and I was as happy as youth, health, a good cause, and a tolerably clear conscience could make me. I wanted no money and got little, I cared not for what I ate or what I wore, and therefore the people and soldiers rather took to me." The Greek insurgents received other volunteers from various countries, drawn to them by the example of Byron; but some were sentimentalists and some were self-seekers, and, of them all, none is now remembered with the permanent admiration still felt for this American youth. In 1827 he returned to the United States, collected \$60,000, and undertook the distribution of this aid among the despoiled and destitute Greeks. Here there confronted him the problem, now so familiar, of scientific relief. To give without pauperising, to help people to help themselves, this—which is now discussed in charity conferences and congresses—was to him a problem to be solved without academic knowledge, by original and prompt decision. Selecting the Island of *Ægina* as in peculiar need, he proceeded to repair its harbour and to build a new quay, still known as "the American mole." "After revolving in my mind," he writes, "various plans of relief for these suffering beings, I have resolved to commence a work upon which I can employ four or five hundred persons, giving them their board, and at the same time benefiting the public." "I have," he later records, "enriched the Island of *Ægina* by a beautiful, commodious, and permanent quay, and given support to seven hundred poor during nearly five months of the most rigorous season of the year." With still more striking anticipation of modern methods, he established near Corinth a colony of the unemployed, furnishing seed, cattle, and rations for twenty-six families, one-half of whose harvest

was to be for themselves and one-half for the maintenance of the colony, which he named Washingtonia. Labour-tests, education to self-help, and the colonisation of the out-of-works—the characteristic marks of scientific poor-relief—were thus inventions born of necessity in the experience of this young man; and when, in 1832, after giving the five precious years from twenty-three to twenty-eight to the cause of Greece, he returned to America, he left behind him a free country.

Hardly had he arrived in Boston when the second chapter of his career began. His long absence had shut the door of professional advancement, and seemed to leave to him no resource but that of journalism. Suddenly, on a Boston street, while three of the newly appointed trustees of a "New England Asylum for the Blind" were considering the appointment of a Director, they met Dr Howe, and said, "Here is the very man!" "It was," writes his daughter, "the meeting of flint and steel; the spark was struck instantly." His flash of intuition determined in an instant his entire future, and he sailed without delay to inspect the Schools for the Blind in England and France. This journey also was not without its dramatic incident. With the passionate admiration shared by most young Americans for La Fayette, he visited him in Paris, and it was there suggested to Dr Howe, who was about to inspect a School for the Blind in Berlin, that he carry aid from France and the United States to the Polish refugees, then encamped along the banks of the Vistula. This mission he gladly undertook, but on returning to Berlin was arrested in his hotel at midnight and thrown into a prison cell eight feet wide, without permission even to communicate with a single friend. The comedy of the situation relieved its hardships. Dr Howe was accustomed to prison fare and to the risks of war. "Has the fellow plotted high treason," he wrote, "or refused to give the wall to a prince of the blood? Neither, my dear sir; I have administered some succour and consolation to that gallant fragment of the Polish army which took refuge in Prussia, and the Prussian authorities have rewarded me with this lodging

gratis." He "got hold of some German works on the education of the blind," and after five weeks of confinement was deported under guard across the frontier. Years afterwards, when the King of Prussia awarded him a gold medal for his distinction as a teacher of the blind, Dr Howe had the curiosity to weigh it, and found its value in money the equivalent of the sum which he had been forced to pay for his prison board and lodging in 1832.

Returning from this exhilarating experience at the age of thirty-one, he began what his biographer has accurately described as "the creation of an original institution of philanthropy." He had observed the methods adopted in Europe for the education of the blind, but he soon devised many original ones—new types for reading, new forms for geography and for arithmetic; besides appealing to the State and the public for aid, and addressing legislatures all over the country in behalf of the education of the blind. "I shall not in all time," wrote a visitor, "forget the impression made upon me by seeing the hero of the Greek Revolution applying all the energies of his genius to this apparently humble work, and doing it as Christ did, without money and without price." Five years later, in 1837, the classic case of the blind deaf-mute, Laura Bridgman, was committed to his care. She was then a child of eight years, like a person, Dr Howe said, "alone and helpless in a deep, dark, still pit, to whom I was letting down a cord and dangling it about in hopes she might find it, and, clinging to it, be drawn up by it into the light of day." "A fair young creature," wrote Charles Dickens in 1842, "with every human faculty and hope and power of goodness and affection enclosed within her delicate frame, and but one outward sense—the sense of touch. There she was before me, built up, as it were, in a marble cell impervious to any ray of light or particle of sun; with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened." The story of this modern miracle, and of the unending patience and inventiveness of Laura's

teacher as he reached down into the pit of silence, has been often told; but the consequences of such a rescue were not fully realised until, under Dr Howe's successor, the similar but much more remarkable case of Helen Keller was reached. Here was a shut-in creature, beating its restless wings against its bonds like a caged bird, until the doors of sense were opened and there flew out a beautiful soul, quick to learn, alert to inquire, and as eager to help others as though she were not herself helpless. It is amazing enough that this young woman, whose only contact with the world is through the sense of touch, should write in modern Greek and discuss in print the Baconian cryptograms; but it is even more chastening to receive from such a source her volume on "Optimism." In these and in still later cases the method devised by Dr Howe has been accepted and expanded; and many a visitor to the School for the Blind, meeting these released souls, has been tempted to repeat Horace Mann's unmeasured comment, "I would rather have built up the Blind Asylum than have written *Hamlet*."

In 1843, at the age of forty-two, Dr Howe married the beautiful and brilliant girl whose public services for the last fifty years have been so distinguished as almost to obscure the name of her husband, and who is now, at the age of ninety, the object of national affection and honour. Mrs Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was sung by every camp-fire in the War of the Rebellion, and is still familiar to every schoolboy, and her leadership in the causes of Woman's Suffrage and civic righteousness is undisputed in its authority. It is difficult to believe that this venerated personage was the young girl of twenty-two, bred in a world of luxury and fashion, who was captivated by the man of forty, already absorbed in his self-effacing work, and who wrote of him:—

" Not lavishly he casts abroad
The glances of an eye intense;
And did he smile but once a year,
It were a Christmas recompense!"

The newly married pair spent a year in Europe, not only inspecting institutions for deaf mutes in Paris and London, but hastily revisiting Greece. "As he rode through the principal street of the village," wrote Mrs Howe of one incident in their journey, "the older people began to take note of him and to say to one another, 'This man looks like Howe'; at length they said, 'It must be Howe himself.'" "I was pulled off my horse," adds Dr Howe, "and forced to eat and drink, and went away amid demonstrations of affectionate remembrance so earnest and obvious that they moved one of my companions to shed tears." Returning to Boston in 1844, he added to his care of the blind the further service of still more afflicted persons, first by re-enforcing the work of Dorothea Dix in her crusade for the better treatment of the insane, and secondly by a wholly original and epoch-making plan in behalf of the idiotic and feeble-minded. "I consider," the leading American expert on this subject has said, "that his work for the imbeciles is the chief jewel in his crown; the other things he did other men might have done, but he alone among the philanthropists of that time was able to see the need of this work and to realise its possibilities." The condition of these unfortunates in the United States had been hitherto practically unrelieved. When not classed with the insane, they were committed to the poorhouse, there to contaminate, both physically and morally, the destitute inmates. Five hundred and seventy-five such cases were discovered in 1846 within the limits of Massachusetts, "left to their own brutishness." Yet it was with extreme difficulty that the State legislature could be induced to appropriate the meagre sum of \$2500 a year for three years for the proposed experiment, and one critic remarked of Dr Howe's report on the subject that it was "a report for idiots as well as concerning them." His procedure began as he had begun the education of the blind. In 1830 he had taken three blind children to his own home; now, without a moment's hesitation, he took ten idiotic children into his own quarters in the Blind Asylum.

From this beginning has grown the School for the Feeble-minded which Massachusetts justly regards as one of its most notable monuments. From ten pupils it has increased to twelve hundred; its method of organisation is the model for the country; the segregation of these helpless creatures protects the community; and the gradual emergence of capacity for self-help is a sufficient reward.

All these exploits of philanthropy were achieved by Dr Howe before he was fifty years of age. From this time to his death in 1876 the all-absorbing and overwhelming issues of the United States were those of slavery and war, and into both he threw himself with passionate sympathy. He was the most intimate of Charles Sumner's friends, and not less free in criticising Sumner's excessive animosities than in appreciating his gifts. He belonged with all his heart to the Anti-Slavery circle, and risked his life once more in a visit to Kansas to promote its settlement as a free State. "Of all his experiences," President White records, "he told me that he considered this last one by far the most dangerous." Yet in these intimate relations with radical reformers he maintained a singular poise of mind, and perceived the temperamental dangers of the agitator's life. To Theodore Parker, the preacher of national righteousness, he wrote: "I tell you, dear Parker, you need to cultivate most diligently and carefully a spirit of gentleness and tolerance. . . . You overstate things, and are encouraged to be thinking and saying sharp and cutting things. . . . Your besetting sin is not uncharitableness of feeling—for your heart is tender—but uncharitableness of thought and word." Never was there a time when righteous indignation ran more risk of degenerating into bitterness and hatred; and among the rarest of virtues in the group to which Dr Howe loyally attached himself was the capacity for restraint which he possessed. When the Civil War began in 1861 he was sixty years of age, and, being too old for active service, accepted appointment on the Sanitary Commission, which throughout the long conflict,

with unflagging devotion, collected money and supplies to be distributed among the armies of the North. In 1864 he became a member of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities, the first of such supervising boards to be organised in the United States, and in 1865 and until his death in 1876 was its chairman, expounding in successive reports the general principles of public charity which are now universally accepted. It would reward any student of poor-relief to examine these reports, and to observe their extraordinary anticipation of teachings which the present generation is inclined to regard as new. The family system in place of the institutional system, the specialised treatment of juvenile offenders, the colonisation of the unemployable, the reformatory plan in prison discipline, the enlistment of volunteer visitors—these and many other cardinal doctrines of modern relief were set forth by Dr Howe forty years before they became the orthodoxy of charity. “No such mind,” his friend Mr Sanborn wrote, “had before been steadily directed upon the problems of charity and social legislation in New England. Whoever will read the various propositions laid down by Dr Howe will find that hardly one of his theorems has now failed to be acted upon in practical ways; yet nearly every one of them was hotly disputed by the mass of persons officially concerned with charity and education, who have since adopted them and forgotten Dr Howe.” In 1866 Dr Howe was sixty-five years old, and had, it would seem, earned an old age of rest. In that year, however, the Island of Crete, having been assigned to Turkey after the battle of Navarino, found itself forced by the brutality of its oppressors into a new revolt, and for sixteen months its Christian inhabitants were harried and plundered by Moslem tribes. Dr Howe’s martial spirit could not resist this call, and after collecting \$37,000 in Boston and its vicinity he sailed for the third time to Greece, relieved the most pressing necessities of those heroic, and finally defeated, refugees, and as one fruit of his journey brought with him to America a young Greek

who had insisted on serving him without pay, and who later became his efficient successor at the School for the Blind, and the husband of his daughter. In 1871, though seventy years old, he accepted one further appointment, as Commissioner to visit San Domingo, and with two distinguished colleagues reported favourably on the proposed annexation of that island to the United States, thus anticipating by thirty-five years the action taken after the war with Spain. In January 1876, while walking to his beloved school, he was stricken, and in a few days died.

It is difficult to review so varied and dramatic a career with critical restraint. Its extraordinary experiences in war and peace, and its not less extraordinary combination of qualities, precipitancy and patience, restlessness and continuity, flashes of insight and persistency in action, the zeal of the reformer without his bitterness or hate—all these make a story which is probably unique in the annals of philanthropy. "Excepting him," one of the most judicious critics of his time once said, "I have never known an active reforming philanthropist who was also a fair-minded and tolerant man. He was that exceptional character, a tolerant enthusiast." The first impression made by his achievements is of their modern quality, as though he were a man of the present generation rather than of his own time. Even his way of speaking and of writing had this modern note. He lived in an age devoted to polite culture and classical training, and in many comments on his literary style there is among his contemporaries a certain apologetic note. "His diction," wrote one sincere admirer, "is not always classical, his knowledge not always exact; but his head is clear, and his heart in the right place. As Thoreau said of Ossawottamie Brown, 'he would have left a Greek accent slanted the wrong way and righted up a fallen man.'" We have come upon a time, however, which estimates even literature by its lucidity and effectiveness; when history as narrated by General Grant has its place with history as embellished by Macaulay, and when the ornate oratory of Webster is not more honoured than the chastened simplicity

of Lincoln. To such a time Dr Howe's indifference to form and insistence upon reality is peculiarly appealing. Here, again, he is a man of the twentieth rather than of the nineteenth century, a prophet not only of the things which are now to be done, but of the way in which things are now to be said. One of the most distinguished of his generation, Colonel T. W. Higginson, the last survivor of that earlier literary circle, has recognised this function of style as a weapon of service, and says of Dr Howe: "With a peculiarly direct and thrilling sort of eloquence and a style of singular condensation and power, abrupt, almost impetuous, like a sword with no ornament but the dents upon the blade, he yet knew that the chief end of life is action, and not thought." The same impression is created by the glimpses one gets of Dr Howe's religious experience and hopes. He was but slightly concerned for forms or dogmas, and one of the greatest sorrows of his life was the instruction, during his absence, of Laura Bridgman in things which, as he writes, "were not farther beyond her comprehension than they were beyond the comprehension of those persons who assumed to talk to her about them." He had awaited, as the most dramatic episode in her slowly budding life, the flower of an unprovoked and spontaneous religious sentiment, and he returned to find her "perplexed and troubled" about the creed of Calvinism, and imagining "the Lamb of God" to be a real animal, which would grow up into a sheep. His own religious confession was brief and simple. "My views upon religion are that it should rather be an affair of the heart than of the head, of the feelings than the intellect. God is truth, and whatever else is truth must be good." "They have less faith in Christianity than we have who fear to have it tested in every possible way." He recognised the power of decorous and beautiful worship, and deplored the barrenness of form which accompanied Theodore Parker's preaching. "Ceremonial," he wrote, "is the garment which the religious disposition craves." Finally, at the death of a little son in 1863, he pours out a father's longing for the immortal life, like one who cries,

“Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.” “I cling,” he says, “desperately to the best reason in favour of immortality, to wit, the existence within us all of this pleasing hope, this striving, this longing.” It is again the union of freedom and faith, of emancipation and tolerance, of doubt and hope, which is now characteristic of thoughtful men, but which was rare both among conservatives and radicals fifty years ago.

The history of poor-relief in the United States falls roughly into two chapters, one of which abounds in defects and failures, the other of which is rich in great names and great deeds. Charity, at the hands of the State, has been for many generations, and still remains in many parts of so prodigal a land, extravagant, casual, and often corrupted by political aims. Officials not serviceable in other posts have seemed sufficiently competent to care for the poor, and institutions have been notoriously ineffective and demoralising. The contrast between a thoroughly controlled system of municipal or governmental relief, like that of Germany, and the prevailing looseness of the United States, is a contrast between accident and design. On the other hand, the history of volunteer relief, and the ability and genius devoted by private individuals to the problems of the dependent and defective classes, make a chapter in philanthropy which may be fairly regarded as unparalleled. Dorothea Dix and her service to the insane, Joseph Tuckerman and his districting-system for the city's poor, Charles Loring Brace and his deportation of the city's children—these are names and achievements of original and epoch-making significance. Good government has been, in all its aspects, the last science to concern the Americans; individual initiative and enterprise have thus far carried them through; and of this personal leadership in social service the most distinguished instance is that of Dr Howe. His life is thus of peculiar instructiveness and inspiration to those who find themselves now called to social service. Students of the science of charity will find in his teachings the first statements of many conclusions which have become embodied in modern methods of

relief, and will be confirmed in their controversy and officialism by his sanity and effectiveness. Yet even more reassuring and stimulating than his contributions to social science is his re-enforcement of social courage. What the movement of modern philanthropy most needs is not so much better organisation as a revival of faith and hope, and the enlistment of trained and disciplined allies. The administration of charity often appears to make slight demand on virility or heroism, and to be sufficiently accomplished without self-discipline or self-sacrifice. The supreme lesson of Dr Howe's career is the scope it found in the humblest works of service for the most masculine and heroic traits. His life, which seems so varied, was in its motives singularly consistent. The same impulses which flamed out in defence of Greece burned again in his defence of idiots; the same daring which faced Turkish bullets was needed to face hostile opinion; the same crusader whose service to the Poles ended in a Prussian prison, spurred his whole being to the more difficult rescue of Laura Bridgman's incarcerated soul. After all has been said of Dr Howe's contribution to the science of relief, his final service is to the world's imagination and will. He might be classified with organisers of relief like Wichern, or with reformers of legislation like Lord Shaftesbury, if he were not more fitly included in the still smaller group of the heroes of humanity, with Xavier and Livingstone, with Howard and Damien, with Armstrong among his negroes and Grenfell among his fishermen. The titles which sprang to the lips of those who knew him, when they recalled his life, were those of warfare, gallantry, and knighthood, "The Happy Warrior," "The Chevalier," "The Good Knight"; and when his friend Whittier commemorated Dr Howe's career it was in his poem "The Hero," with its martial praise of this Paladin of Philanthropy.

" Oh, for a knight like Bayard,
 Without reproach or fear;
 My light glove on his casque of steel,
 My love-knot for his spear.

.

Smile not, fair unbeliever,
 One man at least I know
 Who might wear the crest of Bayard
 Or Sidney's plume of snow.

.
 Would'st know him now, behold him,
 The Cadmus of the blind,
 Giving the dumb lips language,
 The idiot clay a mind.

Walking his round of duty
 Serenely, day by day,
 With the strong man's hand of labour
 And childhood's heart of play.

.
 Wherever outraged nature
 Asks word or action brave,
 Wherever struggles labour,
 Wherever groans a slave,—

Wherever rise the peoples,
 Wherever sinks a throne,
 The throbbing heart of freedom finds
 An answer in his own.

Knight of a better era,
 Without reproach or fear!
 Said I not well that Bayards
 And Sidneys still are here?"

F. G. PEABODY.

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CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

SIR WILLIAM COLLINS, M.P.

WHEN Sir Samuel Romilly commenced his efforts at reforming the criminal code he told the House of Commons (on 5th June 1810) "that those confined in common gaols return to society much worse than when they were first withdrawn from it." He especially singled out Newgate as combining every defect of which a place of confinement was capable, and, with irony, pointed to the monument recently erected in St Paul's "to the celebrated Mr Howard," while close by was this gaol—"a monument of disgrace and inhumanity, and conducted in contempt of those wise regulations which it was the object of his benevolent life to recommend."

That was a hundred years ago; the intervening century has witnessed in all civilised countries innumerable legislative and administrative Prison Reforms, while we, in our day, have watched the passing of Newgate. Last session there was placed on the statute-book "an Act to make better provision for the prevention of crime, and for that purpose to provide for the reformation of young offenders and the prolonged detention of habitual criminals, and for other purposes incidental thereto." During the discussions in Committee on that Bill, the Home Secretary naïvely confessed that "the prison authorities now had no responsibility for the prisoners' moral condition or future welfare put upon them by law, and they were not bound to turn them out better men than when they went in." It was therefore not surprising to learn from the

same authority that "statistics showed that with every conviction the probability of return to prison increased."

Are we to draw the conclusion that, in spite of our well-meant efforts at amelioration, our prison system is now no more remedial in its influence on the criminal than was the case a hundred years ago? Has the humanitarianism which is widely supposed to have inspired alike our legislation and administration failed to influence, or even failed to reach, the person it was intended to reform? Tallack, who ought to know, maintained that "there is a peculiar and almost inevitable tendency to indolence and inertia in State functionaries as such." Has the centralisation of prison administration since 1878—in opposition to the general centrifugal devolution of legislation—been an unmixed advantage to the inmates of the gaols? The Departmental Committee on Prisons appointed by the present Prime Minister when he was at the Home Office in 1895 reported in favour of centralisation, but they were forced to make the woeful admission that "few inmates left prison better than they came in." Has a century of Prison Reform, then, been wholly without effect? Have improved dietaries, associated labour, "star classes," enlarged prison libraries, the institution of prison lectures, the all too tardy abolition of the tread-wheel, additional privileges by way of visits and correspondence, been all in vain in influencing for good the individual inmates of our prisons? Or is the success of our penal system to be measured solely by its influence in the reduction of crime, in deterring the potential criminal, or minimising the criminal element in the population, and not at all by its rehabilitation of those who have been convicted? Are we to accept the fatalistic teaching of a modern school of criminologists—that a certain proportion of the population must be accepted as degenerates, as anti-social, as criminal by nature and instinct; and must we, with folded hands, dismiss all efforts at their redemption as so much well-meant but ill-directed zeal? If this be the lame and impotent conclusion to which we are led by the latest fad of

science, are we to base our penology of the future on these findings?

These questions are more easily put than answered; but they are clamant for some reply or other from those who affect to lay down the principles upon which our whole system of prisons, penitentiaries, reformatories, inebriate homes, asylums, and "public assistance" generally is to be organised and worked. I lay no claim to speak with authority on these matters, but, with the experience I have had in visiting and managing such institutions, I would venture to urge a clearer recognition of some principle, alike moral and philosophic, in approaching a solution of these problems; and I desire to draw special attention to the Prevention of Crimes Act of last session, in so far as that Act is based upon principle, and to discuss its merits and shortcomings.

There are, in my opinion, two serious gaps which, under our present arrangements, stand in the way of any symmetry or completeness in our mode of dealing with the criminal.

First, there is the hiatus between the committing authority and the receiving authority—between the judge who sentences and the prison authority who sees the sentence executed; or—to use an analogy—between the physician who prescribes the treatment and the practitioner who carries it out. Readers of Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* will recall that author's happy conceit of regarding crimes as diseases, and diseases as crimes; and, while discounting his fancy, will see in it some useful and suggestive reflections. Even the Prison Commission has launched out against judicial authorities for their "promiscuous consignment to the common form of imprisonment in every case where the law has been broken." They deprecate this "attractive because easy" remedy; while their last report condemns the "imperfect" and "improper" use which Courts make of the powers entrusted to them in 1898, and reluctantly admits that the better classification of prisoners which was then anticipated has not been realised.

The other serious defect which stands in the way of reform

is to be found in the fact that the superintendents of prisons, whether medical or not, are usually innocent of such knowledge as is likely to be necessary in dealing with the mental and moral reform of those committed to their charge. The *physical* welfare of the inmates nowadays, probably in most gaols, leaves little to be desired; there is much effort directed to making them good animals, but not much forethought is directed to making them good men and good women. I do not desire to minimise the zealous and often thankless ministrations of the prison chaplain; but he, in his spiritual sphere, like the doctor with his medical comforts, is often uninfluential, because he is uninstructed and unversed in educational methods and moral science, which do not come by chance or instinct, but by special study and experience.

These two blots in our present system—failure in classification, and lack of thought and moral influence—together operate to the detriment of the prisoner by failing to bring to bear upon him or her individually that personal environment, habit, and influence which may tend to rehabilitate self-respect and self-control. If the punishment is to fit the crime, or if the appropriate treatment is to be applied to each inmate, then due regard to these two points is absolutely essential. At the present time the classification, not merely within prisons, but in our public institutions generally, is often very imperfectly done. It is true that the mad and the bad often run insensibly the one into the other, but due attention is not paid to discrimination, even when this is easily possible. The prison, the reformatory, the inebriate retreat, the asylum, and the hospital are all needed, but the sorting of their contents is at the present time very inadequately and often unjustly made.

During the debate in the House of Commons on the Prevention of Crimes Bill, I mentioned a case of a woman whom I had watched in her progress from repeated short terms of imprisonment in gaol to a certified reformatory, thence to a State reformatory, whence at last, after repeated courses of

the punishment cell and the strait-waistcoat, she graduated for an asylum. The medical officer of the asylum wrote me : " She has been extremely morose since her admission here, and puts one in mind of a wild animal at bay. Last night she attempted suicide in a very determined manner by tying some thread tightly round her throat. If asked to give a name to her mental condition, I should be inclined to describe it as moral insanity with suicidal impulse, and I think the prognosis is very unfavourable." I have been assured by one of our most experienced medical inspectors that there are convicts by the score in one of our large prisons who are criminal because they are mentally unsound, morally and intellectually defective, and utterly unamenable to ordinary prison discipline. The need for discrimination and differentiation as between mad and bad, where this is practicable, between the first delinquent and the recidivist, with due regard to individual idiosyncrasy, is generally admitted to be desirable, though difficult.

The Children Act of last session, and Part I. of the Prevention of Crimes Act, were both inspired by a desire for greater lenity of treatment, and for bringing to bear wiser reformatory influence on children and young offenders up to the age of twenty-one. In Part II. of the Prevention of Crimes Bill as introduced, a novel and quite different *motif* was clearly embodied. Power was sought to enable a Court to pass an indeterminate sentence of imprisonment *in addition to one of penal servitude* on a person convicted of indictable crime committed before or since the passing of the Act, if such person were found to be a habitual criminal. This sentence of preventive detention, following one of penal servitude, was justified on the ground of protection of the public, not on that of the individual's reformation. The duration of the preventive detention, and the prison treatment during the currency, were to be determinable by the Home Secretary.

Mr Gladstone, in introducing the Bill to the House, justly observed that Part II. of the Bill "undoubtedly raised new questions, on which there might be genuine and perhaps strong

differences of opinion"; he "anticipated that the House might object to a man being kept in prison, subject only to official supervision." On the second reading, he further stated that "the Bill did involve a new departure, in that it made long-continued persistency in crime punishable by indeterminate seclusion. That was a new offence and a new form of punishment." "The responsibility," he added, "would of course fall upon the Secretary of State, but the main work would fall on the prison authorities." He invited the criticism not only of lawyers but of laymen on the "new policy of the Bill." On the report stage, in deference to strong criticisms, Mr Gladstone had to surrender the indeterminate sentence, to put the period of detention at not less than five nor more than ten years, to limit it to convictions after the passing of the Act, and to accept other amendments. But the proposal itself and the reasons vouchsafed for it need closer examination than they could receive in the House, or even in Committee. The Act, in so many words, bases the preventive detention on the advantage that is to accrue to the public—"it is expedient for the protection of the public that the offender should be kept in detention for a lengthened period of years." In Committee, however, Mr Gladstone said "the Government's intention was, by the indeterminate sentence, to adopt what other countries had found to contain a golden principle, viz. to put in the mind of each prisoner the possibility that to him the hope of an honest life still remained, and to give him every chance by teaching him to practise a trade and to build up his character, and then to put him out having still years of honest and useful life before him."

Here we have clearly two totally distinct, and to some extent opposed, reasons vouchsafed for "the new departure":—

1. The protection of the public by segregating the individual.
2. The personal reformation of the individual's character.

Of course it is conceivable that one and the same operation

might have the twofold effect—be, in fact, like mercy, twice blessed ; but the admission that under the present régime the prison authorities have “no responsibility for the prisoners’ moral condition or future welfare,” and that they go out no better than they come in, suggests that, without radical reform of or improvement upon present methods, the second motive is not likely to be very successful, or even operative. Moreover, the remedial measures which were to reform the criminal, and on which the Act is silent, are apparently not to come into operation until the expiration of the sentence of penal servitude—*i.e.* that form of punishment which has so notoriously failed to reform “habituals” in the past. The Government resisted an amendment to make the preventive detention *substitutive for* instead of *additive to* the penal servitude, on totally insufficient grounds ; even discretion to the judge to administer preventive detention in lieu of penal servitude is expressly withheld by the Act. If preventive detention is to be, it must and can be, by this law, only after a period of ordinary penal servitude has been served. Sir Robert Anderson, writing to the *Times*, declared the Act in that form to be “worse than useless.” The majority of “habituals,” he said, were of weak nature, unfortunates who had never had a chance.

If the only way of bringing the new reclaiming influence to bear in building up the character of such as these, in obedience to the “golden principle” of Mr Gladstone, is after a period of penal servitude on the old discredited lines, despair rather than hope will be generated. The insistence upon the preliminary course of penal servitude *before* remedial detention begins seems to savour rather of desire to protect the public for a longer period than of eagerness to rehabilitate the convict.

The attempt was made in the course of the discussion to father the scheme of Part II. upon the Departmental Committee of 1895 already referred to, but a reference to that report shows that its true genesis cannot be found there. That report, in dealing with habitual criminals, suggested “a new form of sentence . . . by which these offenders might be

segregated for long periods of detention, *during which they would not be treated with the severity of first class hard labour or penal servitude, but would be forced to work under less onerous conditions.*"

The real source of the indeterminate sentence and its true meaning are to be discovered, not in the report of an independent committee, but in those of the Prison Commission. Since 1901 official representations have from time to time been pressed upon successive Secretaries of State to the effect that "the time had now come for a special form of detention to be devised under which prisoners . . . might be segregated for long periods of time, subject only to conditional liberation by the Secretary of State when he is satisfied, on the report of the prison authority, that there is reasonable ground to believe that the prisoner can be released without danger to society."¹ Further light on the growth of official opinion on this question can be found in a paper on "Professional Criminals," contributed to the International Penitentiary Congress at Brussels in 1900 by Sir E. (then Mr) Ruggles Brise.² He here explains the indeterminate sentence which he would prescribe for "professional criminals" is not to be of the "reformatory" kind, as practised in certain American States, but he desires "a 'time' and not a 'reformatory' sentence," and "*its object and justification will be not to reform the individual, but to defend society from his depredations.*" He explained, "with no ambiguity," the principle for which he was "contending." He was for "sterner measures" for "habituals," who, in his opinion, amounted to fifty per cent. of those in convict prisons. "My plan," as the Chairman of the Prison Commission called it, "was to include the double process to be followed by a judge in sentencing. 1. *Retaliatory*—'adaptation of the suffering to the sin,' *i.e.* penal servitude. 2. *Preventive*—*i.e.* detention, at the pleasure of the Home Office."

¹ Report of Prison Commission, 1908.

² Report to Secretary of State on the Proceedings of the Fifth and Sixth International Penitentiary Congresses, 1901.

It is pretty clear, therefore, that the principles embodied in the Bill as introduced emanated from the official view of the Prison Commission, and that the scheme of indeterminate detention *plus* penal servitude was intended to be the means of dealing out retaliatory and preventive treatment to "habituals," not with a view to reform the individual, but to defend society.

It will be observed that Sir E. Ruggles Brise uses the term "professional" and "habitual" in reference to criminals as if they meant the same thing. This at once opens up the question how far recidivism in crime is due to intentional choice on the part of the individual to live by dishonest means, or how far it arises from defective mental and moral conditions. Mr Gladstone appeared to share the opinion of Sir Robert Anderson that criminals by preference constituted the smaller class of "habituals," and that the majority were subjects of mental deficiency; and in his second-reading speech he said that this question of mental deficiency "was a great problem that ought to be dealt with soon, but they could not deal with it under the methods proposed by the Bill . . . they would have to await the report of the Royal Commission on the feeble-minded before they turned their thoughts to this branch of the subject." It so happened, however, that this Commission reported between the second reading and the report stage of the Bill, and the contents of that report reveal a state of things in regard to the prison treatment of mentally defectives which amounts almost to a public scandal. Thus the Commissioners report that these defectives "are not amenable to penal discipline, and require to be treated differently from other prisoners . . . punishment has little effect upon them . . . they do not fear coming to prison." As to the number of these cases in the prison population, we find (§ 383) that "at the House of Detention a large proportion of the prisoners are feeble-minded or lunatic." In addition to those "found insane," Dr Scott said there would be "a considerable number of weak-minded, whom, with the

present practice, it would be of no use to certify, as they would not be detained." "This," as it is truly observed, "complicates the administration of justice." At Pentonville, the Commission learnt from Dr Parker Wilson that "about a hundred prisoners a year were so far mentally afflicted as to be quite unfit for prison discipline"; and "besides these, there are not less than twenty per cent. of the prisoners who show signs of mental inefficiency." The same doctor said, "the feeble-minded adult, who is generally an offshoot from the defective juvenile, becomes in nearly all cases the habitual criminal." As regards the character of the crimes committed by the "defectives," the Commission quote Dr Smalley as saying that, though the less grave forms of crime predominate, "there is potentiality in the feeble-minded class for crimes of a more serious character. Many are eventually sent into penal servitude for rape, arson, carnally knowing, shooting with intent, manslaughter, and murder, who previously had short sentences for minor offences." The returns from Parkhurst prison show that many inmates there found to be insane, often months after their admission, have recorded against them every class of crime.

It is melancholy to read the conclusions of the Royal Commission. They state that "the evil is one of the very greatest magnitude"; that mentally defectives, after repeated short sentences, "pass to the convict prisons, and are treated there, as this reiterated evidence shows, without hope and without purpose." The Home Office regulations are quite insufficient; "the conditions of committal and discharge will have to be radically altered if remedial reforms are to be made." Under the existing law "the present unsatisfactory conditions are inevitable," and the Commission recommend "that all courts of justice should have power to order the detention of a convicted mentally-defective person in a suitable institution, instead of pronouncing a sentence of imprisonment." Those who have served, as I have, on committees charged with the care of inebriates in reformatories,

are aware that here also are to be found "borderland" cases so-called, blends of "mad" and "bad" in varying ratios, and often more turbulent and troublesome to deal with than any of the more usual convict class.

These considerations, fortified by unimpeachable evidence, lead up to the generalisation that no administrative or legislative changes (and least of all, perhaps, Part II. of the Prevention of Crimes Act, in its original or amended form) are likely to be adequate which do not provide, on the one hand, for a closer nexus between those determining the treatment which a particular offender is to receive and those who apply that treatment, and, on the other, which do not make personal and individual discrimination in each case, with due regard to the natural history of each offender, bearing in mind his or her mental and moral past, present and future.

Beccaria, from whom Romilly drew inspiration and Bentham derived his "greatest happiness" formula, maintained that "the enlightenment of a nation is a century in advance of its practice." Lofty principles to guide us, and moral enthusiasm for the welfare of the sinner and the captive, have been plentiful for a hundred years or more, and nowhere more so than in this country, but the pains and perseverance needed to apply them have, according to official testimony, hitherto largely failed to reap the promised reward. The same Italian philanthropist said he put "the philosophy of the heart above that of the intellect"; anyway, we need, in dealing with the perplexing problem of recidivism, not only the earnest attention of thoughtful minds, but also the large-hearted sympathy of the wise philanthropist, and the administrative alacrity of the common-sense scientist. If, with Samuel Butler, we are disposed to regard crime as a disease, it is as a disease of the will we must regard it, if we may couple terms drawn from such opposite poles of the material and the volitional. Paget, in going round his wards, once pointed to a hysterical paralytic, saying, "She says 'I cannot'; it looks like 'I will not'; it is 'I cannot will.'" These recidivists are often moral paralytics,

profuse in promise, but inept in performance, like the younger of the two sons in the parable who said, "I go, sir, and went not." There is often no go in them.

To seek to restore will power and direct it aright is surely the mainspring of any treatment in such offenders as possess or retain any latent volition, however feeble. When no will power can be elicited or developed, ordinary prison treatment, with its pains and penalties for delinquency, savours rather of a refinement of cruelty than of wisdom. The ordinary prudential motives, the exhibition of pains and pleasures, by the proffered acquisition of some material good or the apprehension of material loss or ill, which constitute the regimen of prison life, work on a plane almost exclusively physical, and are ill contrived to rehabilitate a human will or restore self-respect to a broken one. Hedonism and necessitarianism may generally be found at the bottom of our penitentiary philosophy, such as it is; and such philosophy is surely as much out of date as Jeremy Bentham's Panopticon at Millbank. We may look in vain to the teachings of any materialistic ethics for any hopeful dealing with these social recusants. Appeal must be had to higher sanctions than those of physical pleasure and physical pain, or to prudential motives alone, for the reclamation of those for whom the State assumes exclusive responsibility. Unless we are able to evoke and recognise in each individuality a conscious copartnership in the architecture of his or her own character, that is to say, a will free to choose, a self-conscious power actuated by ideals which transcend the natural and merely physical sanctions, a will animated by a sense of moral obligation, fortified by faithfulness to the better choice, and of duty to the right and the disinterested good, our efforts are, as I have long maintained, foredoomed to failure.

It is on the moral plane that we must work if we are to reconstruct character, and not merely regulate conduct. Unless and until voluntary co-operation of the individual in the restoration of his own self is secured, we are not on the threshold of reform. Much, of course, can be done by restoring the

physical norm in these social failures, and by the due selection of work adapted to individual capacity or taste. "Back to nature," and resort to the habits of industry which work on farm or garden foster, are often full of benefit, moral as well as physical, to the denizens of the festering courts or mean streets which supply so many of the habitual class. The law of association can be usefully laid under contribution and memory called into play. Altruistic sentiment needs to be provided with opportunity for its exercise and encouragement to make way for the play of ultra-physical and supra-natural sanctions, under which disinterested actions and propensions are most likely to awaken and flourish. Here it is that the magnetic personal influence of those in command can exert an influence almost omnipotent in its extent and depth. The tact which remembers that you can never displace one emotion except by another will cease from idle striving, await its opportunity, and not avenge personal pique by vindictive punishment.

In the other class, possibly the larger, in whom crime is not of choice, in whom motive to a crimeless life is inoperative, in whom moral paralysis is complete, clearly the asylum, managed with care and compassion, and not the prison, the penitentiary, or reformatory, is the appropriate receptacle; and here, under public and representative supervision, indefinite detention, unless relatives or friends can afford equal provision, has its natural place.

How far the present allocation of social offenders and defectives fails to comply with the foregoing principles, only those who have made it their business to visit prisons, asylums, reformatories, and kindred institutions can tell. In this department of practical sociology "knowledge comes but wisdom lingers," and we sorely need the application in daily practice of those qualities of heart and head which are available to regenerate the dreary routine which besets officialdom.

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HISTORICAL FACT IN RELATION TO PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

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THERE are at least three senses in which we may understand the word "historical" when it is predicated of a fact. Firstly, the historical may mean the actual. That the Duke of Wellington's words, "Up, Guards, and at them!" are historical may mean that they were actually uttered; that, if we had been at the Duke's side at a certain moment of time, we should have heard those words and not others. Secondly, "historical" may be practically equivalent to "significant" or "important," as when we speak of an "historical moment." The Duke of Wellington's utterance at Waterloo might be called historical in this sense also, because it occasioned the charge which decided a battle which, again, was a turning-point in the history of Europe. Lastly, we say this or that has become "historical," or "belongs to history," implying that a certain event no longer possesses value for present life, or that a certain doctrine no longer plays a part in present controversy or accepted theory. Descartes' teaching as to the "animal spirits," or the axiom "Nature abhors a vacuum," *e.g.*, may be said to be now of "only historical interest."

In this last sense, the word "historical" is to some extent a term of disparagement. Rightly so, of course; for in so far as past things, theories, or events are uninteresting or unimportant in the present, depreciation of them is legitimate.

But the "historical" in the first of the three senses which I have just distinguished, the historical as synonymous with the actual—that which has been presented in experience—is also spoken of slightly sometimes. We find certain truths now and again called "*merely* historical," not because the particular facts which they assert happen to have lost any interest which once they may have possessed, but because they belong to a class of truths which, as a whole, must essentially be insignificant, relatively to other classes of truths.

Thus the historical is sometimes despised by the rationalist in his concern to emphasise the importance of the abstract and universal in thought as against the concrete and particular in what is, or has been, immediate, intuitional experience; and it is frequently despised nowadays by the "irrationalist," as he has been called, who is inclined exclusively to value *present* immediate experience, not only as against past experience of the same sort, but also as against the necessary truth of pure thought. So, as often, do we find extremes meet.

It will become plainer, in the course of this article, that to indicate the importance, for theological philosophy, of historical facts, such as those on which Christianity professes to be based, is of the nature of what is colloquially called "uphill work." I propose to begin at the bottom of the hill and to try to work a way up so far as I can.

We will set out, then, from the most general statement of our problem that is possible, and inquire first of all what is the relation of the historical, in the broadest sense, to the process of the construction of philosophical concepts and world-views. By "the historical in the broadest sense" I mean the actual: the objects of empirical knowledge, the manifold of individual occurrences with their qualitative uniqueness, of persons and things with their individualities, the data which thought relates and from which it distils concepts and laws, but which it cannot "rationalise" or sublimate bodily into concepts or laws, and which it can never

deduce from concepts and laws, however necessary, universal, and all-embracing. The actual, at the stage of its elaboration at which it is taken over by the scientific investigator, the historian, or the philosopher, *is* the concrete, the particular, the individual, the unique, the non-repeatable or *einmalig*, as the Germans say. Its diversity, which can neither be deduced nor resolved, is the irreducible minimum of the "irrational" in the world, and sets an absolute limit to the concept-builder, such as he can never pass. All this is summed up in the term "historical" in its broadest sense. And we have to inquire what must be the relation of philosophy to this "historical," this element of brute fact.

Let us learn from examples. One great rationalistic system, that of Spinoza, seems at first sight to ignore the "historical" on the way out to the fundamental concept, and to deduce it from that concept on the return journey. Spinoza presents his metaphysic to us in the very form of Euclid's geometry, and aspires to a method whose results are as "necessary" as those of geometry or pure mechanics. But just as Euclid would have advanced no single step had he set out to deduce his theorems from the concept of empty space, so Spinoza actually did not advance one real step from the analogous concept of Substance or God by the exclusive use of a deductive or analytic method. His first differentiation brings us to the "attributes," which "our intellect perceives as constituting the essence of substance"; but why the particular number two of the supposed infinity of divine attributes should be within reach of the human mind—a fact which determines the content of all his subsequent positive teaching — can scarcely be deduced from that "substance" whose definition only tells us that it "is in itself and is conceived through itself." Resort to the empirical, the historical, is in fact necessary to Spinoza before he can advance at all from his fundamental concept.

Take another pronouncedly rationalistic system, that of Hegel. It is a popular belief that Hegelianism professes to

deduce concrete actuality, or particular facts, from abstract thought; to deduce them synthetically, however, in contrast with the analytic method of Spinozism. There is doubtless much in Hegel's application of the Logic to Nature, to history, and to religion, which lends colour to this supposition; but whether he attempts more than to *explain* facts by the Logic—whether he tries to *deduce* them from it—is highly disputable. That question, however, does not concern us. The important thing for us to recognise is that Hegel is forbidden any such attempt by his own premises; for he teaches that pure thought and pure sensation are alike abstractions from the one reality, experience. The particular facts in which the Notion manifests itself are, then, for the consistent Hegelian, to be learned, not from philosophy, but from experience, *i.e.* from history. Philosophy may indeed reveal the ultimate nature of reality, but it cannot tell us *how* every particular occurrence *must be*. And it can only perform the former function by setting out from experience and keeping in touch with it. The most general propositions about the existent or the actual that philosophy can yield must ultimately be based upon the deliverances of immediate experience, no matter how long the chain of successive inferences which constitute the connection.

It is confessed, then, voluntarily or involuntarily, by the two most imposing and ambitious types of modern rationalistic philosophy, that the historical, in the sense in which I have been using that term, is essential to the construction, from start if not to finish, of a comprehensive interpretation of the world such as philosophy seeks.

After these, we scarcely need to examine further witnesses. But lest, where philosophy has failed or renounced all pretension to achievement, science should be thought to have succeeded, let me add a word with regard to any claims that might be raised on its behalf.

Some of the physical sciences, as we are all aware, are still in the state of merely descriptive or classificatory sciences;

they are as yet little more than "natural history." But the goal, the logical ideal, of all physical science is a kind of conceptualism. The more perfect a science becomes, the more completely is the concrete, the intuitionally experienced, the qualitatively diverse, eliminated from its ideas and its propositions, the more mathematical or quantitative become its laws, and the more abstract its concepts. The truth which a perfected science would offer us would indeed be necessary truth. But it would be truth about the mechanical world which it has framed in thought, a purely conceptual world; and whether the actual world presented in our experience were such a mechanism is obviously a matter on which a purely conceptual science could not pronounce. Indeed, science of this kind can make no assertion of *fact* whatsoever. As it abstracts from sense-data to begin with, concrete facts cannot be extracted from it afterwards. Its conceptual entities are not objects of experience, but means to knowledge; they are perhaps valid, but they are not actual. Its last generalisations are as "empty" as Kant supposed his categories to be. Indeed, we cannot have necessity and mathematical exactness in knowledge without paying the price.

Science has, at the least, begun to concede all this; and perhaps the confirmation thus yielded to my present thesis may appear superfluous. But the foregoing remarks will not be wholly irrelevant to considerations with which we shall presently be concerned. For science has sometimes been represented as capable of absorbing history into itself; its standards of demonstration have been borrowed as the canons by which the cogency of historical proofs should be estimated; its mechanical conceptualism has been mistaken for knowledge of ultimate reality, so that no place can remain for the psychical events, for the spirits and their spontaneity, which form the special objects of historical investigation. And dread of these threats is perhaps largely responsible for the current popularity of truth professing to be derived from exclusively *present* experience.

So far I have only claimed that the historical, in its broadest sense, *is* the actual, and that there can be no philosophy that ignores it. We have now to narrow the signification of "historical" so that the word refers, as it generally does in common speech, chiefly to the behaviour of psychical beings and to occurrences in the more or less distant past.

It has been found possible to attempt to ignore what has been, but no longer is, the immediate experience of human beings. And this must be my excuse if I appear to be wasting time in emphasising a truth which will seem to most persons quite obvious: that of the actuality of the past. There is, in the theological literature of to-day, a demand for immediacy, an impatience of metaphysical and of historical questions, and a desire to have faith based only on what are called "the inwardly verifiable facts of the soul's experience." It is as against this tendency, not against surviving shreds of extreme rationalism, that the actuality of the *past* needs to be vindicated, in order to establish a foundation from which to proceed to treat of the possible significance of past events.

"The past no longer *is*," we sometimes say. We mean, I presume, that a given past event, say the battle of Marathon, is no longer a possible object of sensible experience. But for whom? For the combatants who took part in it? For them, assuredly, it no longer *is*, in this sense, nor can be. The experience through which they passed can never be theirs again, for every sensation is non-repeatable. For us? Very probably the battle will never be visually experienced by us. But the possibility of our yet witnessing it, I might observe, is not scientifically inconceivable. If the late Professor Rankine's theory be true, that the ether has bounds; and if, further, we may assume that the ether does not absorb the luminiferous waves as they travel through it, then all undulations, on reaching this boundary, will in turn be reflected back and reconcentrated into foci. A person suitably placed might thus yet see with his own eyes the events of a period of the remotest past. One might per-

chance receive upon the retina the waves emitted by the person of Miltiades and watch his conduct through the ancient encounter; or one might observe a veteran of Agincourt receive "the wounds he had on Crispin's day." Suffer me a little further. On the same hypotheses, the rays thus brought to a focus would proceed to diverge again through space, to be reflected back from the opposite direction, and so on; so that history would not only "repeat itself," but go on repeating itself: the past being re-presented or *represented* in cycles.

If such immediate experience by us of what happened to some of our fellow-men hundreds of years ago be not possible, as a matter of fact, in our world, that is but what is called a mere contingency! We can perfectly well conceive a world in which conditions prevailed that were more lenient to students of historical science: a world which might be called an automatic and autobiographical kinematoscope. In any case it is actual fact that whenever a distant star forms the object of our "immediate" perception, what is presented to us is its luminous state of many years ago. But if I may be allowed for a moment to quit the sphere of solid fact and sober theory for a real flight of scientific fancy, I will ask the reader to contemplate the possibilities that would arise supposing we could attain the power to travel through space with a velocity exceeding that of light: to perfect, that is, an art of locomotion at present in its infancy. We should then overtake successively the luminiferous waves that have been set up by objects on this earth in the circumambient ether; we should therefore perceive, still as "immediately" as we ever do perceive with our eyes, first the events of yesterday, then those of the day before, and so on. We should read history backwards. The past of other beings would constitute our future. And if we somewhat increased the velocity of our flight, those who are now of undergraduate age would begin, a little on yonder side the dog-star, to witness phenomenal events which transpired on earth before they were born!

These theories and dreams are not sufficient, perhaps, to

encourage in us a very lively hope of experiencing events remote in human history. But if we cannot extract from them even the smallest grain of salt wherewith to take dogmatic assertions that the past *is* not, in the sense of being unintuitable, it will not matter. Because we shall readily admit, I think, the actuality of the past in another sense which is quite as valuable for our purpose.

We shall admit, in the first place, that the past has an eternally fixed and unalterable constitution, which possibly may be discovered, but which cannot be invented. We recognise, indeed, in geology a true science whose aim, the inductive study of the past changes of the earth's crust, would be futile if the past did not condition or determine the present and could not be inferred from the existing state of things. We cannot interpret, nay, we cannot *know*, the present world, physical or human, without definite views as to the nature of past events. Professor William James has said—and the saying may perhaps serve to sum up a recent theological movement—that it is in “personal feeling,” which I take to stand for “immediate experience,” that “we alone catch reality in the making.” This may be true; but reality “in the making” is no more real than reality which “has been made.” Things experienced in the past, as I would prefer to say, are as actual as things in present experience. Reality once “made” is “made” for ever. Lapse of time does not unmake it; human doubt and denial do not unmake it. A judgment of fact which is once true can never become false, though it may conceivably come to be universally denied. Matters of immediate human experience nineteen hundred years ago in Syria are none the less matters of fact now. If such past events are dead, they yet speak; their works follow them. If they *are* not, they *are* yet actual; they work, that is, produce, are efficient, bear fruit: and by their fruits it is not inconceivable that they may be *known*, in the same sense that geological facts are said to be known.

Assured, then, of the actuality of the past, we come next

to the question of its knowability. This forms the steepest reach of the hill we have set ourselves to climb. And unless past events be knowable, it is plain we can proceed no further. If actual past occurrences cannot in the present be matters of knowledge, they cannot be taken account of by the philosophy of to-day. So much the worse, possibly, in that case, for our philosophy. For there might then, indeed, be more things in heaven, and there would certainly be more things on earth, than it dreams of: things which perchance would be very significant for philosophy if it could but take account of them. But it is idle to speak, save provisionally, of the metaphysical significance of any particular historical event until the actuality of the event can be established, or, what is the same thing, the event is an object of knowledge.

The actuality of the past is not perhaps seriously denied by anyone who seeks to ground the truth of religion solely in the individual subject's immediate experience; if we occasionally meet with unguarded statements that appear to imply any such denial, we ought to see in them no more than an indication that sceptical zeal has for the moment outrun scientific discretion. But the knowability of the past is nowadays seriously questioned in theological circles. Distrust of the reason in all fields other than that of physical science is very prevalent; and nowhere is distrust more distrustful than in the sphere of what the Christian regards as sacred history. Historical testimony is deemed so precarious and unreliable, and all methods of historical inquiry so impotent, that the results of historical study must, from their very nature, it is said, be in the highest degree tentative and uncertain—matters of dispute amongst the authorities for all time. Hence, as our knowledge of the work of Christ is held to depend on evidence of uncertain origin and value, many Christian thinkers have come to the conclusion that it is best, in these days of critical research and scientific encroachment, to let the historical basis of Christianity well alone.

It does not fall within the scope of this article to offer a

contribution to the study of the highly important and complicated subject of human testimony, or to seek to establish, through testimony or otherwise, the actuality of any particular events. I can but find space for the expression of one or two reasons why the sceptical temper of to-day seems to me to be distinctly unfair to historical inquiry in decrying its efficiency as a means to what is usually regarded as objective knowledge. Of course the suspicion has largely been caused by the arbitrariness and subjectivity of method which characterises some specimens of historical research—a subjectivity which would be a scandal in any other sciences. But an objective science does not cease to be objective because some individuals concerned with its advancement prefer to use arbitrary and subjective modes of investigation. It is true that the activity, during the last few decades, of hundreds of critical pens has raised such a whirl of dust around the acts and words of Christ that we can scarce discover how it stands with many of them. Dust, however, settles in time. We may hope, without, I think, being unduly sanguine, that the mere eccentricities of criticism will surely be winnowed away from its modicum of solid results. It may possibly appear, after a time, that the present distrust of historical method has less objective justification than is now commonly presupposed; that its logical ground or sufficient reason is not so manifest as its efficient causes; that it is, in short, largely a subjective phenomenon, a matter of changing psychological climate.

One of the prepossessions from which distrust of history springs is certainly of this subjective character. It is an idol of the cave. The specialist in historical studies is doubtless strongly impressed by the diversity and the transiency of human beliefs. He is inevitably led to detach himself from his own convictions, which take their place, before his eyes, in the endless procession. Thus detached and contemplated apart, they are apt to lose their hold upon him. Yet he cannot justify the sceptical attitude which he is thus induced to adopt towards them by any rational procedure or logical

proof.¹ It is rather the outcome of weariness resulting from vain efforts to demonstrate the truth of one belief as against another: it is a phenomenon of fatigue. The attitude is a sign of weakness—a very human weakness, but still a weakness. Such a specialist, too, may forget that it is possible to exaggerate the fluidity of human belief. The advance from one belief to another has not been altogether random and chaotic; change has not consisted so much in reversal and destruction as in absorption and gradual evolution. Nor is the validity of any belief necessarily affected by error in its antecedents. The specialist's diffidence may be infectious, but it is not objectively or rationally justifiable.

Again, history is sometimes supposed to be at a real loss, as compared with other sciences, in respect of the relative paucity of its data. But it is of the very essence of history to select from the utterly unmanageable manifold of contemporary particulars those only which are most significant or valuable to the historian in his capacity of purveyor of truth of fact to posterity. If the fittest facts survive, the extinction of the less fit does not greatly matter. History, like Nature, need be "careful only of the type." If a sufficiency of authenticated sources or materials be preserved, of what use is a superfluity? Indeed we can make *too* much, in the special science of history, of the paucity of material.

The real issue, however, is joined over the adequacy of the historical method.

I have not been able to discover how the method, or rather the several methods, by which the establishment of facts in human history is sought, differs from some of those which are credited with solid results in the concrete sciences of Nature. History appears to proceed like any other descriptive and classificatory science concerned with the concrete and the particular. To be sure, the historian cannot procure a repetition of past events for purposes of personal verification, as the

¹ I reproduce here the gist of a passage in Sidgwick's work, *Philosophy, its Scope and Relations*.

chemist, *e.g.*, can exactly imitate, for the benefit of those who decline to take his discoveries on trust, the phenomena whose actuality he has asserted. By no means all of the accepted facts of science, however, can be thus repeated, or, correctly speaking, approximately imitated. Large classes of facts are only inferred from their observable effects. No event in the world's course is merely an event and no more; every event is also a "cause." It produces, or rather occasions, a chain of effects. Now to prove the past occurrence of an event from its effects which can still be observed—to track a bygone phenomenon, so to speak, by its footprints—is one of the recognised and one of the most fruitful of scientific methods; but it can surely be no less scientific a method when employed in the sphere of human history than when applied to disclose the past changes of our planet. The past is involved in the present in the case of human history as much as in that of geological evolution; and from the impression produced by a great personality upon his age there should be some means of arguing back to the historic life that wrought it.

The second general method of establishing historical fact is by means of testimony. Testimony, too, plays its part in erecting the structure of organised physical knowledge. It is necessary to the establishment of the empirical universality of the principle of uniformity, on which depends every scientific proposition as to the past or the future, if not as to the present also. Testimony, then, cannot reasonably be rejected wholesale as an inadequate means to objective knowledge. Nor does it follow, because some testimony is false and other doubtful, that none is true.

The heaviest blow ever dealt at testimony, as a method of empirical research, is that which was delivered by Hume, in his essay on "Miracles." I cannot now pause to deal with Hume's argument, and can only submit the opinion that, in so far as Hume was led to deny the cogency of any testimony to establish a breach of the continuity of Nature, he has bequeathed us an example of what Professor William James

has somewhere called an "irrational rule." "A rule of thinking," says this writer, "which would absolutely prevent us from acknowledging certain kinds of truth, if those kinds of truth were really there, is an irrational rule." Hume seems thus to foreclose a road to possible truth. So also does the resolve to abandon all asserted fact which can only be known through testimony, because such testimony as we have (unproved to be false), and not some other kind of evidence, is alone available. And inasmuch as reliance upon sifted testimony, so much disparaged in historical inquiry, is involved in the acquisition of our knowledge of Nature, we shall be justified in reminding those who would advocate utter scepticism in the sphere of history that they are bound in consistency to carry it further—into the sphere of physical science. There perhaps a *reductio ad absurdum* will be found to have been awaiting them.

A third kind of proof is used by historians; and it also is paralleled in scientific method. Facts are collected—such as have been put beyond dispute; then a hypothesis is framed to unify, to explain, or to interpret them. From this hypothesis certain consequences are deducible; and if such consequences are found actually to follow, or to be experienced, the hypothesis is said to be "verified." The hypothesis, in the sphere of history, may be that a certain event occurred as testimony asserts it to have done.

Such are the general methods of historical science. I have endeavoured to uphold their serviceableness for their purpose, as against the widespread tendency to belittle it. They are identical, as we have seen, with methods used in the physical sciences. If they lead to less certain knowledge in the sphere of human history than in that of physical science, the difference can but be one of degree. And we must beware lest, under the hypnotic influence of science upon our generation, we forget the vast difference which exists between the certainty of ideal, conceptual science, and that of our scientific apprehension of the concrete and particular; and

lest we be led, through contrasting history with science of the abstract kind, to disparage it in comparison with the science which is said to "deal only with facts." We must remember, further, that evidence which falls short of being demonstrative, according to the criteria of physical science, is none the less sufficient, as a matter of fact, for manifold beliefs without which many of the most ordinary activities of daily life would be paralysed.

And this brings us to the question, What precisely is the nature and validity of the knowledge we alone can possess while historical testimony remains unworthy of *absolute* confidence—which we must admit it always is? For we must allow that between a remote event, or its presentation to the experience of a bygone generation of men, and our own assertion of its actuality there never can be that unbroken series of absolutely certain logical links which would be necessary to coerce all minds to accept the fact as true. This question can only be answered by the admission that all historical knowledge—knowledge of past events—is not knowledge in the strict sense. History cannot tell us what men *must* have done, and we can only say it *may* tell us what they actually did. Historical truth is at best highly probable truth. Even when facts supported by the best testimony are corroborated by the discovery that they are the only causes we can assign to subsequent events, which we can observe or know, our knowledge of them is not absolutely certain. And so we may expect to be asked, as Herrmann has asked, "What sort of a religion would that be which accepted a basis for its convictions with the consciousness that it was only probably safe?" To this question we could, perhaps, reply that such a religion might be a very reasonable one. I should myself be inclined to add, it is the only kind a Christian can legitimately have. Probability is the guide of life. An historical religion, just because it is historical, can never be wholly a "rational" religion. Nevertheless its adoption may be far more "reasonable" than its

rejection. No more—and no less—would I claim for Christianity. On the other hand, “short cuts” to absolute religious truth through value-judgments, or through immediate individual experience, appear to me to have no epistemological justification. This negative belief, however, it would be irrelevant to my present purpose to seek to justify.

It will be more germane to the subject of this article to observe that there are two kinds of knowledge, and two only, which bear the character of necessity, or are beyond question. There is, firstly, formal knowledge, such as we meet with in the laws of logic or in the numerical and spatial relations of pure mathematics. This, however, is as empty as it is certain, and is far removed from what we generally call science or from what we call philosophy. The other kind is knowledge of sense-particulars exclusive of any information whatever as to their relations. This latter kind of knowledge is solely for the individual percipient, and cannot be expressed save in impersonal propositions which have truth only here and now, or there and then. This immediate knowledge is indeed beyond question; it is given, thrust upon us willy-nilly. But it is as blind and dumb as the other kind is empty. We must not imagine that it is knowledge of the existence of what we commonly call objects, such as tables or men. Before we can speak of tables and men we need to get our sense-particulars systematised by such universal categories as substance, cause, and end, which introduce all sorts of difficulties and burning questions. Those, then, who refuse to believe where they do not know, must resign themselves to the contemplation of either thought-relations devoid of content, or impersonal propositions asserting their own immediate sense-particulars; or they may break the monotony of either occupation by ringing the changes on these two pursuits, to which alone they can devote themselves with intellectual honesty.

It is obvious that what we generally understand by “knowledge”—the whole field of the positive sciences and history—is knowledge of neither of these kinds, and therefore

cannot be assumed to be objective knowledge at all. This amounts to saying that all knowledge that is worth having is probable belief. At any rate, since Locke and Hume between them pointed out the limitations of the two kinds of certain knowledge that we possess, no one has arisen to put beyond doubt the necessity or the certainty of the knowledge, so called, to which, of courtesy, we allow the title of "positive." When we call this "knowledge," we consent to forget the postulates or epistemological presuppositions on which the whole structure rests. But, inasmuch as historical science and, say, descriptive astronomy, rest alike upon presuppositions which are not present to ordinary thought, they are alike collections of probable propositions. Assuming the epistemological postulates on which their objective validity depends, then individual propositions, whether of physical or historical science, possess degrees of probability of a second order, according to the value of the evidence on which they severally rest. And there is no knowledge relating to the existent of which philosophy can serve itself other than this more or less probable knowledge, whose nature and validity is, in the present state of epistemological science, a matter of considerable obscurity and doubt.

And philosophy not only *must* take over this knowledge or none, and unify it and reflect over its implications in order to try to *understand* the actual world; it does do so. We have seen that philosophy which does not begin with, and remain constantly in touch with, the knowledge, such as we have, of the concrete, becomes at best mere conceptual shorthand description, not at all interpretation. Philosophy does take note of concrete facts—at least of such as are supplied by psychology, biology, and physics. The facts of human history have indeed received much less attention from philosophers in the framing of their interpretations of human experience.

But why theological philosophy in particular should discard the singular, once-occurring events on which a great historical religion professes to be based, save on the one

ground that such alleged events never actually happened, it is not easy to see. If actual, they are surely of all facts the last which a philosophy of religion could afford to ignore in the framing of its concepts and the elaboration of its world-view. They are pregnant with metaphysical significance. And this is the last point to be urged in discussing the relation of historical fact to the philosophy of religion. It is too obvious a point to need further positive justification, and all that remains is the task of dealing with objections which have been urged with a view to weakening or destroying its force.

It is usual to draw a hard line between natural religion and historical or revealed religion; to regard the former kind as alone lending itself to philosophical treatment, and the latter as of interest only to the theologian. The distinction has its uses; but it is not plain, as I have been contending, why "historical" elements of one kind should be appropriate data for philosophy to manipulate and interpret, and historical elements of another kind—more important if actual—should be excluded from the sphere of its operation. If it is the alleged doubtfulness of their claim to be established by testimony and other historical methods of proof that alone determines their dismissal from consideration in the philosophical treatise, it may be affirmed that this is a somewhat precarious ground for philosophy to take when the consequence involved may be the sacrifice of that portion of the actual with which an interpretation of the world can least dispense without serious self-mutilation. Provisional adoption of the more fundamental of such facts would seem to be called for, and the burden of proof of their non-actuality would seem to rest with the side which preserves silence with regard to them. For their non-actuality cannot be said to be so plain that he who runs may read it.

Again, philosophy may say: "We treat of natural religion because it is grounded in the common or universal elements of human nature and is as wide as the race, whereas the isolated events you ask us to take note of are local and

particular." But why should actuality be less significant, less rich in implications, the more conspicuous its uniqueness? There is much to be said for the direct reversal of such a judgment.

Lastly, is the word "revealed" a stumbling-block? One would suppose that if events alleged to contain a revelation have occurred, it is precisely the task of philosophy to tell us what revelation means and what the contents of the revelation are. It may be added that events experienced by human beings are, as such, necessarily "natural," however extraordinary their character and however profound their metaphysical implications or revelation-content; and that there would be no need to call them supernatural if philosophy enlarged or revised the common conception of "Nature" so as to include them.

Let me return for a moment to discuss another application of the objection that the local and particular, in the sphere of religion, are matters with which philosophical theology can have no dealings. They are decried sometimes as too insignificant to be accepted as sources of universally valid truth. Can a few events which happened at a distant point of time and in one little corner of the earth be the ground of fundamental verities which every man should know and believe to his soul's health? Surely, it is said, a small number of historical transactions in Palestine seem for such an import singularly parochial and out of scale.¹ This feeling lay at the roots of eighteenth century deism, with its demand for only such Christianity as was as old as Creation; and it still exists. We detect at once its relation to the rationalistic habit of mind, which demands unmediated truth of reason and despises "sense."

But if, as I have been maintaining, all actuality is unique, particular, and once-occurring; if the individual is the real: then this attitude will not deserve to be considered philosophical. It seems, moreover, to be associated with the scholastic and

¹ This objection was urged by a writer in the HIBBERT JOURNAL a few years ago.

Cartesian conception of cause, which seems less "clear and distinct" to us than it did to Descartes. It is only in natural science nowadays that we speak of quantitative relations, such as equality, existing between causes and effects. But the "causes" of conceptual science are of course not causes at all. In the realm of the historical or qualitatively diverse, where alone we come upon causes, the efficiency of a cause is not measurable in terms of number, but in terms of value. The "slightest" incident may change the course of history. "It is said that the history of Europe depended at one moment upon the question whether the look-out man upon Nelson's vessel would or would not descry a ship of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, which was passing not far off."¹ In human affairs the smallest causes may produce the greatest results; a mere accident has more than once led to a momentous discovery in science. Indeed, scientifically speaking, the human race perhaps owes its existence to a chance variation in the throat of an ape-like progenitor, rendering articulation possible—whence speech, then conceptual thought, then philosophy and religion. Similarly, the local and particular event may be more significant for philosophy than any number of everyday occurrences. And surely it is absurd to estimate intellectual and moral significance in terms of geographical space and historic time: the things are incommensurable.

An objection similar to this is contained in Lessing's frequently quoted saying: "How can knowledge of the eternal interconnection of things be founded on special historical facts? How can I be expected to transform all my ideas for the sake of certain events which happened eighteen centuries ago? History is one thing, philosophy another. This is the wide, ugly ditch over which I cannot pass, often and earnestly as I have attempted the leap." And so Lessing held that "contingent truths of history can never prove eternal truths of reason." If we place the emphasis on the word "prove," this utterance is true but somewhat

¹ Jevons, *The Principles of Science*.

commonplace. Hume taught us so effectually that we can never argue with demonstrative cogency from the finite to the infinite as to leave little new for Kant to say with regard to the *a posteriori* proofs of the existence of God. But what is the standard of proof or of truth in philosophy? There seems to be none but that of consistency with our scheme of knowledge in general. And if the contingent truths to which Lessing refers are not to be interpreted, consistently with the rest of our knowledge, except in the way in which Christian believers usually have interpreted them, that interpretation must become part of our philosophy. Lessing's repudiation of the contingent as meaningless for philosophy amounts, on the view of philosophy adopted in this article, to *Tant pis pour les faits*; and if our view be correct, and the history be true, we should have to say to one who adopted Lessing's position, "You *are* required to transform your ideas for the sake of those events; because you have been too hasty in forming your ideas without taking those events and their import into account." Lessing, however, does not appear to have understood the scope and functions of philosophy to be what I have taken them to be. He held a more thoroughly rationalistic view, and seems to have thought that there are eternal verities, universally valid propositions relating to existence, arising otherwise than from our knowledge of the actual world and independent of what I have called "the historical in the broadest sense." If he is to be refuted then, it is only by the considerations advanced in the first portion of this article. It was there implied that no eternal verities, not wholly abstract and empty, yet wholly independent of experience or actuality, can be discovered by us. We may admit that the contingent, or the historical, if the two terms are convertible for our purpose, can never furnish strict demonstration of reality transcending experience; and we may allow that eternal truths do not depend upon historical facts in such a sense that they could not be true if the historical events had not happened: but it may yet be

that a revelation has been made in and through the historical. Indeed it is hard to see, as Professor Gwatkin has remarked, how a revelation could be made to us otherwise than through the events of time. If *they* cannot manifest God, how can He be apprehended by creatures who perceive only through the "form" of time? And if the kingdom of God is the final goal of history, how can history be unimportant? The "broad, ugly ditch" perhaps would not be there had not Lessing's rationalistic generation laboriously dug it.

And so I may conclude by submitting the opinion, recently expressed also by Dr Caldecott, that there is nothing irrational in admitting new ideas, even if they are not speculatively attainable, into philosophy on historical grounds; only I would express the matter somewhat differently. For ideas such as that of God, with which philosophy has always worked, have *not* been speculatively attained by pure thought out of all relation to "the historical in the broad sense." I would say then, rather, that since philosophy necessarily derives its ideas from the matter of experience, it cannot consistently refuse to admit into its stock of concepts ideas thrust upon us by the most significant events of human history. The manifestation of God in and through a Personality who appeared upon the stage of human history must, if the Gospel record be in its salient features true, enter into all else of truth that philosophy has gained, and must transform all ideas which should be found inadequate through not having taken that Personality into account.

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DISCUSSIONS

N.B.—The contributions under this heading refer to matters previously treated in the "Hibbert Journal." Reviews of books are not open to discussion. Criticism of any article will, as a rule, be limited to a single issue of the *Journal*. The discussion ends with a reply from the original writer.—*Ed.*

MATHEMATICS AND THEOLOGY.

(*Hibbert Journal*, July 1909, p. 916.)

AFTER careful examination of Mr MacColl's candid and interesting discussion of my article on the above-named subject, it is my judgment that the chief of his adverse contentions have originated in, and will tend to produce, some confusion of thought.

Let me, in the first place, remind the reader that of classes, ensembles, manifolds, totalities, or multitudes of things or terms there are two kinds, according as the things composing the class can be all of them listed or tabulated if we keep at it long enough, or can not. Examples of the first kind are the class of all the names in the English Bible, the class of all the people in London, the class of pebbles at Coney Island or Dover Beach, the class of even integers less than fifty. Any such class may be defined or given (as the saying is) either by tabulating or collecting its terms and saying "there it is," or by its concept, as *a Bible name*, *a Londoner*, and so on. Examples of the second kind are the class of all triangles, the class of all integers, the class of all weights. Such classes can be given *only* by their concepts as *a triangle*, *an integer*, *a weight*. It is noteworthy that what is called the *intension* of a class, namely, the marks that distinguish its concept from all others, and thus serve to define it, is a class (of marks) that always admits of tabulation. It is in respect to class *extension*—the totality of individuals composing the class—that classes fall into the two categories above mentioned and exemplified.

Now it has been known for fifty years, and is everywhere among mathematicians perfectly orthodox doctrine, that a class whose terms can be tabulated if one devotes enough time to it contains no part or sub-class between whose terms and those of the (whole) class there subsists a one-to-one correlation; that, on the other hand, every class that does not admit of complete tabulation—and mathematics is precisely the study of such classes—is such that it has a part or sub collection (endlessly many of them, in fact) between whose terms and those of the (whole) class there does

subsist a one-to-one correlation. Two classes between which there subsists such a correlation are said to have the same cardinal number. It is an obvious fact that as to classes of the one kind the so-called whole part axiom is valid, and that in respect to the other kind it is not. Mathematicians can hardly be blamed for the facts, but only for not remaining stupidly blind to their existence. Well, having at length found the two kinds of classes, their next offence was to distinguish them by discriminative adjectives, calling classes of the one kind *finite*, and those of the other kind *infinite* or *transfinite*. Such is the whole offence, except that the mathematicians have extended the foregoing adjectives to the cardinal numbers of the classes, and have created a perfectly logical science of infinite cardinals. It is idle to talk in this connection about "paradoxes" and "contradictions."

I wish to point out next that, though Mr MacColl correctly quotes the definition given by me of infinity, he does not represent it *as a definition*, which it is, but as a "conclusion" reached by "reasoning" from some "axiom," which it was not. Moreover—and this is important—while I defined infinity in terms of *classes*, and applied the term infinite to nothing but certain classes and to their cardinal numbers (and these, too, are classes), Mr MacColl forthwith enters upon a disquisition regarding the propriety of applying the terms finite and infinite, not to the subject of my discourse, namely, classes and their cardinal numbers, but to something of which I said nothing, namely, *ratios*. Now a ratio is not a class. It is a *relation* between classes. Undoubtedly there are classes of relations, and ratios constitute such a class; but to talk of finite and infinite ratios, though it is legitimate enough in its own field, is not to talk of finite and infinite classes, whether of ratios or of other things. It is true that in the domain of ratios mathematicians make the distinction of finite and infinite variables, as when they write, for example, "the limit of $\frac{1}{x} = \infty$ as x approaches zero as a limit," but they do not mean that ∞ is a ratio or other number. By such conventional talk, which mathematicians do not fail to understand, they mean that, by taking x small enough, you can make $\frac{1}{x}$ exceed any preassigned number, however large. Again, when mathematicians write $\frac{1}{0} = \infty$, they do not pretend to be dividing by zero: they are merely using a yet more abbreviated conventional speech to say the same thing as that just now explained. But why dwell longer in this field of the variable ratio, since it is quite outside the domain of the articles Mr MacColl has discussed? Indeed, in the theory of classes the symbol ∞ is not employed to denote that a class is infinite—a fact that might have served to remind Mr MacColl that, whilst I wrote of one thing, he was engaged in criticising quite another. I may add here that Mr MacColl's conception of the *infinitesimal* is one that mathematicians have not been able to employ. As used by them, the term signifies, not a small quantity,

but a variable that, under the conditions of the problem in which it occurs, may be *made* and kept small at will—a variable having zero for limit.

What is meant by saying that I drew the conclusion that man is infinite from “non-Euclidean premises” I have not been able to make out, since I adduced in support of that proposition no argument except that of Dedekind respecting the human *Gedankenwelt*, and a general reference to the *Mannigfaltigkeitslehre*, neither of which has any primary reference to space or to geometry of any kind. Neither is there anything in the doctrine that the realm of human ideas is an infinite class inconsistent with, but much in my articles that is consistent with, Mr MacColl’s view “that man is but a link in an infinite ascending and descending chain of psychic beings.” Certainly that view is compatible with my doctrine of “a summitless hierarchy of infinities.”

As to Mr MacColl’s remarks about non-Euclidean geometries, readers, if not already aware of the fact, should be informed that among the great mathematicians of the world the non-Euclidean geometries are precisely as free from “paradox” as is the Euclidean, and that the former no less than the latter are among the surest conquests of the human intellect. To question the logical integrity of Hyperbolic or Elliptic geometry to-day is exactly on a par with attempting to square the circle, or to trisect the angle—problems that no one nowadays attempts except an occasional isolated worker not acquainted with the literature in which the problems are shown to be among those not admitting of solution in the terms proposed. Regarding the logical validity of the two general types of non-Euclidean geometry—the Lobachevskian or hyperbolic and the Riemannian or elliptic—no one need remain in doubt longer than the few hours necessary for reading what is written on the subject in Weber and Wellstein’s *Elementar-Mathematik*. For it is there shown that certain two sphere-configurations in Euclidean geometry satisfy, one of them the Lobachevskian postulates, and the other the Riemannian system; so that, if either of these non-Euclidean geometries involves a contradiction, such contradiction inheres in Euclidean geometry itself. So much for the self-consistence of these theories as intellectual structures. Whether any of the geometries has extra-theoretic or external validity as an exact or true description of perceptual space—whatever this may be—no one knows or may know, for such knowledge could result only from measurements so vast and so refined that they are not humanly possible of execution. It is theoretically possible to construct three huge machines, huger than the dimensions of the solar system, one by Euclidean formulæ, one by Lobachevskian, one by Riemannian, that, though differing fundamentally in principle, shall yet be so like that no measurement, however delicate, can avail to detect any difference between any two of them. What we know and all we know is that, if any one of the three geometries fails to describe actual space, the failure is too minute ever to be detected. Logically the three geometries are exactly on a level—that is not speculation, but rigorously established fact; practically the

Euclidean is preferable because, and only because, it is simpler for what happens to be the uses of earth's dominant animal.

There is another salient matter in which Mr MacColl, I regret to say, is plainly in error regarding fact. He says, "Most non-Euclidean accept Euclid's definition of a mathematical line as 'length without breadth,' and his definition of a point as 'that which has neither parts nor magnitude.'" Anyone who will take the trouble to examine the recent great memoirs—as those by Pasch, Pieri, Peano, Hilbert, Veblen, and others—on the foundations whether of Euclidean or of non-Euclidean geometry, will find that the term point is not defined at all, being used merely as a convenient designation (replaceable by any other sound, symbol, mark, or sign) for whatever entities may be found by intuition and trial to satisfy the given postulates; and that a line, whenever the notion is defined, is defined, not in Euclidean fashion, but as a certain *class* of points. Neither the notion nor the term space is to be found in the works either of Euclid or of Archimedes. And moderns have found that the geometric element which they call "point" may be any one of an endless variety of things, and, as an element, is never defined.

Finally, Mr MacColl seems to think nothing but the completely bounded deserves to be called a real or a total. To me this nutshell theory of reality is not congenial. What a pitiable, puny, and contemptible affair would be a universe in which reality should be denied to all bottomless abysses, and summitless heights and endless reaches of being, and allowed only to the relatively petty things that may be counted, shut in and circumnavigated like a drove of cattle or an archipelago. Whether things be called realities, unrealities, logicalities, or conceptualities, matters nothing fundamentally so long as they be subject to law, and own relationships that, though they be finer than gossamer, yet are stronger than cables of steel.

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THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE OF THE FUTURE.

(*Hibbert Journal*, July 1909, p. 912.)

It was with a sense of satisfied expectation that I read the comments of Mr Inkpin on my studies of "The Social Conscience of the Future." I knew that the trend of these studies would be distasteful to the adherents of "orthodox" socialism, and I was glad to meet a reply so helpful in its candour.

There is no use in softening the issue: to me, it is Mr Inkpin's conception of the forces that are moving toward socialism which is "very inadequate," and not mine. Like a good Marxian, he believes blankly that "all changes in social morality are the result of changes in the

economic basis of society," and that "economic and political forces are in themselves sufficient to introduce the new order." Now I agree with him that these forces are going to introduce a new order however we feel about it. But I think that the free spirit has a part to play in the process, and that the value of the new order when we get it depends largely on the action of that spirit. And to me, a person who accepts all the forces that Mr Inkpin does, but adds conscious spiritual activities in correlation with these, has a less inadequate conception than he has.

And I cannot help wondering whether my "economic determinism" is any more "half-hearted" than his. True, I do not like to think that we must wait for the new order to make us automatically good. I want to make myself worthy of it by working for it, and to persuade others to do the like. But then, in his own way, so does he. He, too, is keen to convert people, and to make them embrace socialist propaganda; that is, he wants to put psychical forces at the disposal of the economic movement just as much as I do; his class-consciousness seems to me in itself a moral force. To be sure, he thinks that we can only hurry the inevitable change, while I think that we can also moralise it; but I can see no point in his action if economic determinism be carried to its logical extreme.

I think that moral forces, although largely engendered and conditioned by economic systems, do, when once they appear, react on those systems and play their active part in social advance. I must think so if, intimately related with economic factors themselves, I find that "constructive will" which is evident in the whole socialist movement; and I can see no reason why this will should not work prophetically, to create new personal types as well as new social forms. Nor do I think that will, in a partly democratic society, to be wholly confined to one class. The function of conscious spiritual forces is to moralise social change. By moralising they can transform, and, through transforming, determine permanence as well as value. One can read his history either with the economic determinist or with the idealist. I want to read mine with both. This is hard to do just now, but it is not impossible.

But, really, I am a far more orthodox socialist than Mr Inkpin is willing to admit. When I deliberately ranged social compunction with the consolidation of industry, etc., as operative causes, and when I talked of an inward transformation, I was not in the least thinking of a voluntary surrender on the part of the privileged classes. Indeed, I have to confess that I was not thinking in terms of class at all. I meant what I said to apply to everyone, proletarian and capitalist alike. My appeal was not to a class-ethic nor a class-psychology, because, though these are real and potent, the plain human ethic and psychology underlie them and count for more. I never expect to see a moral transformation universal; but I already see it working in those "aliens," the "remnant," gathered indiscriminately from all classes, who will neither create nor prevent the new social forms, but will have, I believe, a critical part to

play in deciding whether or no these forms shall be a new monster of Frankenstein, destroying what has evoked them.

As for the class-war, it looms as large to my vision as to my critic's, though I ascribe to it a less exclusive rôle. And I think that socialism must naturally be a class-conscious movement. I note with interest, however, that a majority of the leaders during the last half-century have not sprung from the proletariat; and am inclined to observe in this connection that if wage-slavery were able to generate high qualities of leadership in abundance, one chief motive for putting an end to it would be lost.

Heaven forbid that I should "think little" of the self-assertion of the poor! I believe that self-assertion to be essentially a right and potentially a holy thing; but I want to see it supplemented and enriched by the accession to the socialist ranks of all who are poor in spirit. I think the accession is not to be despised. And it is my steady contention that those of us who read history otherwise than the Marxian have an equal right in the socialist movement.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

SHELBURNE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE OVER-EMPHASIS OF SIN.

(*Hibbert Journal*, July 1909, p. 915.)

THERE is much that is irrelevant in the criticism of Mr Evans. The article was not written to present "an optimistic view of sin and sinners," nor to argue that "human nature is clean and innocent," but to point out that church liturgies, and sometimes chapel prayers and sermons, malign many in the congregations which assemble stately for worship, and meet with no serious response. My contention was that in all churches there are many innocent souls, many brave men and pure women, and not a few saints, who ought not to be compelled to do penance as "miserable sinners" every Sunday of the year, but who are indeed worthy of all praise when we consider what human nature is in its birth, and the pains it has to undergo in the evolution of personality and character. My critic seems to be one of those who, if a preacher, speaks the word "sin" in capital letters, and drags in under this category every sort of defect to which humanity is heir. He apparently knows no difference between deliberate disobedience to the divine will and the metaphysical evil which of necessity belongs to the pitiful limitations of human nature. I do not envy him his confusion, but in criticising me he might at least have noted that I clearly explained the boundaries of what I meant by "sin."

I was much struck by his choice of authorities for my refutation. Think of Horace, with his *nemo sine vitiis*, being thrown in my teeth, as if it were not utterly beside the mark. He was, at any rate, exceedingly

deft at whitewashing his own character, and shows a moral discrimination which many preachers would do well to imitate in their estimate of sins. Kant's views on the *Hang zum Bösen* of human nature and on the nature of sin contain nothing to which I would seriously object, but what they prove as to the actual demerits of individual British Christians I do not see. As to Newman, I am not much influenced by what he believed; and as to all the saints, I have simply to ask: Did they become more sinful men and women as their sainthood grew; and if so, what was the good of their sainthood; or were their wailings simply the result of an increasing consciousness of how far human nature at its best is removed from the perfect holiness of God?

It seems to me that my critic should have gone to his New Testament for witnesses against me, and would have gone if he had found there any teaching to serve his purpose. Unfortunately for his case, the apostolic churches were assemblies of "saints" who were said to be, with few exceptions, sincere, blameless, full of charity, right in heart with God. Strange that in these days the churches are composed, with no exceptions, of "miserable sinners," always doing wrong, and always lamenting their depravity. Mr Evans asks, in surprise: Can it be that "sin and the sense of sin move *pari passu*"? Paul answers that a man's own conscience is the standard by which his guilt is to be judged, so that "he who doubteth is condemned." James says that he who does not do the good he knows commits sin. John says that he who is born of God cannot sin at all. Jesus has answered: "If ye were blind ye should have no sin." These names weigh rather more with me than the names of Horace, Kant, Newman, and "the saints."

My final word is, that it is a mistake for a Church to employ a liturgy which identifies all its members with the world, and for a preacher to force his conceptions of depravity, or of the *infinite* demerit of every sin, or "to magnify God's strictness with a zeal He will not own," against the protest of consciences which cannot possibly respond to his accusations, or consent to his representations of God.

ALEXANDER BROWN.

ABERDEEN.

CHOICE.

(*Hibbert Journal*, July 1909, p. 802 *seq.*)

"A MODICUM of calculable indetermination" is what Mr Schiller ascribes to man. It is a truly wondrous phrase. The possession of this article in man's make-up might upset the universe, put back the ages, make the victory of good uncertain, and change the laws of life. Mr Schiller, however, tries to compose us. It is only like keeping a cat in a home. It will not do much harm. It is not a tiger. Those who have kept cats can best judge of the value of this illustration. Another writer has said that man's

freedom is like being able to walk in a corridor train in the reverse way to that in which the train is going. It does not matter much. It is such a "modicum of calculable indetermination." And this is the great advantage—that if only the scientists would accept this in human life, everyone would be happy.

But scientists will not accept this. They will still ask, "Why does a man choose A and not B? Why does a man choose beer and not boots? Why does another man choose boots and not beer?" If the choice is free from the motives, why is the result different in one case from the other? If a child is free, why send him to a good school with a moral "tone" and patient teachers? Why preach at all? Mr Schiller says we cannot calculate our behaviour seemingly. That is because of our self-ignorance. We certainly seem to be free, but if we examine our choice later we see why we chose as we did—*e.g.* from fear, or pride, or sympathy. Some inborn or acquired moral trait of character decided the supposed choice.

The idea of choice is true in so far as we take a shallow view of human action. A deeper view reveals that character decides, and character is built up by all the past. A still deeper view unveils to us the profound truth that One Spiritual Life is in us all, and working in us all toward "one far-off divine event." Hegel has shown us long ago that such categories as chance, contingency, accident, belong to the intermediate stage of human thinking—the stage he calls "Essence" or "Relativity." In that stage of thinking, there is a perpetual seesaw between the antitheses, such as evil and good, cause and effect, freedom and necessity, substance and accident. At one moment a crime is seen to be the result of free choice; at another, it is the product of social conditions.

Mr Schiller tries to escape this seesaw by an absurd compromise, a giving to man "a modicum of calculable indetermination." The true escape is to reach the Logic of comprehension and idealism—to reach the freedom which is necessity, the Spirit in whom we all live, and who by us is expressing Himself. Here mind and matter are brought to a unifier, a Life in and behind, and the cause of both. The old oppositions are melted into a greater Idea.

We grow into true freedom as we learn this, and learn His will and do it from our hearts as our own deepest will. We are truly free as we are necessitated by God, and know it, and have learned to gladly and consciously be co-workers with God. All is determined, and these spiritually minded souls are both free and determined. To believe all this is not to surrender morality, as Mr Schiller implies; for since we know not ourselves enough to say what we will do, our practical life goes on as it was, and our determinism is an intellectual hypothesis most probably true, the best we can, at present, think; and moreover—as the Calvin tercentenary might remind us—it is not incompatible with a strong moral life and an eager social effort for the uplifting of men.

G. T. SADLER.

MISSIONS AND LIBERAL THEOLOGY.

(*Hibbert Journal*, January 1909, p. 404.)

UNDER the title of "Christian Missions as affected by Liberal Theology," the Rev. J. W. Burton, of the Indian Mission, Fiji, voices "An Appeal from the Mission Field," in the January number of the *Hibbert Journal*. Many of its positions provide painful reading to those of us "who have been trained in the 'Old School,'" as distinguished from the "Liberal" or "Modern," to which the writer so confidently belongs. It is frankly a criticism of policy and methods which have long been effectively employed by the Christian Church in the task of evangelising the race.

Modernism, we are told, promises to "furnish the missionary project with stronger and more abiding motives," which at once suggests a review of the present motives of the enterprise, with the desire to know the stronger ones that are to come. The old motive is grounded in the knowledge of the universal love of the Great All-Father, that He "so loved the *world*" that Jesus Christ, His Son, submitted to be the expression of that love by His sacrificial sufferings for mankind. Paul expressed the actuating principle in his second letter to the Corinthian Church (chap. v., verses 14-21). The impelling force which sent the Apostles out to win pagan communities was the conviction of the utter moral need and spiritual darkness of the people, that the "whole world lieth in the evil one." And that is the force which still actuates men and women—the burning desire to carry to their fellows "the blessed news of the Divine redemptive love which has wrought such a transformation in their own lives." The *world* for Christ was the old watchword; the ancient war-cry,—Christ for the world. Modernism offers us a new watchword for the old; what is it?

It is one with a strong eclectic note, eclectic both in policy and method. "Some races," we are told, "are more worth saving than others." Truly this is modern: the date of its annunciation is 1909. But we can hardly characterise it as *liberal*! It doesn't suggest a "liberal" dispensing of the offer of salvation, but, rather, a limited one. Strange that Christ never suggested it in His commission (Matt. xxviii. 19-20)! To help us to an understanding a specific instance is given, and Japan is cited as against "the whole of the South Seas." "It is far more important that Japan should be Christian in life and spirit, than that the whole of the South Seas should be converted." Perhaps it is. But in the next paragraph we find the relative facility of the two tasks discussed. The securing that "Japan be Christian in life and spirit" is one of the tasks that "will test the strength (and, I add, patience) of Christianity." It is a task that is being tackled by devoted men and consecrated women of the "Old School." And whilst that is being done, has the Christian Church been unwise in undertaking the admittedly easier feat of "abolishing cannibalism, infanticide, and idolatry" in the South Sea groups? Would a proportionate

work have been accomplished by a similar expenditure of men and means in Japan, in the same time, that would have justified our neglect of the South Seas? Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji have been won (not that the peoples of those groups are all saints, but they have been brought into touch with Christian teaching and influences). But, says Mr Burton, "The inhabitants of these islands have evidently no function to perform in the great evolution of humanity." Hence the reason for leaving them to their widow-strangling, their infanticide, their cannibalism, their foul heathenism. They are not even a cog in the wheel! Poor Fiji! Not even a dull turquoise or a black pearl in the Saviour's crown!

Again, says our writer, "There is a fallacy underlying the statement that 'one soul is as good as another.'" And I reply, there is a bigger fallacy in the contention of varying values, that would paralyse all Christian effort to upraise the degraded of our cities. Two lumps of clay, as lumps, are of equal value; but the potter, who has right over the clay, may form one into a vessel of honour, another into a vessel of dishonour (Romans ix. 21); but who has wit enough to say which shall be chosen for honour? Suffice it that we go down into the pit and bring up the clay and place it in the Potter's hands.

We are asked, for our encouragement, not to be surprised if it be a considerable time before our eyes "become accustomed to the new perspective." But this raises other questions:—Have we the right to place heathen peoples before us *in perspective*? Have we the right to arrange the perspective? Are we not instruments in fulfilling the Divine plan? Have we the right to say which is the major and which the minor issue, which the more important and which the less worthy of our attention? In perspective the eye is supposed to occupy a definite point, that is, the human eye. Hence distant things seem small by comparison with the near, and a leaf of a tree near the eye may seem larger than a distant star beside which our own sun may be a veritable dwarf. But to "Him with whom we have to do" the leaf and the star each appears in its *natural* size; His eye is as near to the star as to the leaf; for that Eye occupies no definite point, but is everywhere present.

Specific instance of the eclecticism advocated is given: Paul "left the more primitive souls of Samaria and Judea to perish, while he went to the more advanced races of Greece and Italy." But did he? Although it was not the era of the daily newspaper, surely, as one deeply interested in, even if antagonistic to, the spread of this "new thing," Paul would have heard of the wonderful revival under Philip in Samaria (Acts viii.); nor would he be ignorant of that even greater revival under the preaching of Peter and the rest of the Apostles, which took place in Jerusalem, when Peter, addressing himself to the "men of Judea," convinced three thousand that "this is the Christ" (Acts ii.). And the revival continued (Acts v. 12, vi. 7). And all this *before* Paul's conversion. Seeing, then, that such good work had been done, can we say that Samaria and Judea were being overlooked?

"Paul was a statesman; he saw 'the strategic points in the world's conquest.'" Doubtless he was a "statesman," and did "see strategic points," but, as far as his missionary service was concerned, the planning of his itinerary must be credited to Another. Like a good missionary, he obeyed orders. The terms of his commission were that he should bear "the Name before Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel" (Acts ix. 15, xxvii. 24). He recognised that he had been specially charged with "the Gospel of the uncircumcision," and that another had been charged with "the Gospel of the circumcision" (Gal. ii. 7, 8). Had the commissions been reversed, it would not be hard for us to imagine Paul an enthusiastic worker for his former co-religionists (Rom. x. 1, ix. 13). He never expressed himself so strongly as desiring the salvation of the Gentiles, but enough for him that his Master had sent him to the Gentiles.

And is there not in the commendation of Paul at least a suggestion that "the disciple is above his Lord"? The disciple is commended for being a "statesman" in leaving the "primitive souls of Samaria and Judea," etc., and seeing and going to "the strategic points." But Jesus, the Master, paid attention to a *woman of Samaria*, and did not go to Greece or Rome. He was no "statesman."

But, after all, is not this criticism, not only of the policy of certain Mission Boards, but also of the policy of the Divine Government? "Choose the races more worthy of saving than others, the peoples with 'functions,'" says Mr Burton. Yet God chose Abram, a nomad sheik, as the object of His special favour, at a time when Egypt was a powerful and progressive nation, and the Chaldeo-Babylonian Empire was laying the foundations of the astronomical and mathematical sciences of to-day, giving to the world the division of the year into twelve months, and of the sun's apparent course into 360 degrees, the week of seven days; the sundial; and the division of the day into hours and minutes. "Modernism would have sagely remarked: "This sheik has evidently no function to perform in the great evolution of humanity, but he would be a bold man who would dare to outline the limits of Egypt's or Babylon's functions!"

The fact is this: no Mission Board need tremble as to the wisdom of its policy, nor fear the criticism of the "Modern Liberal," whilst it has these Divine precedents. The "new imperative" is policy founded on politics,—which man or nation is it the more desirable to evangelise and win? Let us win the man "with a function," and the man without can pass out into darkness! But the "old imperative" is still Christ's command, "Go . . . teach all nations."

WM. AITKEN HEIGHWAY.

LOURA, AUSTRALIA.

REVIEWS

Idealism as a Practical Creed: being the Lectures on Philosophy and Modern Life delivered before the University of Sydney.—By Henry Jones, LL.D., D.Litt., Fellow of the British Academy, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. — Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons, Publishers to the University, 1909.

THESE generous and well-inspired lectures, delivered in Sydney, are in the first instance addressed to the young Australian commonwealth, and are an eloquent plea for ethical and religious idealism as the foundations of a nation's life. They have something in common with Fichte's famous *Reden an die deutsche Nation*. "I cannot forget," says the speaker in his farewell words, "the greatness and the difficulties of your enterprise—a new people amidst the lonely silence of a vast continent. Material prosperity you will attain, I have no doubt; and it is worth attaining. Perhaps power among the nations of the world awaits you, which is also worth attaining. But a kingdom founded upon righteousness, a life amongst yourselves sanctified in all its ways by this faith in man, in the world, and in God, is greater far than all these things. I can form no higher wish for you than that it may be your destiny to try by actual experiment how far this faith of the Idealists will stand the strain of a nation's practice." Professor Jones possesses also Fichte's impassioned assurance of the philosophical truth of his message. There is a personal note struck in such a phrase as "the hypothesis of my life," applied incidentally to the Idealism of which he speaks; and he says justly that "no man has ever helped the world with what is to himself a "may be" or "perhaps." The words recall many utterances of Carlyle, to whom Professor Jones refers as "the latest of our great prophets," and whose influence is perceptible (in quotations and otherwise) throughout the volume. When it is added that the book is dedicated by the author to the memory of the "beloved master," from whose teaching he has never swerved, and that one of the lectures is devoted to Wordsworth and Browning, enough has been said to indicate in a general way both the matter and the manner of the volume and the formative influences in its author's thought.

Philosophy is understood by Professor Jones in a large sense. "Philosophy is an attitude of mind rather than a doctrine. It is the experience of the world becoming reflective and endeavouring to comprehend itself. Hence a final philosophic theory is not to be attained, and a fixed system is not to be sought. Experience changes and grows, for it is

a process; and a completed doctrine of an evolving process, a static theory of a dynamic reality, must prove false. We can at best but catch its trend and try to discover its greater laws" (p. 7). Hence the Idealism which he preaches requires a similar largeness of interpretation. Although Hegel was the founder of its "modern form," it would be wrong to identify it with Hegel's theory. It is a "way of looking at life" which "belongs not more to Hegel than it does to Plato or Aristotle or even to Spinoza" (p. 12). It is no peculiar property of the philosophers. "Its main hypotheses are being illustrated and made good in the sciences, especially in those which are biological and human. They are illumined in the greatest modern poetry, from Lessing and Goethe to Wordsworth and Browning; and they circulate in the arteries of our social and political life. There is a certain unanimity of endeavour and community of aspiration amongst the poets, philosophers, and reforming spirits of our times: they all make for Idealism" (p. 13). The intimate relation of philosophy and the higher poetry is specially insisted on. Idealism is "the poetic and philosophic view of the world," as opposed to "its prose version," which we are too apt to assume is the only version which can be true. And if the poets are philosophers, the philosophers are also in a sense poets. "It is only those who entertain 'a lurking consciousness that the realities of the muse are but shows' who can avoid giving the name of poetry to the massive conclusions and the profound enthusiasm which come with the long-delayed and hard-won affirmations of a Plato or Spinoza. The Muses are sisters, and of one blood" (p. 154). The poetic or philosophic view of the world is, in another aspect, the religious view, and for the "prose" version we might substitute, in this antithesis, the term "profane," used by Martineau in one of his latest utterances. "Depend upon it," he said, expressing the sustaining confidence of his long life, "depend upon it, the facts of the world will not prove profane." Professor Jones brackets, therefore, "the Idealism of faith" with "the implied Idealism of the sciences" and "the imaginative Idealism of the poets." The conviction shared by all these with the greater philosophers is, as he expresses it, "the conception of the unity and spiritual nature of things," or, again, "the unity and spiritual purpose of the world" (p. 296). Translated into a philosophy of history, it is in essence Carlyle's assurance that "the great soul of the world is just," and that "in all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right." Or, as Professor Jones puts it, more after the manner of Lessing, modern Idealism teaches that all history is sacred, "that wisdom had dwelt long in the world, and that up to the measure of their capacity, it had been guiding from of old the blind and stumbling footsteps of men" (p. 100). It involves ultimately the buoyant optimism of Browning that, in spite of appearances, "God's in His Heaven: all's right with the world."

It is, in fact, as a philosophy of history that the idealistic thesis is presented in the second, third, and fourth lectures on "Freedom," headed "First the Blade," "Then the Ear," "After that the Full Corn." To

these the fifth lecture on "Wordsworth and Browning" forms a supplement, while the two concluding lectures entitled "The Call of the Age" and "The Answer of Idealism" meet objections to the general position, and, after some forcible criticism of alternative solutions, urge the idealistic doctrine as "the sanest hypothesis that the mind of man has discovered as yet." The earlier lectures move on fairly familiar lines: Hegel's own "Philosophy of History" is frequently laid under contribution. The second lecture does justice to the function of tradition and authority in the social life as it first organises itself, but successfully protests against the opposition which Mr Balfour and others seek to set up between tradition and reason. "The tradition of any age is, after all, the product and result of the rational activities of its predecessor. . . . There is no customary opinion which was not once a bold conception, and no habit which was not at one time a venturesome enterprise. Reason built tradition, and reason alone receives and transmits it. Brutes have instincts but not traditions" (p. 50). Freedom appears first in the form of Independence and shows itself in negative criticism of existing institutions. The fate of the traditional Greek state at the hands of the Sophists and of Socrates is the obvious illustration, and the negative movement of emancipation is considered to have reached its full expression in the French Revolution. Emancipation, however, is "only the alphabet of true freedom"; on the process of criticism and disintegration must follow a "process of restoration" which shall harmonise the inner and the outer law by recognising the institutions of the State and the Church as an authority "rational and benevolent," "submission to which is the pursuit of our own best good" (p. 108). This Hegelian version of the course of history has recently been impeached by Mr Hobhouse as an ally of reaction, and the charge has been hotly denied by Professor Jones in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. In view of this controversy it may be noted that some of the phrases used even in the present account might be taken exception to by a jealous critic. The very word "restoration" has somewhat sinister associations for the historian; and the language occasionally suggests the impression that the discovery of rationality and benevolence in the customs and institutions of the past means their "reinstitution" just as they were. Mr Hobhouse's charge is not a new one, and Hegel's own mature philosophy was, I think, in a political and social aspect, too self-satisfied in temper, approaching at times to a deification of the actual. But that this tendency is not inherent in the Hegelian philosophy as such was speedily shown by the revolutionary ardour for reform which seized upon many of the ablest of the younger members of the school. Professor Jones's political sympathies exonerate him from any suspicion of being a mere *laudator temporis acti*, and as regards religion he does not conceal his conviction that "in these days the religious and ethical experience of reflective men has outgrown the definite creeds" (p. 227). When he says "restore," therefore, his meaning is not to reimpose the old institution or creed in the form which satisfied the generations of the past, but to give it a more glorious body, to

refashion it, in the light of criticism and of hard human experience, nearer to the needs of a new time. For he is continually insisting that there is nothing static about the facts with which we have to deal; the life of humanity is an evolution, a growth, a process of continual transformation, and it is through the free action of the individual reason as well as through the blind pressure of experience that one good custom yields its place to a better. As he well says, society lends to the individual her wisdom, "imparts to him the rational elements of her own life, *in order that by means of them he may scrutinise her opinions, challenge her faith, and reform her ways*" (p. 56). Hence it is in good faith and with full conviction that he brackets "the reforming spirits of our times" with the poets and philosophers as the true inheritors of the idealistic tradition. But the philosopher reflecting on the process perceives that the new grows out of the old. To the critics "their criticism appears to emanate solely from within themselves, and they are not aware that they have got their objections to society within society, and that no man can rise above his age except by means of it" (p. 62). This is obviously true in so far as the most Utopian dreams of the "ought-to-be" must be suggested by certain defective features of the actual, and all practical reforms consist of the progressive modification of existing arrangements as experience reveals their shortcomings. Ideals do not fall from some unknown heaven. In the sense indicated, all our ideals arise in the course of our traffic with reality; they do not descend upon reality *ab extra*. They are, therefore, according to the idealist contention, aspects of one continuous rational process in which the true nature of man and the world is progressively revealed.

In his concluding lecture Professor Jones elaborates this point. He describes "the essential message of Idealism" as being that "both in his cognitive and in his moral activities man finds his ideals *in* the world. Knowledge, in so far as it is valid, *discovers* the order already existent in the world; and a moral agent, in so far as his actions are good, *reveals* the ideality of the world, recognising and obeying its laws and making himself their willing instrument. In both these activities man's function is repetitive" (p. 269). In (true) knowledge and (good) action alike, that is to say, man is defining the nature of the Real—progressively advancing towards an adequate definition of that which was and is and is to be; and this advance is guided by the presence and inspiration of the immanent spirit of the whole. This view of the evolutionary process as the unfolding and appropriating of what eternally is, contrasts sharply with the "évolution créatrice" of M. Bergson, where the identification of concrete reality with the movement of the time-process leads to the idea of an unfinished universe and a growing God. There are few definite allusions in these lectures to contemporary philosophy, but the emphatic statement (on p. 275), "Verily it is *man* who is in the making, and not the great universe nor his God," may naturally be taken as referring to this contrast of philosophic doctrine. And in spite of the extreme persuasiveness of M. Bergson's exposition and the suggestiveness of many of his statements, it seems

impossible for the metaphysical mind to face the idea of a growth *out of nothing*, an advance in the content and value of existence by a series of accretions from the void. It is not borne out by the ethical and religious consciousness, for in the struggles and victories of such experience the man feels that the nature of things is with him, and that he draws from a fount of eternal perfection. The strength of a doctrine like Bergson's and of the various forms of "Pluralism" which are popular at the present moment, lies in their emphasis on the reality of the process. The accusation they bring against any doctrine of Absolute Idealism is that it stultifies all effort. If the end is already achieved, the moral struggle is useless; Hegel himself speaks of it in one passage as due to a species of illusion on our part. This remains, as it has always been, the cardinal difficulty of any theory of the Absolute—why is there process at all? To this question Professor Jones confesses he has no reply. "Philosophy can furnish no answer, so far as I can see," but there are questions, he adds, which ought to be neither asked nor answered. The business of philosophy, he maintains, is to analyse the "how" of actual experience, not to explain, by reference to empty possibilities, why experience as a whole is as it is. He acknowledges the apparent conclusiveness of the logic which deduces antinomian or quietist conclusions from the idealistic position; but, he adds, "experience does not support the deduction. I have never known any man whose faith in the ultimate victory of right over wrong, or whose trust in God was great, lose ardour in the moral struggle on *their* account, or become indifferent to the suffering and sin of mankind" (p. 287). A pluralistic critic might urge that by the introduction of the word "ultimate" Professor Jones obscures the issue; for ultimate means that the victory is not yet won, the fight is still going on, and we are fellow-combatants, "co-workers with God" in a world-task which is a stern reality to Him as well as to us. This strain of sentiment is certainly also present in religious feeling, and supplies some justification for recent attempts to differentiate the God of religion from the Absolute of the philosophers. But history bears out Professor Jones's contention that those whose belief in God's omnipotence has been strongest, have frequently been the most energetic in practical affairs or the most devoted labourers in the cause of suffering humanity. Are they guilty of inconsequence, or is their insight deeper than the logic which convicts them?

Professor Jones's final contention is that in this matter of Idealism we are "thrown back upon absolute alternatives." He does not attempt to minimise "the appallingly pathetic scene which history presents." Man's own spiritual growth, "uniting nature to man, man to man, and all with God," while it has made him discard for ever the artificial schemes of the older theology, has in a sense only deepened the difficulty of believing "that the Being who manifests Himself in this misery-stricken world and in the sin-stained life of man can be all-powerful and all-benevolent too." "If God is at the heart of man's volition when man does the right, is He absent when man sins?" Yet he maintains that it is not philosophy but

"ordinary opinion pretending to philosophise" which has recently been "depriving God of His beneficence and power, stultifying the very name in the process." Once more he plies the argument that philosophy has no right and no power to overstep experience; and in experience good and evil are essentially correlated. "Idealism is concerned vitally in showing that we learn through error, and find through evil that good is best; but it is not concerned with what would take place in an imaginary realm where knowledge and goodness have no possible opposites" (p. 260). Moreover, he declines Mr Bradley's conception of the Absolute as that in which all the differences of finite experience are transcended, because all finite predicates fall away. Experience yields us good and evil vitally correlated, but it does not follow that the correlatives are upon a par; experience itself shows us that error and evil are relative to truth and goodness in a sense in which the true and the good are not dependent on the false and the bad. The way is through error to truth, through evil to goodness, not in the opposite direction. The former are therefore relative to the latter in a sense which subordinates them as means towards the realisation of the latter in a world of free persons; "for knowledge *given* and not acquired, or a moral good *compelled*, is a contradiction in terms." The existence of error and evil in the world is not, therefore, incompatible with an optimism which holds with Plato that "the true and the good shine, like the sun in the high heavens, everlastingly," and believes that "the ideal, the divine, the perfect good is that which works in the moral process and incites its activities." Short of an Idealism like this it is impossible to rest, he urges, without surrendering "the very postulates of our life." Theories which would make the universe partially rational and partially good, God and man striving with limited powers to make it more so, attempt an impossible compromise. They "look for an issue for which they deny a cause; for the order is said to be in the making, while there is neither in God nor in man aught adequate to make it." There is "no salvation by partial issues"; "the alternatives are the order and the rationality, or the disorder and the irrationality of the world." In religious language the alternatives are "the existence and the immanence, or the non-existence of God" (pp. 255-6).

It is to be hoped that this powerful presentation of the case for Idealism will receive the attention it deserves from a generation largely inclined to take up with the "hybrid schemes" whose impotence Professor Jones denounces. The Pragmatists among us may be conciliated by noting that the theory is avowedly presented as a "hypothesis"—"the sanest hypothesis that the mind of man has discovered as yet," one which "works better" than its rivals, "which distorts reality less, which finds reasonable room for more of its facts, which leaves over fewer incoherencies." Professor Jones adds that it is a hypothesis "worthy of being tried," for, as he says in another context (in discussing the application of Idealism to social polity), "the proof of life" is the only thing that can convert our conjectures into certainties.

In reading the sheets for the press, the author has apparently been hurried, for there are several cases (*e.g.* on pp. 214 and 228) of a plural nominative and a singular verb, and *vice versa*. The impossible phrase, "superseding the sane for the savage outlook" (p. 273), is probably the relic of a half-completed correction.

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A Pluralistic Universe: Hibbert Lectures at Manchester College on the Present Situation in Philosophy.—By William James.—London: Longmans, 1909.—Pp. vi + 405.

In the course of his work, Professor James makes a remark which may have been meant as a warning to the reviewer who lies in wait for him. "Place yourself," he says, "at the centre of a man's philosophic vision, and you understand at once all the different things it makes him write or say. But keep outside, use your post-mortem method, try to build the philosophy up out of the single phrases, taking first one and then another, and seeking to make them fit, and of course you fail. You crawl over the thing like a myopic ant over a building, tumbling into every microscopic crack or fissure, finding nothing but inconsistencies, and never suspecting that a centre exists" (p. 263). If the reviewer is unwary and overlooks this warning, or if he is rash and takes the forbidden way, he may find enough in the book to occupy him—even without the use of a microscope. But the author will remain unmoved. "Who cares for . . . reasons?" he will say. "A philosophy is the expression of a man's intimate character, and all definitions of the universe are but the deliberately adopted reactions of human characters upon it" (p. 20).

There are other grounds for attempting here the method of the higher criticism. It is clear that Professor James has a vision; it is still more clear that he has a way of making other people share his vision. And it is more worth while to understand these characteristics than to point out defects in the logic of his exposition. His method is impressionist. No opportunity as yet has been given us for understanding the detailed structure of the Jamesian philosophy, but its leading features may be made out if we put ourselves at the right point of view. Vision and technique, as the author is never weary of insisting, are two different things. It is the philosopher's vision that he seeks to share when expounding Hegel and Fechner and Bergson. It is his own vision that he strives to convey in each lecture, and by the book as a whole. But his technique is not to be neglected. It is indeed almost as much a part of the vision as that of Hegel was. The "dialectic" which Hegel saw in things was envisaged conceptually: by understanding the movement of the notion reality was explained. For Mr James also "there is a dialectic movement in things, if such it please you to call it; one that the whole constitution of concrete

life establishes" (p. 90). But he regards this natural dialectic as purely contingent, and even irrational; it is no logical process, nor are its antitheses capable of logical solution. Not only the old logic of identity but intellectualism generally is bankrupt in its presence. Old formulæ are therefore discarded; even the harmless technical terms of philosophy are superseded by fresher and vaguer language; and types of thought are classified as "intimate" or "foreign," "thick" or "thin," and as belonging to the "each form" or to the "all form." The ideas which these terms convey may not be very precise, but they produce an impression. They make the reader see, or at least feel, a difference. And, as the terms are popular and undefined, he is apt to overlook the fact that they represent concepts, and are therefore open to all the objections which Mr James brings against the logical intellect.

The first characteristic of the author's vision may be brought out by contrast. The criticism of intellectualism pervades the whole volume, but its essence may be found in the admirable lecture on Hegel. Hegel's vision, says the author, "was really in two parts. The first part was that reason is all-inclusive; the second was that things are 'dialectic'" (p. 88). These two parts, however, are not really separate. The dialectic in things is the dialectic of the notion. "The supreme insight of rationalism" is expressed by Mr James in the proposition; "The truth is that which you implicitly affirm in the very attempt to deny it; it is that from which every variation refutes itself by proving self-contradictory" (p. 105). The method is familiar, and it is noticeable that Mr James does not deny its validity when the rules of sound reasoning are observed. But every logician knows the pitfalls which lurk in the use of negative terms; and the method of "double negation" is apt to become a verbal juggle. The author seems to have this in mind when he speaks of the part played by "vicious intellectualism" in the Hegelian system. "Every idea of a finite thing is, of course, a concept of *that* thing, and not a concept of anything else. But Hegel treats this not being a concept of anything else as if it were *equivalent to the concept of anything else not being*, or, in other words, as if it were a denial or negation of everything else. Then, as the other things, thus implicitly contradicted by the thing first conceived, also by the same law contradict *it*, the pulse of dialectic commences to beat, and the famous triads begin to grind out the cosmos." Now, if this criticism is valid (as I think it is), the failure of the form of rationalism in question ought not to be laid at the door of the intellect as such. It is due not to a "vice" or defect in the intellectual process itself, but to a disregard of its canons by the writers in question. Mr James has pointed out their fallacy very clearly, and surely he ought not to blame logic for the fallacy which his logical skill enables him to detect and guard against.

So far as this goes, his case against the intellect is really an argument in its favour. It is only an illustration, no doubt, but the illustration represents the case not unfairly. There are, however, more general and more fundamental points of criticism, and on their formulation the

influence of M. Bergson is conspicuous. Both authors have much to say on the subject which well repays attention, and deserves fuller discussion than can be given here. What is of consequence for our present purpose is to understand the ground for questioning the validity of logical or intellectual processes. Reduced to its simplest terms, the gravamen of the charge seems to come to this: that intellect works by conceptions, and that conceptions can give us only an abstract and momentary picture of things. In conceptual knowledge we lose sight of the concreteness, the continuous connections, and the process which belong to the nature of reality. "The essence of life," it is said, "is its continuously changing character; but our concepts are all discontinuous and fixed" (p. 253); they give us nothing better than "snap-shots" of the living process (p. 235); and "when you have broken the reality into concepts, you never can reconstruct it in its wholeness. Out of no amount of discreteness can you manufacture the concrete" (p. 261). You must therefore "face the fact that life is logically irrational" (p. 208). You must give up the intellectual method which is mere "post-mortem dissection," place yourself at the living heart of things, and *see* how they work (*cf.* p. 262). M. Bergson and Mr James, it would appear, will reconstruct the world out of vision, or even feeling, much as Hegel reconstructed it out of concepts.

This is a very imperfect summary of Mr James's criticism of intellectual process as an instrument of knowledge. But it brings out the essential point that the validity of the criticism depends on an assumption which the author shares with the more thoroughgoing intellectualists. Their view is expressed in the assertions, "Reality must be one and unalterable. Concepts, being themselves fixities, agree best with this fixed nature of truth, so that for any knowledge of ours to be quite true, it must be knowledge by universal concepts" (p. 237). On the other hand, Mr James holds that reality is manifold and changing, and that, therefore, it cannot be known through concepts, for they are fixed. Both views assume that the thing known must be of the same nature as the knowledge by which it is known. Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat. What is known by fixed concepts must share their fixity. The object of fluctuating vision must be in process of change. It is surely allowable to reject this fundamental assumption; to hold that knowledge and thing known need not be of the same nature; that things are not "rational" in the sense of being fashioned after a conceptual pattern, but that they are rational in the sense of being capable of intellectual interpretation. This view admits of varying degrees of difficulty in the interpretation of different parts of the real process, and of different degrees of success in overcoming these difficulties. It does not necessitate our drawing a hard and fast line between intellect and "vision," nor does it require us to hold (as his own hypothesis does) that the brilliant interpretation of the nature of things due to M. Bergson is not a result of intellectual genius.

M. Bergson's criticism rests on his view of intellect as practical; its concepts have arisen for practical purposes, and their validity is limited

to practice. This view is also stated by Mr James, but he does not dwell upon it. Indeed, the same point must appeal to the two authors in different ways. The practical nature of intellect makes M. Bergson discard it for some better means of reaching truth. But Mr James's view (though it hardly appears in the present work) is that truth itself is a practical category, so that the practical character of intellectual concepts ought to be regarded by him as a reason in favour of their validity, and not against it. Nevertheless, he adopts M. Bergson's arguments as if they supported his own view.

So far for the negative or critical side of the Jamesian vision. It contains much that is of value. The fault I have to find with it is, that it identifies intellect with one form of intellectualism. Of the positive side of his method it is not so easy to speak. What exactly is that vision or intuition which is free from the defects of intellectual process? This question I shall not attempt to answer, for the author confesses himself speechless before it. "As long as one continues *talking*," he says, "intellectualism remains in undisturbed possession of the field . . . I must *point*, point to the mere *that* of life, and you, by inner sympathy, must fill out the *what* for yourselves" (p. 290).

The content of Mr James's theory contrasts with monism, as its method does with intellectualism or rationalism. The two points are even identified in his opening definition. "Rationalism," he says, "means the habit of explaining parts by wholes. Rationalism thus preserves affinities with monism." Historically, however, it must be objected that these affinities of rationalism with monism are not exclusive. The rationalism of Leibnitz, for instance, led him to pluralism as directly as Spinoza's rationalism led him to monism. Something more than method is required to determine a philosophical doctrine. It needs also the selection of a starting-point. The legitimate outcome of Mr James's criticism of the conceptual method is not that it leads to a monism which leaves the multiplicity of experience inexplicable, but rather that, according to the position from which we start, it issues either in a monism of this sort, or else in a pluralism for which all connectedness is inexplicable. If the method of reasoning were correct, it would force upon us the alternative either of admitting "finite things each cut off from all relation with its environment, or else of accepting the integral absolute with no environment and all relations packed within itself" (p. 66).

"There are three kinds of spiritualistic philosophy," says the author, "between which we are asked to choose" (p. 43). The first of these is called "dualistic theism," and it is fair to say that the theory does not seem to appeal to his interest, nor does he seem to have taken trouble to put himself at the point of view of the theist. The principle of intimacy requires that we should be substantially one with the divine. Pantheism of some form would therefore seem to be the only admissible kind of belief; but it need not be of the common monistic form which conceives "that the divine exists authentically only when the world is experienced

all at once in its absolute totality" (p. 43). The pluralistic belief of Mr James is distinguished by two marks which give it a special and personal character. The whole or sum-total of things is only in course of realisation, and may never be actually realised; and the connections within it are of the nature of linkages between part and part. How the elementary facts of experience can be compounded into other forms of consciousness which include the former was a difficulty which seemed to admit of no solution until he decided to close his ears to the question. Resting on the fact that "my present field of consciousness is a centre surrounded by a fringe that shades insensibly into a sub-conscious more" (p. 288), we may fairly ask, "May not we ourselves form the margin of some more really central self in things which is co-conscious with the whole of us? May not you and I be confluent in a higher consciousness, and confluent active there, though we now know it not?" (p. 290). "Nullus in microcosmo spiritus nullus in macrocosmo deus" is an old maxim. But "soul," at any rate, seems to strike the blind spot of Mr James's vision; it is regarded as a useless scholastic entity. "To be as a mental experience," he says, "is only to appear to some one" (p. 199); but the last three words are habitually overlooked: the experience is looked upon as needing no subject to support it, and the unity of mental life is accounted for by a way the separate experiences have of hanging on to one another's fringes. If this interpretation of individual consciousness could be accepted, the speculation of a still further composition of mental experiences might be regarded as possible or even plausible, so that a "deus" might be fashioned in some such way as the "spiritus" has been. As separate experiences overlap and thus form an individual consciousness, so different individual consciousness may also overlap and thus constitute a larger consciousness of higher order. In this way, in the end, the author comes very near to the monism which he set out to refute, and the logical basis of which he has undermined. "We are indeed internal parts of God," he says, "and not external creations, on any possible reading of the panpsychic system" (p. 318). God, however, is not the absolute; beyond him lie other experiences which may form wider systems, inclusive of both God and his "internal parts." "The absolute is not the impossible being I once thought it," we are told (p. 292). It is a possible hypothesis; but it is "out of range," and it raises paradoxes and perplexities which the pluralist may contrive to avoid.

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Studies in Mystical Religion.—By Rufus M. Jones.—Macmillan, 1909.
Pp. xxxviii + 518.

THE salient fact in the religious situation of our day is that the centre of gravity has shifted from authority to experience. Speculative philosophy and dogmatics have fallen into some discredit; psychology and history, it appears, will soon claim nearly the whole field of religious study. This

being, beyond question, the tendency of thought in Europe and America, it is not strange that studies in the psychology of mysticism have become very common within the last ten years. For mysticism, as Dr Rufus Jones says, is "that type of religion which puts the emphasis on immediate awareness of relation with God." The mystic, to quote Professor Royce, is the only thorough-going empiricist.

And yet the empiricists who have paid so much sympathetic attention to the psychology of mysticism are condemned by their principles to remain themselves in the court of the Gentiles; the mystical experience itself is not for them. For though the method of the mystic is empirical, he is convinced from first to last that there is an Absolute, and that absolute truth is accessible to him. This conviction is the source of his discontent with what other men call experience; it is the justification of his complete self-surrender, and of his hope for a reward which shall outweigh every sacrifice, even that of the individual $\psi\chi\eta$: "Quid caelo dabimus? quantum est quo veneat omne? Impendendus homo est, Deus esse ut possit in ipso." The mystic, in fact, is not only the most thorough-going of empiricists; he is also the most thorough-going of realists. Belief in the relativity of all knowledge, or in the pragmatic character of all religious truth, would shatter the very foundations of his faith, which is essentially ontological. Hence it is impossible to separate mysticism from metaphysics, and to regard the persistent historical alliance between mysticism and Platonism as accidental. This error is common in recent students of mysticism, who tend to treat the subject purely as a branch of psychology, and to devote their attention chiefly to the morbid or abnormal phenomena connected with the contemplative life. Approaching the subject in this way, they naturally conclude that the "mystical state" is always more or less pathological. The hypothesis of a real correspondence with an extra-personal Divine Life is not so much disproved at the conclusion as rejected at the beginning of their inquiry.

Dr Jones is free from this one-sidedness. He has given due prominence to the intellectual side of mysticism in his studies of Plotinus, Augustine, Dionysius, Erigena, and Eckhart. The incompleteness of his book is due to another cause—his exclusive interest in the Protestant mystics and their spiritual forerunners. The typical Catholic mysticism finds no place in his pages, where we look in vain for any account of Catherine of Genoa, Theresa, John of the Cross, or Madame de Guyon. The author promises us another volume of studies, which is to deal chiefly with the Quakers. We gather that the Society of Friends has been throughout the centre of his interests.

The essays in this volume are, within these self-chosen limits, very helpful towards an understanding of mysticism. The typical mystical act is prayer; and therefore mysticism has a place in all personal religion. But the exclusive mystic is one who wishes to fix the immediacy of the God-consciousness as it is occasionally given to him in his devotions or meditations. He wants to keep it pure from all infusions coming from

outside: "Let nothing come between thee and God," as Eckhart said. When to this desire is added the "attraction of the abyss"—the longing to escape wholly from self, and "swim in the ocean of the Godhead like a fish in the sea"—we can understand the disastrous attraction of the *via negativa*, which, if pursued remorselessly, "peels the onion" till nothing is left. Devotion is sublimated into the "prayer of quiet," in which nothing is said on either side; the creation becomes "ein lauterer Niht," with Eckhart; and God, as with Scotus Erigena, "propter excellentiam non immerito Nihil vocatur." Dr Jones (p. xxiii), quoting Maeterlinck, half justifies the attempt to intensify the undifferentiated God-consciousness, as if it were something wider and fuller than any conceptual knowledge. But heightened feeling is one thing, and wider experience is another. Confusion between the two is the parent of all superstitions. The wise mystic attaches only a regulative value to his *early* revelations, in which the Divine presence is chiefly felt as the source of a rapturous elevation of spirit, without definite content. The vague God-consciousness has to become explicit by passing through the world of multiplicity, taking specific determinations through the medium of thought, will, and affection. Immediacy is present all through; but its degree or value is rigidly determined by the position which the soul has reached on the "ladder of perfection." In the ethical scheme of Plotinus, no one can hope to see heaven (the "intelligible world"), much less the ineffable Absolute, till he has practised all the "political virtues," and then undergone the discipline of "purgation." The need of patience can hardly be too much emphasised, for in general the only fault of the mystics has been that they have been in too great a hurry.

Dr Jones usually writes well; but he once (p. xxx) speaks of men who "have lived through water-spouts which would have overwhelmed souls whose anchor did not reach beyond the veil"! He seems, for once, to have fallen into the "mixed state" which is said by Catholic mystics to indicate a high grade of contemplation.

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The Christian Doctrine of God.—By W. N. Clarke, D.D.—
T. & T. Clark, 1909.

It is the practice of the Roman Catholic Church to defend a foregone conclusion by logic; in America it appears to be the fashion to do so by rhetoric. This makes the reviewing of the work before us a peculiarly difficult task. It contains a great deal of what is known as "hedging." Thus the question of miracles is discussed at some length, but the conclusion which is reached is dilemmatic: "If miracles have never occurred, God's providence is complete without them. . . . If there are miracles, however, God's providence includes them" (p. 211). Again, the question of Creation out of nothing, which is a distinctively Christian doctrine, is left open. We are told, however, that "the nobler and worthier view"

is that "God has never been without a creation, and will never be alone" (p. 287). Then the author hastens to add that "this is no doctrine of the eternity of matter." It is, however, a doctrine of the eternity, though not of the independence, of the universe. Even the independence seems to be asserted, though this is evidently not intended, when the universe is spoken of as one of the "two ultimate units of existence" (p. 273).

But let us come to the main business of the book. "The Christian doctrine of God," we are told, "is not identical with any statement that has been made in a creed or put forth by an ecclesiastical authority" (p. 3). Neither is it identical with the general consensus of Christian belief. What is it, then? "It is a doctrine that is grounded in the Christian revelation, developed in history, and now restated once more after many times, in the presence of modern knowledge" (p. 4). This means that Dr Clarke proposes himself to put the best face he can upon the doctrine and bring it up to date. His main purpose is "not to prove, but to present it." To establish the existence of God, we are told, is quite contrary to the Christian idea (p. 56). Not *that* God is, but *what* God is, is the first point in the Christian doctrine.

What then is God? To begin with, he is a person, that is, "a conscious, intelligent, active, related being" (p. 64). By this is meant that "God is one person, and not more than one" (p. 237). He is not, as the Bishop of Birmingham said the other day, "a society of persons." On this point our author is very explicit. The doctrine of the Trinity is explained to mean "God, God in Christ, God in men; Father, Son, Spirit" (p. 46). Bishop Gore's doctrine is abandoned as a piece of antiquated metaphysics. "The one divine Person sustains an all-comprehensive relation to all existence that is not himself, and is absolutely competent to the fulfilling of that relation in all its forms. This is Monotheism, and this is the only possible theism" (p. 238). When the writer adds on the same page that "the doctrine of the Trinity is not destroyed but fulfilled," we feel that this venerable anachronism is now as dead as the law. "A person is a member of society" (p. 62). Who then are God's society? We and other created beings, not "the eternal living fellowship" of which Dr Gore speaks. It is admitted in passing that "infinite personality is often said to be a contradiction in terms" (p. 65). "But why," asks Dr Clarke, "claim that our personality must be typical?" (p. 66). The answer is plain—because we are the only persons of whom we know. Moreover, an infinite member of society would surely swamp the rest.

A person must have a character. What then is the character of this divine person? It is in brief perfect goodness, which is explained to mean perfect love, holiness, and wisdom. "There is no need to show that the existence of such a God is the most glorious and beneficent fact that could be proclaimed. The meaning of it is, that goodness lies back of all existence. Eternal goodness, loving in wisdom, is the source and fount of all. This is the Christian doctrine always held. As to what the doctrine

may imply, and how it should be unfolded, Christians have differed widely, but from the beginning till now all have held that God is the source of all and that he is the perfect goodness, love, and wisdom" (p. 133). Dr Clarke is right in saying that this is the Christian doctrine, and we admire his courage in saying it. It is a doctrine which the lay mind of the age can no longer accept. The clergy in upholding it are unconsciously doing mischief to religion which will however, we trust, right itself in spite of them. "Christianity," says Dr Clarke, "does not accept the dilemma that if God is love he is not almighty, and if he is almighty he is not love" (p. 461). But whether this dilemma be accepted or not, it is there all the same. Reams of rhetoric and of gush about God do not alter the ugly fact of evil, which is in flat contradiction to the doctrine of a perfect Creator. When then our author offers us the choice between Theism and Agnosticism, we unhesitatingly prefer the latter. For what is Agnosticism but extending into religion the highly proper principle of not pretending to know what you do not know? We do not even know whether we continue to exist after death; much less are we competent to pronounce upon the ultimate cause of all things. Our faculties do however enable us to detect a logical contradiction such as is involved in ascribing a world in which there is evil as well as good to a perfectly good source. Dr Clarke has succeeded in drawing a picture of God to which we feel no moral repugnance. But there is one most important attribute which he has omitted from the sketch, and that is the attribute of non-existence. Experience of the world does not lend the slightest plausibility to the theistic hypothesis as to its origin. Dr Clarke indeed himself is so conscious of this that he falls back in the end on "the venture of faith." He does not go so far as to say that we must believe contrary to the evidence, but he does say that we must go beyond the evidence. Now this we have no right to do. Moreover, the true interests of religion are not served by our doing so. If an intellectual contradiction is made inseparable from the idea of a good God, it must alienate the minds of thinking men from that idea. Dr Clarke makes very free with the Christian doctrine of God, wherever it conflicts with his own ideal, but he will have to make freer still before it can become acceptable to the present age. If we are to have a good God whom we can worship, he must not be a God who made the world, nor yet a God who is the world, but simply a God who is in the world. In this world there is good as well as evil. There is no contradiction, though there may be poetry and personification in supposing a Spirit of Good, which works in the souls of all men. That is the real object of our worship. Why should it not be avowed as such? Is it because it is deficient in power? Then let us, to the small extent of our abilities, lend strength to it by our adhesion. Within the world of man, which alone is our concern, every individual counts for something. As for the world outside man, that is wonderful, but it is not moral. It is pure irrelevance to talk of ethics to an earthquake.

ST GEORGE STOCK.

Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.—Part LVII., June 1909.
Maclehose.—Pp. 303.

THE momentous quest for objective proof of spirit return still proceeds. Between that considerable number of people who consider that they have had evidence enough already, and the vast multitude who pass scornfully on the other side, the S.P.R. still pursues its patient task of laboratory experiment. It has learnt, during twenty-seven years of study, to be on its guard against not only conscious fraud, but against fraud perpetrated by some non-moral subliminal part of the self, for which the respectable ordinary citizen, who is represented by the supraliminal mind, is not responsible. The avenue of information provided by the trance memory, if that be a different source, has to be guarded against also. Every word that has been written by a medium's hand in the past may remain somewhere hidden in her organism, though it is very unlikely that it does. Then thought transference from the sitter is a possibility almost impossible to guard against with theoretical completeness; for how can a sitter recognise a characteristic of the communicating spirit, if such it be, unless that characteristic is known to, is in the mind of, the sitter? We are hardly yet in a position to lay down the limits of free, immediate, and unlimited thought transference like this. The tendency of both Professor William James and Sir Oliver Lodge, who write most of the volume before us, is to press the telepathic hypothesis to breaking-point before they admit actual spirit return. Professor James is not sure that the particular batch of communications from "Richard Hodgson" which he here edits are by themselves enough to prove the spirit of R. H. to be present. But readers who remember the last chapter of his *Varieties of Religious Experience* will know that he is a believer, in what he calls a "crass" way, in spiritual entities. Sir Oliver Lodge's conclusion, in a matter of such delicacy, will be best given in his own words. "[These facts] tend to render certain the existence of some outside intelligence or control, distinct from the consciousness, and, as far as I can judge, from the subconsciousness also, of Mrs Piper or other medium. And they tend to render probable the working hypothesis on which I choose to proceed, that that version of the nature of the intelligences which they themselves present and favour is something like the truth. In other words, I feel that we are in secondary or tertiary touch—at least occasionally—with some stratum of the surviving personality of the individuals who are represented as sending messages."

Edmund Gurney, Henry Sidgwick (a little), and F. W. H. Myers, also purport to send communications through Mrs Piper, Mrs Thompson, and "Miss Rawson." Myers's began nine days after his death, and Hodgson's eight days after his: both in a confused though characteristic way. There is also a very convincing series of interviews with his family by the late Isaac C. Thompson (of Thompson and Capper, homœopathic chemists, Liverpool). Touches such as his preference of other forms of farewell to "good-bye," an ancient inherited peculiarity in Quaker families like his,

can hardly be due to anything but the man himself; though Mrs Piper, it is true, was acquainted with him in life; which weakens the evidence to severely critical minds. The advice to his son about the conduct of his business, and his natural way of making the acquaintance of Dr Hodgson, then living in Boston, his giving of his name before anyone had mentioned it, the intimacies of some private interviews unpublished, and all kinds of indefinable personal touches lead to a conviction of his presence, albeit based on actual proofs less rigid than one would desire. It is only by such study of a multitude of cases that conviction is gradually formed, and by further study maintained.

This part of the Proceedings is not about cross correspondences. Nevertheless, one may be traced in it. On the 8th May 1901, soon after 10 P.M., the Myers control of Mrs Thompson said, "The noise of you all calling makes me feel I cannot. Some one is calling me now." "Let me be at rest." "False things may creep in." And "Nelly," the control, describes how, just before, "some one came up and touched the stick" through which communication was being made, "and it all got confused." All this happened at Birmingham. Quite unknown to Mrs Thompson and her group, Mrs Verrall was communicating at Cambridge at the same hour on the same day, knowing nothing of the Birmingham sitting; and this is what she got from her "Myers." "Falsehood is never far away. What do you want with me. I cannot . . . no power, doing something else to-night. Desine. (Leave off.) Note hour." Then an initial representing Myers. It is difficult to account for this by thought transference from the sitters, or by the medium's trance memory.

Those who have accepted the spirit hypothesis as tenable, or tenable at present because covering ascertained facts, will find the chief interest of this volume in the light that it throws on the mechanism of mediumship. Permanent unbelievers may skip the rest of the paper. The spirit of the medium vacates, so it is stated, her body left in trance, and can be seen departing by the spirit controls. She comes back with regret and some discomfort, and utters during the process of awakening messages given to her by spirits as she re-enters her body. Two mediums are usually necessary. The one on the earth side has one who is in easy touch with her on the other side, and acts as the intermediary with other communicators. Thus Mrs Piper works generally with what appears to be an elderly clergyman named "Rector," Mrs Thompson with her daughter "Nelly," and so forth. Frequent communicators like Dr Hodgson learn, however, to speak or write themselves. The messages seem half unconscious—more like dreams of the dead at times. Henry Sidgwick, who, when he speaks directly, speaks with his familiar stammer, with his old intellectual hesitation asks Myers to convince him that he is really communicating, not having facts got out of him. Myers says that it is not his whole self talking. Isaac Thompson says "he may have said something: he certainly had it in his mind." Repetitions occur and irrelevancies, strange gaps in knowledge, difficulties in understanding—as indeed one would plentifully

expect. "Myers" says, through Mrs Thompson: "I have gone back from where I was that night. I could hear what she (the medium) was saying, and keep a check on it; but now I cannot hear what is being said: I can only think the things, and false things may creep in without my knowing it." When Isaac Thompson was trying with difficulty to communicate, George Pelham intervened and said, "He is trying very hard. Let him dream it out, Hodgson, and he will be all right." "Remember he has no one except yourself to attract him here" (*i.e.* through their common friendship with Sir Oliver Lodge). "Nelly" tells her mother that she must not think of Mr Myers so often; that her doing so woke him up when he needed to sleep and be quiet. If this be true its religious significance is obvious and far-reaching. "Nelly," speaking on Myers's behalf, is made to say this scientific but unchildlike sentence: "He says he is finding out how honest non-phenomena are to be accounted for." This means communications which are not really from the spirit they appear to come from. It is all very Myers-like.

If we are to accept Edmund Gurney's talk with "Miss Rawson" as what it purports to be (though it contains little of itself evidential), there are many hints to be sometime built up into a scheme of future human destiny. But there have been too many fantastic structures of this kind in the past to make us easily receptive.

Professor Pigou's criticism of spirit return, which concludes this part, is notable for its academic elaboration, and depends for its force on a rather shadowy parallel between known telepathic results and some of those apparently due to spirit return.

JOHN W. GRAHAM.

DALTON HALL, MANCHESTER.

The Gospel and Human Needs: Being the Hulsean Lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge, 1908-9; with Additions.—By John Neville Figgis, Litt. D., of the Community of the Resurrection.—Pp. xvi+193.—London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.

Ecclesia Discens: The Church's Lesson from the Age.—By the Rev. James H. F. Peile, M.A., Vicar of All Saints', Knightsbridge, and Canon of St Michael's, Coventry.—Pp. viii+303.—Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.

BOTH these books attempt what so many religious books fail of accomplishing, *viz.* to get at the realities of life. "Not long since a friend said to me"—thus does Dr Figgis begin his preface—"that miracles which had once been a support to faith were now a stumbling-block. I made the reply that that stage was at an end, and that once more they were becoming a help, were indeed of the essence of revelation. The following lectures are an attempt to explicate that dictum. For I begin to see that it is precisely that characteristic of miracles, which makes them so sore a

difficulty to minds with the bias of 'naturalism,' which endears them to men and women who are concerned rather with life than theories about life." Mr Peile states that the sermons and essays which make up his volume "have been chosen or written as bearing on the question which is implied in the title of the book—*Ecclesia Discens*; the Church which somehow seems to have lost the right and power to teach the world; and now has to learn from it, if nothing else, at least how to become its teacher again. In other words, I have tried to study the relation of Christianity to the intellectual and social revolutions which appear to be moving every day with increasing velocity about us."

Dr Figgis's eloquent and scholarly Hulsean Lectures are of absorbing interest, but unfortunately bear traces of having been hastily put together and insufficiently revised for publication. His quotations, too, which are numerous, are sometimes inaccurate, and do not agree with the text which is given in the notes at the end of the volume. However, these are only minor blemishes in a work which has the real literary flavour, and they can easily be removed in a later edition. The Hulsean Lectures are necessarily concerned with some form of apologetic, and in the present series the line which is taken is that of developing the conformity of the Christian religion to the needs of human nature. The four lectures are devoted to "Revelation," "Mystery," "The Historic Christ," and "Forgiveness," in each of which the main thought is that just indicated; and these are supplemented by four sermons on "A Plea for Other Worldliness," "The Need of Authority in the Church," "Not Peace but a Sword," and "Little Children."

Dr Figgis does not attempt to convince unbelievers, or those who are without the sense of sin. He insists very truly that only the sin-stricken feel the need of a Saviour, and he shows how all their need is met by Christianity with its historic founder and with its mysteries of atonement and sacraments. Of course all this is open to the inevitable objection that it is only human nature satisfying its cravings by creating a god in its own image. "Quand l'homme a touché le fond du malheur de vivre, il en revient à l'illusion divine; et l'origine de toutes les religions est là, l'homme faible et nu n'ayant pas la force de vivre sa misère terrestre sans l'éternel mensonge d'un paradis."¹ But this is no argument against experience, and it is to experience that the lecturer appeals. The real struggle, as he urges in the first lecture, is no longer with unbelief, but with other religions, which endeavour to contest the field with Christianity. Well, none other meets our needs as does this. It seems too good to be true?—"Credo quia impossibile." And with Tertullian's well-known paradox the last lecture ends.

Mr Peile was Bampton Lecturer in the year 1907, when his subject was "The Reproach of the Gospel," his handling of which theme attracted an unusual amount of favourable notice. This success he has followed up by the publication of the volume now before us, consisting

¹ Zola, *Lourdes*.

almost entirely of sermons and addresses, which are presented frankly and without disguise, and yet which the author, curiously enough, calls "chapters." The book is divided into two parts, the former entitled "Belief," the latter "Practice"; and in both we have the earnest thought and polished language of the scholar who speaks not merely from the knowledge of books, but from practical experience of life and its problems gained as schoolmaster and as parish priest. In the former capacity he writes with authority on "Religio Pueri," which he understands thoroughly. "We do not want emotional religion for our boys. We have all seen too much of the ready flood of tears, the passionate protestations of repentance and amendment so heartfelt, so fleeting. Only schoolmasters fully know, and this is not the place to enlarge on it, how strong and dangerous the emotional nature is during part of the school age. It seems odd in the light of popular conceptions, but what most boys need, for a time at least, is to be kept manly and wholesome and prosaic." He is able to speak on such subjects as "Law and Justice," "Politics," and "Patriotism," without party-spirit. (In this last sermon occurs the misprint of 1574 for 1572 as the date of the massacre of St Bartholomew.) But many readers will turn with most interest to what he has to say on "Modernism," with which he has much sympathy, though he is not blind to its dangers. "It is noticeable," as he acutely remarks, "that in France the movement has something of the violence of novelty, the outburst of pent-up forces after long repression. . . . The extreme negative position held by the Abbé Loisy on the historical value of the Synoptic Gospels stands in marked contrast to the careful and, on the whole, conservative conclusions of the most trustworthy scholars in Germany and the English-speaking countries of recent years. . . . It is not unreasonable to trace in his treatment of his documents the inevitable result of a cruel struggle for liberty of thought" (pp. 33, 34). There are many other points of interest, but here we must leave a strong, sane, and healthy book.

G. E. FRENCH.

WEST HATCH.

The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs. Translated from the Editor's Greek Text, and edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Indices, by R. H. Charles, D.Litt., D.D., Grinfield Lecturer on the Septuagint, Oxford; Fellow of the British Academy. London: Adam & Charles Black, 1908.

THE saying, "A prophet hath no honour save in his own country," though too often verified, is one to which there are some exceptions. Dr Charles has urgently insisted on the necessity of studying the late extra-canonical Jewish writings, if we would understand the New Testament, and his insistence has been rewarded by success. The texts and translations of texts which he and some other scholars have published, have convinced

students of the importance of the writings referred to; and in the case of the work now before us Dr Charles has, I believe, no occasion to be dissatisfied with the general tone, and with the verdict of the scholars who have reviewed it. Judged from his own point of view the work must be pronounced excellent.

The author himself has already introduced readers of this Journal to his researches in an article entitled "The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," which appeared in April 1905. I may, therefore, cultivate brevity without injury to the reading class in general, while special students will doubtless have seen some of the critical articles which have appeared in English and German magazines. Such students will also doubtless have access to the critical edition of the Greek text, with the supplementary evidence of the Armenian and Slavonic versions, and of the Hebrew and Aramaic fragments, published by the Clarendon Press at Oxford. I am delighted to add my judgment to the general consensus of scholars, that both in text and translation (with commentary) Dr Charles shows just those qualities which, for the special purpose of the work, are the most indispensable.

The labour involved in preparing this work, as well as the edition of the Greek text and the fragments referred to, has, I well know, been almost overwhelming. Nevertheless Dr Charles has had the prudence here and elsewhere to limit his range, at least to some extent. By his texts and translations he has made fresh contributions to the history of religion, and by his commentary he has brought his new or newly revised facts into relation with generally received facts and theories. It now devolves upon historians to make the best use of the whole body of facts, and I will indicate some of the directions in which future histories of Jewish and early Christian religion will probably be affected by publications like the present. I am not now speaking merely of histories of Jewish religious literature, but of the great and wide subject of the history of Jewish and Christian religion, and I take for granted Dr Charles's main views on the date and origin of the late writings (or the portions of them) referred to, and more particularly of 1 and 2 Enoch, the Ascension of Isaiah, the Book of Jubilees, and the Testaments.

1. As to the amount of originality in the New Testament, especially in sayings attributed to Jesus. No more interesting problem exists for the historian. The Testaments being a work of the second century B.C., Dr Charles assumes that where there is a parallel between it and something in the New Testament, the latter is reminiscent of the former. In pp. lxxviii-lxxxix of the Introduction a conspectus of these parallel passages is given. Those quoted first on forgiveness and on the two great commandments are of special interest, to which we may add the parallelism between John i. 9 ("the light which lighteth every man") and T. Levi. xiv. 4, and between 1 Tim. ii. 5 ("mediator between God and man") and T. Dan. vi. 2. I do not say that I entirely agree with the author, but it is not worth while to discuss the matter here. There is no doubt that the ethical

standard of the Testaments is a high one, and not only marks progress already made, but betokens a capacity of a further moral development; and even if wisdom and the law are still correlative (T. Levi. xiii.), yet this conception finds sufficiently definite expression in the Sermon on the Mount for us to be doubly cautious in estimating it.

2. Universalism. The great point here is that the writer of the Testaments cherishes a belief in the conversion of all nations to the One God; in other words, he looks to "the achievement of salvation through character rather than through outward ordinances" (p. 211). And this noble universalism (which appears also in the doctrine of Michael) is based on a true insight into the scope of the words, "God created man in his own image" (Gen. i. 27), which appears to be first quoted in T. Naphtali ii. 5 and Sirach xvii. 3. "Jubilees," on the other hand, teaches (xv. 31) that "over all (nations) hath He placed spirits in authority to lead them astray from Him"; there is therefore no hope for the Gentiles. And yet both books are nearly contemporary. To trace the two lines of development is the work of the historian.

3. The Messiah. In the Testaments as originally written the form of the Messiah-belief gives evidence of a complete mental revolution; the hopes of the early Pharisees centred themselves no longer on Judah, but on Levi. This strange phenomenon was due, of course, to the high character of the early Maccabees, and deserved perhaps a more prominent mention than it has received from Professor Bousset in his generally excellent *Geschichte des Judenthums* (2nd ed. p. 265). The facts and references are fully set forth by Dr Charles in his commentary on the Testaments (Introd., pp. xcvii, xcvi).

4. Angelology. Nothing perhaps is more important in connection with the Testaments than for a free-minded critical historian to throw fresh light on Michael and Beliar. The textual facts are duly given, and with the aid of Bousset historically treated, by Dr Charles, whose note on Beliar in his *Ascension of Isaiah* is learned and acute, though, I am afraid I must add, not entirely adequate or conclusive, so that the problems still need further illumination. Of Michael, Professor Bousset says (*Gesch.*, p. 376) that he is "the most prominent figure among the angels," also that "the origin of his name is unknown," and that "the Jewish names of the angels form an unsolved problem of the history of religion." Of Beliar, the same historical scholar says (p. 384) that a fresh stage in the development of dualism is marked by the appearance of a new and striking figure with a name of enigmatical meaning and origin—Beliar. That he is the monarch of the world of evil spirits is plain, and probably, according to Bousset, he was originally a god of the underworld, referring to a theory proposed in the *Encyclopædia Biblica* ("Belial"). It seems to me that a historian of Jewish religion ought to be able to go further than this, and I would gladly see some uncommitted English scholar, equipped with a knowledge of Dr Charles's texts and experienced in the use of critico-historical methods, venture on almost untried paths. Meantime I will briefly mention some

things which cannot be ignored by the English historian of Jewish and Jewish-Christian religion whom I have imagined, and which, if I am not mistaken, are needed in order completely to account for the Michael and Beliar of the Testaments.

First, then, it has, I believe, been proved by advanced textual criticism that the early Israelite religious tradition was, to adopt an expression from Tiele, monarchical polytheism. The early Israelites worshipped not only Yahweh or Yāhū, but deities called Yarham or Yerahme'el and Asherah or Ashtart. There were also, perhaps, other triads, but this triad was the most important, and its leading member was generally Yahweh. Yerahme'el, in fact, came to have, in relation to Yahweh, the same position that the Babylonian god Marduk had in relation to Ea, *i.e.* he was a mediator between the supreme God and his worshippers. But his name was not always preserved accurately, and cultured devotees of Yahweh were well pleased, by omission and transposition of letters, to produce for popular use the name Mal'ak, "messenger," and later on, in the post-exilic period, Mika'el ("who is like God?").

Between the age when Yerahme'el was converted into Mal'ak and the age when he was revered as Mika'el a momentous revolution had taken place in religious thought. There was no place in heaven for inferior Elohim; the inferior Elohim of an earlier age became in the first instance angels. And yet there are traces enough of the earlier stage; men could not entirely forget that the archangels had once ranked as divine beings. Read Daniel and the Apocalypse of John, and say if Mika'el is not very like a divinity; and when some of the later Jews sacrificed to Mika'el, does not this imply that they regarded him as divine? And the friendliness so characteristic of Michael, as the protector of the righteous of all nations against Beliar or Satan, does it not remind us of the kindness of Mal'ak-Yahweh to the unfortunate Hagar in the wilderness?

The evolution of Yerahme'el, however, was not confined to one direction. It seems that he was an older god than Yahweh, and that, to those who regarded him and not Yahweh as the supreme God, the sphere of his dominion was, not only earth and heaven, but the underworld. Even in the Old Testament there are probable traces of Yerahme'el as the Hebrew Pluto, and it would be extremely natural if by the time the Testaments were written Yerahme'el had become equivalent to the "evil inclination" in man, of which the later Jewish writers speak. As a matter of fact, however, it is not Yerahme'el but Beliar who comes to be virtually identified with the "evil inclination" (T. Asher, i. 8). What, then, is the meaning and origin of Beliar? For my part, I do not think that a textual critic can hesitate as to the origin of Beliar, or a historian of religion as to the way in which Beliar rose to his proud position in the spirit world. Both Beliar and Belchor (the form in Jubilees i. 20), to which we may add Belchirâ and the connected forms (at which Dr Charles is naturally perplexed), are, to the advanced textual critic, easy products of Yerahme'el, and even those imperfectly versed in criticism will recognise

that Beliar is simply an inversion of Iarbel (for which compare Arbel in Hos. x. 14 and the name distorted into Yerubbaal in Judg. vi. 32). And here again it is to cultured devotees of Yahweh, or by whatever other name they preferred to call the Most High God, that we must ascribe the transformation of Iarbel (*i.e.* Yerahme'el) into Beliar.

2. That Beliar was originally a god, no student can fail to perceive. He is identified with the Antichrist (symbolised by darkness); and if the Christ (symbolised by light) is divine, his opponent cannot be less than divine. Indeed, is he not called (Ascens. Is. i. 3) "the prince of this world and of his angels," and is not his seat in the firmament, and has he not at his beck and call seven spirits of deceit, just as God is ministered to by seven archangels? It is, no doubt, to inexperienced students rather surprising that the same divine name (Yerahme'el) should develop in two opposite directions. But nothing is more characteristic of religious names than their capacity of varied interpretation. Demons were once gods, but their degradation as demons does not prevent religious authorities from using the same name, carefully disguised, for angelic beings of quite opposite character.

The influence of North Arabian upon Israelitish religion may conceivably have been overrated. I do not say that it has been, but even taking this view, we must agree with Kittel that Yerahme'elite influence cannot safely be altogether denied. And it seemed to the present reviewer that the complete absence of a plausible and consistent account of the origin of Mika'el (Michael) and Beliar in the works of Kautzsch (Hastings, *Dict. Bible*, "Religion of Israel"), Bousset, Gunkel, etc., more than justified him in calling upon historians of religion to consider the new historical theory of the development of angelology, the "doctrine of angels" being so specially prominent in the Testaments now presented to us. It will be readily understood that much more might be said. There is a large accumulation of facts which, in an adequate review of Dr Charles's exegetical work as a whole, and Professor Bousset's partly parallel researches, would doubtless have to be referred to. The present notice cannot claim to be more than fragmentary, though it points out a new field of research, and so may, at least, supplement the earlier, and in some respects perhaps unsatisfying, reviews.

T. K. CHEYNE.

OXFORD.

The Decline and Fall of the Kingdom of Judah.—By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.D., D. Litt.—A. & C. Black.

THE title of this book hardly conveys the fact that it is Dr Cheyne's latest—one must not say, nor would one wish to say, final—pronouncement on that remarkable theory to which he has dedicated his later years, viz., the "Jerahmeel" or, as he prefers to call it, the "North Arabian" theory of the origins of Israel. The outlines of the theory are well known to readers of the *Hibbert Journal* from the articles on the subject and the discussions thereupon which have previously appeared in these pages, but

in this volume the author carries the theory farther than it has ever advanced before, and into a field which it has not hitherto occupied. In the first part of the book Dr Cheyne does not hesitate to test his theory by applying it to the last days of the kingdom of Judah—a period which stands, one might say, in the broad light of history. The second part of the work consists of an investigation on the lines of his theory of the two oldest of the three law-books of Israel, viz., the Book of the Covenant, and the (original) Book of Deuteronomy, and is of more special interest to students of the text and of Dr Cheyne's daring emendations.

It is the first part which will chiefly interest students of history, for in it we are intended to find the full and complete justification of the North Arabian theory. Here Dr Cheyne takes the bull by the horns and does all that even his ingenuity can do to commend the theory to the acceptance of scholars. If scholars hesitate to accept it, it is not the fault of Dr Cheyne, but the inherent improbabilities of the theory, and the violent alterations of the text which it involves, which are the cause of the hesitation. If it could be accepted here, where it lies open to the full light of history, it could be accepted in the earlier periods, where the same tests cannot be applied; but the manner in which its acceptance is invited is the most marvellous thing about it.

It is an axiom of the lower, or textual, criticism that the most difficult and most unlikely of two readings is probably correct, because copyists were not likely to substitute a difficult for an easy reading, but very likely to do the reverse; on the other hand, it is an axiom of history that the simplest theory which covers the facts and explains phenomena is probably correct, however fascinating a more complicated theory may be.

Now what are we to think of a theory which not only requires us to believe in the existence of three separate "Mizrim"—one in North Syria and another in North Arabia, in addition to the ancient and historical Mizrim or Mizraim, the land of Egypt—and two "Ashhur"—one in North Arabia, and the other the historical land of Assyria—but which also asks us to believe that there was a second city of Babel in the North Arabian Mizrim or Ashhur (for these two names cover the same country), the name of whose king is covered by that of the historical Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the historical Babylon, and that to this North Arabian king and kingdom is to be ascribed the conquest and destruction of Jerusalem? To state the problem in this form, which is perfectly fair to the book and its author, is surely to refute it!

As regards the name "Mizrim," or its equivalent "Mizraim" as it is read in the Massoretic text, there is a considerable body of evidence that it may have been applied in certain cases to "a tract in North Arabia extending perhaps as far south as Medina, and in the north probably as far as the better known Mizrim, *i.e.* the Nile Valley"; indeed Dr Cheyne avers that it is "admitted by all" that there are some inscriptional references (Assyrian, of the time of Sargon) to Muzri which cannot possibly mean either a North Syrian state or the land which we know as

Egypt; but if anyone will take the trouble to go carefully through the passages given on p. xli of the Introduction he will find it perfectly impossible to believe that in all these instances the word originally intended to designate the North Arabian land of Muzri or Mizrim should have been altered by the later scribes so as to be made to refer to Mizraim, Egypt, or, in the case of Ezek. xxvi., xxvii., xxix.-xxxii. to "Tzur," *i.e.* Tyre! That there was also a third or North Syrian Mizrim remains extremely doubtful, notwithstanding that Dr Cheyne says: "It is an irrefutable historical fact not dependent on 1 Kings x. 18, 2 Kings vii. 6, that there was a third Muzri in North Syria."

But all this combined with the parallels which Dr Cheyne gives of a confusion of kings in Hebrew narratives from earlier times does not make it probable that the later historians of Israel were mistaken in thinking that it was a king of Egypt who overcame Josiah at Megiddo, or that the conqueror of Jerusalem was Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon.

Indeed, it may be said that Dr Cheyne has become so obsessed by one idea that there is never a difficulty in the text but he flies at once to Jerahmeel, or its "equivalents" Ishmael, Ashhur or the like, to solve it. Thus the undoubtedly difficult phrase in the account of the death of Josiah, "he slew him in Megiddo when he had seen him," becomes "in Migdol" (Herodotus states that "Nekôs"—in spite of which we are not to believe that "Pharaoh-Neko" is correct, but are to think of a "Piru" who was a Mizrite king of North Arabia—"made war by land on the Syrians and defeated them in a pitched battle at Magdolon") "in Ashtar," which we are told means the region dedicated to the god Ashtar (the masc. of Ashtart), *i.e.*, Ashhur and Ashhur, one of the regional names of the North Arabian border-land.

This is typical of Dr Cheyne's textual criticism, of which multiplied instances might be given did space permit. Thus we are not surprised to be told that Mizrim and Ashhur are both "Jerahmeelite," nor to find that "Jerahmeel" or its equivalents turns up in all manner of unexpected places. Nor are we surprised to find Dr Cheyne bending all the efforts of his genius to prove that in the accounts of the conquest and destruction of Jerusalem, and in the corresponding prophetic passages (Zech. ii. 10; Jer. i. 14, vi. 1, 22, x. 22, xxv. 9, and iii. 18, xvi. 15), "the Old Testament witnesses to a North Arabian invasion and captivity," and that "it was some North Arabian king whose name, unless, indeed, it underlies 'Nebuchadnezzar,' has not been preserved," who invaded Judah and besieged and took Jerusalem!

Surely we cannot be accused of hypercriticism if we ask how it came about that the scribes, of whose methods Dr Cheyne professes a unique understanding, should have taken such infinite pains to make us believe that they were speaking of Egypt and Assyria and Babylon when they were all the time speaking of North Arabia and a kingdom of "Jerahmeel," whether designated Mizrim (Muzri), Ashhur, or Babel? How, again, comes it that they were also so careful to conceal the actual word "Jerahmeel"

under such an infinity of corruptions that most of them were never suspected until a scholar of the twentieth century pointed them out? The word "Jerahmeel" only occurs in one passage of the Old Testament (1 Chron. ii.); yet we are to believe that the Jerahmeelite kingdom played the most important part in the history and literature of Israel for centuries!

As examples of this we may take two passages which are quite eviscerated of all anthropological interest on Dr Cheyne's new principles of interpretation. The first is the celebrated eighth chapter of Ezekiel. Of this, commenting on v. 10, the author says: "The explanations of W. R. Smith, Toy, and Gunkel were hardly satisfactory. Neither clan totems nor Babylonian dragons can justifiably be found here. . . . It is only an enlarged experience of similarly corrupt passages elsewhere and *of the habits of the scribes*" (the italics are ours) "which can help us much here." And so the "original form of the text" is thus stated: "I entered and looked: and, behold, every form of abominations (=images), namely, all the idols of the house of Ishmael, graven in the wall round about." And Dr Cheyne characteristically adds the remark, "N. Arabian again"; i.e. Ishmael, so arbitrarily introduced, is ethnically equivalent to Jerahmeel. For myself, I am satisfied with the interpretation of the passage which I gave in my paper on "Animism and Totemism in the Old Testament" before the Congress of the History of Religions at Oxford last year, in which, after quoting Professor Toy, who says, "These probably represented forms of old Israelitish worship, but the connection suggests something mysterious, mystic cults, secret services, to which only the initiated were admitted," I continue, "They are, in fact, *mysteries*, like the Eleusinian mysteries in Greece, or like the *sacraments* of the Christian Church—called in Greek *μυστηρία*—only the initiated, i.e. the baptised, being admitted to the sacred feast of bread and wine, which themselves are the Body and Blood of Christ, and all alike, purified and refined though they may be, find their living significance and their mystic power only in ideas derived from the animism and totemism of primitive man."

The second passage or passages are in Deut. xiv. 21 and xxii. 5, 9–11, which, however obscure to the merely theological and textual critic, are full of light to the anthropologist. The first becomes, under Dr Cheyne's emendation, "Thou shalt not put on the garment of a Jerahmeelite woman," and is thus connected with the second, which becomes, "The garment of a Jerahmeelite shall not be upon a woman, neither shalt thou put on the garment of a woman that is an Ishmaelite," and both are connected with simulated changes of sex, connected with the cult of Ashtart. But both passages are perfectly explicable and natural on anthropological principles. Dr Frazer has explained the first, the prohibition "to seethe a kid in his mother's milk" (as he has also explained another passage which causes Dr Cheyne difficulty, Zeph. i. 9, the "leapers on the threshold"), in the volume of anthropological essays published in honour of Dr Tylor's seventy-fifth birthday; and the other, the prohibition of an exchange of garments between the sexes, is

explained by Mr Ernest Crawley in *The Mystic Rose*, and refers to a custom derived from the very same primitive principle which leads the coster and his female companion to exchange hats on Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday.

The third of these related passages (Deut. xxii. 9-11) is also easily explicable on the lines of primitive thought which it is the business of anthropology to unravel, but space forbids our dwelling further upon this. We cannot, however, forbear to give Dr Cheyne's emendation, as it displays so clearly the length to which unrestrained textual criticism is prepared to run. By altering no fewer than eight words in the text the passage becomes: "Thou shalt not espouse a Jerahmeelite woman lest thou consecrate to Jerahmeel thy seed which thou sowest and the produce thereof. Thou shalt not keep feasts in Shur (= Asshur) and in Jerahmeel. Thou shalt not clothe thee with the garment of a Shinarite woman in Mišsor of Pelishtim (Pelethim)."

While, however, we are dealing with changes in the text which, because they are conceived in the interests of a theory which itself is improbable, to say the least of it, must always appear arbitrary and void of likelihood, we must not omit to notice one passage which, by a splendid flash of insight, Dr Cheyne's genius renders not only full of meaning, but also of greatly increased interest. The passage is Jer. xxii. 18, where, in describing the degrading character of the end of Jehoiakim, the son of Josiah, King of Judah, the prophet exclaims, according to the received text, "They shall not lament for him, *saying*, Ah, my brother! or, Ah, sister! Ah, lord! or, Ah, his glory!" This has always been a puzzle to the ordinary commentator, and the difficulty has been felt from the time of the Septuagint translation, which omits two of the members of the four-fold litany of lamentation, and only has "Ὁ ἀδελφε" and "Οἱμοὶ κύριε," but here we unhesitatingly say that Dr Cheyne has found the key to the puzzle. Fixing his attention upon the word translated "Lord" which is *Adon*, and accepting Duhm's emendation of *Hodoh*, "his glory," into *Dodah*, but not accepting Duhm's translation "Aunt," Dr Cheyne finds that the two latter members of the litany refer to Adonis and his female counterpart Ashtart, for, as he says, "we can hardly doubt but that Dodah (beloved) is another name for the great Canaanitish and North Arabian goddess Ashtart." "Adon" or "Dod" is Tammuz or Adonis, and Dodah is Ashtart or Ishtar, the original male and female deities of Canaan and North Arabia. It then becomes clear that "Aḥi" and "Aḥoth" are no ordinary brother and sister, but the divine brother and sister mentioned in the later clauses, viz., Adon and Dodah. I prefer taking the words in this simple way to saying with Dr Cheyne that Aḥi and Aḥoth are "popular abbreviations of Ashḥur and Ashḥoreth." I agree with Dr Cheyne that in the time of the prophet the words of the formulæ derived from the ancient religion had ceased to have any definite significance and had become merely symbolic, suggesting the vague idea of an extremely bitter lamentation.

Here we must leave our criticisms and our appreciation of this very interesting and remarkable book.

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ALGIERS.

The Beginnings of Gospel Story: A Historico-Critical Inquiry into the Sources and Structure of the Gospel according to Mark, with expository notes upon the text, for English readers.—By B. W. Bacon, D.D., LL.D.—New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press, 1909.—Pp. xli + 238.

PROFESSOR BACON'S desire in this striking and attractive volume is to bring the historical criticism of Mark's gospel into the market-place, for the benefit of "the intelligent layman" who "will not be satisfied to be told such and such is the sacred writer's meaning. He demands an opinion on the question, Was it so, or was it not so?" It is always a service to faith and truth when some competent scholar undertakes to state in untechnical language and without mental reservations the answers which he conceives ought to be rendered to such inquiries, and Professor Bacon is to be congratulated heartily upon the completion of what seems to be the first part of a larger enterprise. The present volume prints the Revised Version of Mark (would not an independent translation have been more satisfactory?) with a running commentary, prefaced by a critical introduction. The general aim of the book resembles that of Professor Menzies's edition, though it has no Greek to deter the average reader. Paraphrases, by the way, are prefixed to every section. This is a special feature of Professor Bacon's edition, but I suspect the results will not shake the opinion of many just persons that paraphrases are a vanity.

One refreshing quality of the author's work is that it whets the reader's mind by its combination of independence and research. Professor Bacon neither fumbles nor stammers. He writes as a critic who knows his own mind, and he puts down with crispness and frankness the reasons for the faith or unbelief which is in him. In this respect his new volume will be stimulating and educative in the best sense of the term; it can hardly fail to set intelligent readers at work for themselves upon the problems of the gospel, and to familiarise them with the methods as well as with the results of historical criticism on the synoptic problem in general. Professor Bacon's results, it may be said, approximate to those of J. Weiss and Loisy¹ rather than to those of Bernhard Weiss. He dismisses, for example, the "legendary anecdotes about John Mark, which are merely supposititious traits in the life-story of the man traditionally reported to have been the writer of the first gospel" (p. xi.). But the wary reader will pull himself up at this point. He will want to know how Mark's name ever came to be associated with the gospel. If the evidence of Papias

¹ It is only fair to say that the remarkable agreement between Loisy and Bacon is due to independent research: the American scholar was only able to read the Frenchman's volumes after his own had been completed.

(or rather of his informant) is pure guess-work, what could have led the early church to have selected John Mark as the composer? It is true that the gospel of Mark is not a mere collection of Petrine reminiscences: it is not a gospel according to Peter. But is there sufficient internal evidence to justify us in throwing overboard the primitive tradition that the nucleus of the gospel rests on Mark's reproduction of Peter's addresses throughout the Christian mission? I doubt it. Mark must have had some connection with the Ur-Marcus. Otherwise, the whole thing is in the air.

The elimination of John Mark leaves the way clear for the attribution of "radical Paulinism"¹ to R, the anonymous editor of the gospel in 70-75 A.D. Here again I hardly feel that the evidence is valid, in spite of all that adherents of this theory, from Volkmar to Pfeiderer and Loisy, have urged. The "Paulinism" with which they operate is too arbitrary a factor in many cases; it is defined with over-precision and applied with too much looseness. The primitive church was much richer and simpler than the outcome of a mere antagonism between Jewish-Christian and Pauline parties; and while there are ample traces of the early apostolic age in the conceptions of Mark's gospel, they scarcely amount to a proof that the editor was a partisan of Paul. Schweitzer, Zimmermann, and B. Weiss are surely on a truer historical line in their protest against the tendency to read Pauline tenets into the second gospel. Professor Bacon seems to feel the force of this protest at one point. Thus, in his note on ix. 42 he observes that "the same indignant feeling towards those who take advantage of the weak appears in Rom. xiv. 13-23, but it is not merely Pauline." This is perfectly true, but it is probable that the same sound principle of criticism would evaporate a number of the other allusions to "Paulinism" which the author finds with real ingenuity throughout the gospel. Furthermore, if "Mark" is Pauline, how are the resurrection traditions so different? and why does Mark emphasise the proof from miracles, which Paul seems to have passed by?²

On two other matters I am disposed to dissent from Professor Bacon: one is the contention that Mark's gospel used the Logia or P-source; the other is the hypothesis that the gospel originally carried on the story of the faith down to the period covered by Acts. Both are plausibly argued, but neither seems to me to be a "result." However, there is no space here to enter into controversial details. Enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate the critical position and ability of this volume, as well as the impetus which its pages will supply to readers who bestow the requisite care upon them. It is a very welcome and timely contribution to the higher criticism of the gospels in English

JAMES MOFFATT.

BROUGHTY FERRY, N.B.

¹ At x. 45 Mark even "goes beyond Paul's careful use of language" (so at xiv. 24): his words sanction "the cruder conception of substitution."

² Professor Bacon, of course, notices these difficulties (pp. xxxiv f.), but he attempts to explain them by manipulating the sources which are presumed to underlie the gospel. The explanation does not sound particularly convincing.

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THE HIBBERT JOURNAL

FATHER TYRRELL: SOME MEMORIALS OF THE LAST TWELVE YEARS OF HIS LIFE.

BARON F. VON HÜGEL.

IT is amidst considerable difficulties that I attempt herewith to communicate some documents, and to make some comments, concerning the third, deeply agitated period of Father Tyrrell's life. For his immensely quick and varying Celtic temperament was very different from my slow, persistent Teutonic one; hence I did not often see him at play. He was too sensitively dependent upon the sympathy of his interlocutors ever to impress much in conversation; and his letters, with all their brilliant incisiveness, mostly expressed but one of his countless moods, so that, unless published in series, and read, conjointly with his books, by a generously sympathetic mind, they would tend rather to bewilder a stranger as to the fundamental bent of his character and ideas. Thus his works, written by so sincere and yet sensitive a mind, are the fullest expressions of his deliberate thought, and to these I cannot add. And then he was ever chivalrously anxious to save me from any responsibility for his more polemical writings and the more adventurous of his practical steps; and hence, in such cases, he would not show me the final draft—indeed, often he would not tell me what he was meditating—till after he had irrevocably committed himself.

Yet it is obvious how additionally odious, precisely because of this method of his, would be any trimming or diplomatic insincerity that I might now practise by the grave-side of my much-tried friend ; so that, if I speak at all, I cannot avoid speaking with some fulness of utterance and fearless accuracy about certain sides of current Catholic Church life with which he came into collision, and which broke his life. And lastly, deeply dear though he was to us his close friends, nobly disinterested, fearless to a fault, warmly affectionate, truly humble, and full, in his depths, of the specifically religious passion and instinct, yet he was indeed much of a hero, but not a saint, if by sanctity we mean faultlessness ; for he had his very obvious faults—a vehement temper and a considerable capacity for bitterness when writing. And these defects mingled with other nobler, indeed truly religious, motives in producing certain correspondences and quasi-alliances during some nine months before the last four of his life—things of which at the time, when asked by me, he revealed but little ; and yet these things, now that I know them fully, I shall not be able to ignore, and can at most explain and excuse.

And yet I have come to feel that there are still stronger reasons why I should speak. I am a layman, who, just because he speaks with no kind of official authority, can the more easily say simply what he knows. I am nine years my friend's senior, and to me he owed his initiation into German, Biblical criticism, and a good deal of the psychology and philosophy of religion. Thus I am not indeed responsible for this most independent mind's detailed conclusions, but I cannot well let him bear all the blame, where I did so much to stimulate his thought and knowledge. Again, he had been a Jesuit some seventeen years when first I knew him ; and I owe personally much to the Society, and continue my grateful admiration for their great founder and his imperishable spiritual exercises, their noble mystics, their magnificent missionary labours, and their virile historical critics, the Bollandists. I feel, too, most grateful to them for the check they put to the spread of Protestantism,

at the time of the Church's great need. Hence all along I hoped to see this delicate, deep spirit able, with conscience and dignity, to remain in the Order to whose spiritual training he owed so deep a debt, where he had so many friends, and in which he helped so many souls. Thus I can speak without any animus of this distressing severance. Then Father Tyrrell was ever a mystic; and I myself have found full religious peace only since deeply spiritual Catholic clerics helped me to understand and to assimilate the simpler elements of the great Catholic mystics. So we had a central requirement and help in common; and it was in this interior life that I ever longed to see his sorely harassed soul continuously find its fundamental peace. He doubtless revealed to other friends sides of his most rich character which I hardly knew and which will find portrayal in his biography, but I knew him probably as well as anyone, during these last years, in his deepest and most central life. And finally, Father Tyrrell was a Catholic—one, no doubt, terribly tried, owing to his nature, which specially required confidence, and a large circle of young souls to help, by the bitter hostility and the great isolation that encompassed his last years: one too who was specially strained by the double struggle and complexity that he found respectively within the minds of his fully awake contemporaries in general, and within the Roman Church in particular. The sciences of Biblical criticism and of the comparative history of religions, in their relation to faith, and the ever-increasing centralisation and absolutism of the Roman Catholic authority, in its relation to the individual conscience, spiritual and scientific: these two formidable sets of problems were ever with him. Is it not, then, a clear duty for me (a Catholic born and, I pray, a Catholic to live and to die) to speak out clearly concerning that which I know about my friend's Catholicism? I will then (mostly in his own words, extracted from his letters to me with his literary executor's kind leave) recount his chief troubles insights, strength and weaknesses; and I will conclude by attempting to describe what I take to be the abiding element

in his life's work and lesson. In all this I shall strive to avoid two extremes—either to make this tribute to my friend simply into an occasion for attack upon any man or any institution; or to shrink from saying frankly whatsoever may be strictly necessary for his justification or exculpation, wherever I conscientiously believe these to be possible.

The extracts appear in four sections. The first two cover nearly the entire last six years of Pope Leo XIII.'s life, September 1897–July 1903; the second section opening with January 1900 and the earliest of his troubles, which I lived through with him. The last two sections cover the first six years of Pope Pius X.'s reign, August 1903–July 1909; the third section concluding with Father Tyrrell's dismissal from the Order, February 1906. Scraps from my own letters and comments shall here and there elucidate the situation; living persons are referred to under fictitious initials.

I. *September 20, 1897—December 1899.*—It was I who began the correspondence, without ever having seen him, to thank him for the furtherance I had so abundantly found, in his *Nova et Vetera*, of “ideas and tendencies” which had “now, for so long, been part of my life's aims and combats.” He was then thirty-seven, and I was forty-five years of age. We first met on October 9, for one of many walks on Hampstead Heath; and promptly two matters drew me closely to him. His article “The Prospects of Reunion” was to me a breath of the “second spring,” with such declarations as: “That God gives a certain measure of Catholic truth to an individual Protestant, does not mean that He is necessarily going to carry the work to perfection”; and “if the Anglican movement never produced a single convert, it would nevertheless be the work of God, as far as it goes in the right direction.” And then I was soon noting, with deep admiration, his delicate help to a young mind and character specially dear to me. “It was,” he wrote, February 16, 1898, “your anxiety to secure a faith that would fear no facts and need no blinding,—

it was this that led you to emphasise the human side of the Church too exclusively, and to forget that the other side, which was so apparent to your own mind, had not yet seized hold of the younger mind with strength enough to make the former but as a cloud which passes before the sun." "Really independent thought is entrusted by God to the few for the sake of the many, not *in destructionem* but *in ædificationem*." He devotedly aided this soul for years and completely succeeded. Had he never done anything else, I should have to stand by him, at his best, through thick and thin.

Other letters and publications of 1908 continued along the same lines. On June 29 he writes: "One almost despairs of anything like widespread charity; for, after all, most men are small and short-sighted, almost by the constitution of their nature." And on December 31 I wrote: "I am deeply refreshed by your 'Hard Sayings.' It is like getting one's feet out of very tight boots into a warm foot-bath."

In 1899 the clouds begin to gather. On May 10 he asks me, whilst I am in Rome: "Who is the author of all this endeavour to make the shadow go back on the dial? Is Mazella [Cardinal, S.J.] so omnipotent? I confess I never felt my position so incongruous; but, after all, it is to the principles of an institution, not to their misapplication or denial, that one is pledged in joining it." And on July 23, "X" (a foreign Jesuit friend of his) seems troubled with the consciousness of being in a false position: "I have written explaining my *modus vivendi*, which is, that life forces us to make certain decisions more or less in the dark, which, once made, a man's martyrdom lies in standing loyally by the consequences, so long as conscience is not violated." And on October 8 I wrote of his article "The Relation of Theology to Devotion": "It is a deep encouragement to find you giving expression to the line of thought and living which alone brings me light and strength, and to find that you are let say these things in and by your Order." He was now busy with his *External Religion*.

II. *January 1900—July 1903.*—Three long, embittering controversies between Father Tyrrell and the central authorities of his Order, a long trouble with the Westminster Ordinary, and, abroad, ominous mutterings of the full storm's ever nearer approach, occupy a large part of these years. Yet, amidst exasperation, he manifests throughout his deep sense of the divine treasure hidden in the Roman Church.

The trouble over his article "A Perverted Devotion" (published in the *Weekly Register*) lasted from January to June 1900; he had the loyal support of the English Jesuit Province. "What a relief," he writes on February 11, "if one could conscientiously wash one's hands of the whole concern! but then there is that strange Man upon His cross, who drives one back again and again. My dominant conviction is that what Christ had to say to man is embedded in the Roman system, as gold in the ore; and, as I cannot sever them, I take them in the heap." The strange Man drove him back, even at the end: *Christianity at the Cross-Roads* is there to prove it. On March 10: "I am reading Lejeune's *Vie mystique*, but all this irritation throws me out of sympathy with what is the only satisfying side of religion. I try to see God in it all. Looked back upon, these crises are as natural as the sloughing of a snake's skin; at the time, they are as agonising as parturition." On June 6 he writes from Richmond, Yorkshire: "I am here on supply for a fortnight or so." (This honourable banishment lasted, in reality, up to December 1905; a fortnight of my summer holidays was spent there alongside of him in 1902, 1903, 1904.) He adds: "I expect ecclesiastical infallibility really means that we are infallibly right in betting upon the Church's winning, even though many a hare may seem to outrun the old tortoise for the present; and that all heresy arises from forgetting the organic oneness of her doctrine." On June 16 he exclaims: "How few there are who realise that God will call them to account for the light that is mingled with, but not overcome by, the darkness of the world in which it shines!" On Novem-

ber 12, referring to his Introduction and Notes to *The Testament of Ignatius Loyola*, he writes: "By 'Jesuitism' I do not mean Ignatianism" (S. Ignatius died A.D. 1566), "nor do I mean that the Jesuits are the only transgressors; but their influence is all abroad in the modern Church as an atmosphere. I believe it is an influence that crept in from outside, from the government notions prevalent in those countries where the Society first flourished; that these most un-Ignatian, illiberal principles were used, naturally, one may say, in the expansion of the Society's constitutions, and were thus, through S.J. influence, extended to the government of the Church. This is very clear in the additions of Claude Aquaviva" (1604). He kept his superiors frankly informed of his dispositions and his principles of procedure up to his leaving the Order.

In January 1901 appeared the Joint Pastoral of the English Catholic bishops, which, though occasioned by certain doctrinal excesses and errors of Dr Mivart, stretched the claims of official authority to the breaking-point. It declared that everything pertaining to the welfare of religion was the domain of the Episcopate exclusively; yet in the following September, Cardinal Vaughan felt himself compelled publicly to abandon the authenticity of St Edmund's relics, owing to the criticism of Protestant scholars. On February 20 Father Tyrrell had written to me that trouble had arisen through the unauthorised publication of a translation of a chapter from *External Religion* in the Liberal Catholic *Rassegna Nazionale*, but he added that all this "is a surface-storm, which leaves the depths of one's life untroubled." From January to April 1902 he sought in vain to secure an episcopal *imprimatur* for his *Oil and Wine*, although the Jesuit censors had passed the book.

On January 3, 1902, the *Tablet* announced the constitution of the "Pontifical Biblical Commission" as composed of twelve members; in Rome at the time, I knew well how respectable was the learning and sincerity of at least the large majority of these scholars. In November appeared M. Loisy's *L'Evangile et l'Eglise*, and this, together with Johannes Weiss's book,

The Preaching of Jesus concerning the Kingdom of God, occupied much of our correspondence, to the end. "Weiss's book," he writes, December 5, "impressed me profoundly. We get our food in blocks. Now and then the block is so tough and big that one's courage is, for the moment, baulked; but I am trying to assimilate it, though it should cost me every tooth in my jaw." He adds: "I don't think you understand how absolutely, indeed culpably, little I have ever cared about my own present or future peace, except as a condition of helpfulness to others." We who had the honour to stand close to him, during all these strenuous years, know well how sincere and true was this gleam of self-revelation.

Up to the end of this section of his life, his studies and tendencies, and the strongly contrasted trend of the Church government, continue and grow in definiteness. For in January 1903 Cardinal Richard condemns *L'Evangile et l'Eglise*; and in February the Biblical Commission gets enlarged to forty members, only a small minority of the new members being Biblical specialists at all. And he writes, January 11: "The question of the relation of Christianity to other religions is just the *whole* question. . . . Had they (the theologians) done their duty by truth steadily from the first, adjustments would have been made insensibly which would have saved us these revolutionary changes of posture." On February 14: "In one thing do I fancy I have the advantage of you—in my sense of the absolute inelasticity of the present 'official' theology. It has run itself into a corner in a manner that forbids us to draw parallels from past concessions." And on March 22 he confesses: "None knows better than I how hard it is, when pinched, not to use the sting that God has given me, not for nothing. Still, my better judgment tells me that it is not the more excellent way."

III. *August 3, 1903—mid-February 1906.*—The accession of Pius X. rapidly brought on the bursting of the storm, although the tempest's full height was not reached till 1907.

In October 1903 appeared M. Loisy's *Autour d'un petit Livre*, and his great commentary *Le Quatrième Evangile*. On October 12 Father Tyrrell notes, in the Pope's first Encyclical, the "dichotomy of light and darkness, church and world; all right on the one side, all wrong on the other." At the end of November, publication of his *Lex Orandi*, the last of his books bearing the *Imprimatur*. And on Christmas Day appeared the condemnation, by the Congregations of the Index and the Holy Office, of M. Loisy's *L'Evangile et l'Eglise*, *Autour d'un petit Livre*, *Le Quatrième Evangile*, and two shorter works,

1904 is filled, at first, with M. Loisy's troubles, and, throughout, with Father Tyrrell's. For M. Loisy, after Rome's rejection of three successive forms of submission and non-acknowledgment of the fourth declaration, abandoned in March his Sorbonne lecturership, and retired to live in the country.

And from January onwards Father Tyrrell circulated, amongst those who appeared to require such a medicine-food, his anonymous *Letter to a Professor of Anthropology*, a brochure which was destined to bring him the second-greatest of his trials; in January, February appeared or were simply printed his articles *Semper Eadem*, that caused much, largely understandable, commotion; and at the end of August and beginning of September he addressed a request to be secularised, and a full statement of his views concerning the official ideas and policy of the Order, to the General. As to our correspondence, he wrote on January 27: "It seems fairly clear to me that Loisy should stick fast to his distinction of the religious and scientific spheres; for this is the substance of the cause for which he stands." On April 30 I wrote that I had a hard fight within myself against cynicism and a ready credence of anti-clerical legends; and May 2 he answers: "I have no sympathy with virulent anti-clericalism and scandal-mongering, but I feel more and more, with Lord Acton, that the *principle* of Ultramontanism is profoundly immoral and unchristian." On September 20 he writes that the General has

acknowledged the receipt of his statement, but that, though he does not like it, he says nothing about taking any steps for his, Father Tyrrell's, secularisation. On October 11: "I do not see how I could with self-respect have done *less* than I have done. I am resolute that there shall be no sign of bitterness or of ungenerosity. I have numberless dear Jesuit friends whose least hair I would not harm."

Throughout 1905 the negotiations for his leaving the Order and finding a bishop to receive him proceeded slowly, with difficulties, but with little or no bitterness on either side. On June 12 I wrote: "In yourself, I only sporadically feel an anti-metaphysical bias. I do not wish that you should become the exponent of some trenchant anti-*this* or anti-*that*." And: "You are a German brain, an Irish heart; a most fruitful but costly and adventurous combination." He answered, June 26: "All you say of the danger of engrossment in mere anti-theses echoes my deepest conscience and inclination. My heart's desire is to get leisure for a purely religious treatment of the *Oratio Dominica*." "I am more pleased with the German brain you have given me than with the Irish heart. Still, a moderate dash of the devil is good in a way—if the devil could be moderate. But I am rather weary of driving tandem, now that I have got to the downhill slope." On October 9 I still urge reasons for his trying to remain a Jesuit; on the 16th he writes: "The Provincial's letter is not unkind"; and on November 19: "I will make *great* sacrifices to avoid drastic steps; but self-respect must not suffer. The short-sighted fear of scandal has been and is the curse of the Church."

He left Richmond for good at the end of December 1905; but he still writes, January 8, 1906, from Tintagel, Cornwall: "Possibly the result" of all the negotiations "may be that I stay. Personally, I hope so; but if I go, it is more respectable to be sent out for my principles, than to go out. Much and deeply as I shall feel the privations of suspension (and few realise how much), it is a less commonplace issue than

‘secularisation.’” But mid-January brought his troubles with the General of his Order to a head, by the appearance, in the *Corriere della Sera*, of an unauthorised Italian translation of part of his *Letter to a Professor of Anthropology*, with the divulgation of the letter’s authorship. The explanations and apologies proposed by Father Tyrrell were not considered sufficient; and on February 17 he announced the receipt of a letter from his Provincial saying that dismissalal letters had arrived for him from Rome. And on February 20 the *Daily Chronicle* published a dignified letter from Father Tyrrell, saying: “The conflict, such as it is, is one of opinion and tendencies, not of persons; it is the result of mental and moral necessities created by the antitheses with which the Church is wrestling in this period of transition.” Yet though, as he truly said, his “Jesuit and pro-Jesuit friends” were “very many and very dear,” two stern facts now faced him—he was outside his former Order, and he was still without a bishop to give him an ecclesiastical *status* and a *celebret*. He was destined never to regain these valuable privileges.

IV. *March 1906—July 1909.*—Up to November 1906 he was mostly in Germany and France; and during April and May he stayed for the first time at Clapham and at Storrington. On March 18 he writes of certain young Liberal Catholics he was meeting: “I feel that this is only a counter-fanaticism; *non habet radicem*.” “Archbishop Z. holds out a vague hope of aggregation to his diocese. I should be very, very glad; for I suffer from nostalgia of the altar rather badly.” In April, M. Paul Viollet’s two moderate brochures on Papal Infallibility were put upon the Index; and Father Tyrrell published his *Lex Credendi*. On July 9 I learnt that Cardinal Ferrata’s conditions for the restoration of the *celebret* included an undertaking “not to hold epistolary correspondence without the previous approbation of a competent person designated by the bishop,” and that he, Father Tyrrell, had refused to accept this condition. “I will not,” he added, “ask

my nearest friend to share the responsibility of an action that must be all my own." But indeed, understanding this clause of ordinary correspondence, even though on religious topics (and Rome let us repeatedly express this interpretation, without any correction, for months to come), I was and am unable to see how he could have acted otherwise. On September 3 he wrote: "I confess the lack of 'institutional helps' is very bad," but "it makes one realise how lop-sided religion is without them. It has made me reconsider most seriously the possibilities of Anglicanism, but with the usual negative conclusion." September brought the Bull of Pius X. declaring that the Italian Jesuits had insufficient power; and November saw the publication of *A Much-abused Letter*, in which the magnanimity of the new matter towards his former *confrères* was, I know, recognised by members of the Society.

1907 brought the culmination of our troubles. In May Cardinals Steinhuber, S.J., and Ferrari censure and prohibit *Il Rinnovamento* in the Pope's name, and excommunicate the editors. On July 17 the Holy Office's decree *Lamentabili Sane* condemns sixty-five propositions, mostly of a directly historico-critical kind. At about the same date the valiant Lyons weekly *Demain* stops issue; and the *Correspondenza Romana*, abusive and unscrupulous, becomes a power, as the organ of the dominant party in the Vatican. And on September 16 appears the Pope's encyclical *Pascendi Dominici Gregis* against "modernism."

Father Tyrrell had, from December 23, 1906, onwards, been writing to me in his most balanced vein. On that date he wrote: "Between us of the ecclesiastical left a line of cleavage is becoming more marked every day, analogous to that which divided Erasmus from Luther. The former is, in the deepest sense, conservative." On May 15: "It is only in and through the human mind that God speaks to us; but this in no way implies that there is not infinitely *more* behind all He can possibly utter to us." And on July 31: "Distinguish faith from orthodoxy, revelation from theology, cultus from

culture; and it is plain that the distinction between eso- and exoteric holds, in each case, for the latter and not for the former." I was one of those who keenly hoped and wished that he might regain his *celebret* without derogation to his manhood.

It was, doubtless, the premature announcement, in an Italian paper, of his having finally accepted and submitted, together with his most sincere and profound antagonism, to certain contentions and methods of the two latest Roman pronouncements, which conjointly led him, with lightning swiftness, to conceive himself as purposely silenced at the very moment when someone *must* speak out, and to foresee that his distinctly limited acceptance would promptly be proclaimed as an unlimited submission. I was abroad from August 1 to September 28. On September 30 he draws my attention to his first *Times* letter, published that day, and adds: "In the *celebret* affair, my cousin approves all I have done. Only one person will approve of all I have done in other matters, and even that, *cum grano*, i.e. G. T." On September 26 had appeared a parallel, but more vehement, signed letter in the *Giornale d' Italia*, and on October 1 appeared his second *Times* letter.

On October 1 I reported that some Liberal Catholic young men, in two centres, had been hurt by his tone towards the Pope's person, though one of them writes that the (Italian) letter "is full of sacred truths"; and he replied: "I am flesh and blood, and it was necessary to act swiftly, before that coolness had supervened in which alone I am ever conscious of acerbity. I felt that nothing but a shock of some kind would tell at Rome." Various talks I then had with him showed me plainly the root-causes of his anger. These were, as to *Lamentabili*, its continuous assumption, indeed insistence, that official theologians have, as such, a direct *magisterium* over historical science, and the manner in which absolute interior assent was being expected of scholars concerning condemnations to which the condemning authorities did not bind themselves for good and all. And, as to *Pascendi*, his

anger arose from its apparent contempt for mysticism and all the dim, inchoate gropings after God ; its wholesale imputation of bad motives to respectable, hard-working scholars and thinkers ; and its disciplinary enactments. It was these last two characteristics and sections that he felt unable not to attribute to the Pope personally ; hence his tone towards the Pontiff. I must confess that I could not discover how to defend these five peculiarities ; especially did I find that the more one attempted to palliate the disciplinary enactments, the more sure one was, at least amongst free peoples and amongst men of liberal education, to arouse prompt anger and contempt for Church officials.

The *Correspondenza Romana* promptly published a careful *ex parte* selection from Father Tyrrell's long correspondence with Rome about the *celebret*, and thereby profoundly angered Father Tyrrell and his friends. But I wrote, October 21 : " I continue to feel it of extreme importance that you should not fly on, but should circle round your friends who, with limits and poverties innumerable, love you and sacrifice themselves for you."

On October 22 the Bishop of Southwark received from the Pope's Secretary of State the intimation that Father Tyrrell was, in consequence of his letters to the *Times*, debarred from the sacraments, and that his case was reserved to Rome. On October 28 Father Tyrrell addressed a dignified letter to the bishop for transmission to Rome.

On November 27 a Papal *Motu Proprio* declared all decisions, past and future, of the Biblical Commission to be as binding upon the conscience as decrees of the Roman Congregations ; and all who wrote or spoke in criticism of the last two Papal acts as *ipso facto* excommunicate. And in January M. Loisy published his two elaborate volumes *Les Evangiles Synoptiques* and the little book *Simple Reflexions* on the Papal pronouncements. On March 7 the Major Excommunication was inflicted upon the Abbé.

On March 18 Father Tyrrell writes : " Looking back, our mistake has been our zeal to help the disturbed intelligence of

the minority to hold on to the Church. Our 'syntheses' raised *theological* difficulties, in solving *historical*; and the officials have fastened on the former and have ignored the latter." "*L'Evangile et l'Eglise* and *Lex Orandi* were written for needs that Rome has never felt."

In mid-July he published *Mediævalism*, containing, I think, amidst noble pages, some distinctly excessive paragraphs. From August 24 to October 18 we were jointly interested in the pathetic case of a young priest of the Southwark diocese who, with a spotless moral and pastoral record, was delated by a senior *confrère*, for remarks made in friendly oral discussions with his brother priests alone, and who, though prepared to sign all the Definitions of the Church, was suspended and dismissed—all, I sadly fear, in strictest conformity with the present ecclesiastical system.

Is there, then, much wonder if, after all these and many another trial passed over here, Father Tyrrell's tone became violently anti-Roman, with but few breaks, from June 1908 to the end of February 1909? I do not think, *e.g.*, that he realised how little a certain Italian Jesuit who now, under grave provocation, was becoming vehemently anti-papal and soon left for an acutely Protestant body, was capable of really understanding his breadth and profundity of mind. On September 9, 1907, I wrote: "He will be increasingly confirmed in a critically quite untenable view of the Bible, institutional religion, etc. Now I, for one, will not, even indirectly, undo the work of the liberal scholar-Christians from Erasmus back to Clement, and from Erasmus down to Loisy" at his best. On October 18 he wrote: "Is it possible to deny that the Roman Court has exploited the Primacy to the destruction of Western Catholicism?" On December 3 I wrote that a High Anglican clerical friend had asked me whether he might deny rumours (of which I had heard before only once, six months before) that he was certainly joining Dr Matthew's Old Catholic Church; and how I had answered that "almost any amount of resentment would be understandable in your

case," but that "I was confident you had no real intention of joining, or of helping to form, any other religious body." On December 4 he answered: "There is no smoke without fire; I have expressed a great interest in the understanding between Anglicans and Old Catholics. Is it possible that you can deny that, *as against Rome*, the Old Catholics are in the right?" "You are wrong in supposing that Rome would rejoice if I joined the Old Catholics. No, she would *dread that*, and so I don't mind these rumours." I answered, December 7: "In *Mediævalism* you defended the interpretableness of the Vatican Decrees in the sense we wish. If Rome to-morrow showed any *real* sign of conciliation, you would feel this, acutely, again. I cannot but persist in thinking still, what you yourself said so well" quite recently.

On March 6, 1909, Father Tyrrell writes with shaky hand: "I am to be up to-morrow (Sunday), and I hope out and about on Monday. It was but a chill, combined with one of my 'migraines.' But I am to be tied to a régime for eight or nine months, to get ahead of my over-supply of uric acid." He had been working hard for three months, and now resumed working hard for another three, at his last, certainly the deepest and most characteristic of his books, *Christianity at the Cross-Roads*. A marked change of tone from that early March letter onwards to his death, now came over him as to Rome, Anglicanism, Old Catholics; although I well know how strenuous he remained, up to the end, against all *unlimited* submissions and against any act of his being allowed to be construed as such a submission. On March 28 he wrote: "You see, X" (a young Anglican) "is just groping after what you have found. It is a poetical, mystical, decidedly intelligent mind, and of course hankers after Rome of the saints and mystics, and is repelled by Rome of the theologians and curialists. I think that you could direct his reading." On April 7: "But few of our apparent allies have really grasped or believed in the Modernist position. They do not believe that Modernity has anything to learn from the

Church, but only that the Church has everything to learn from Modernity." "What I call the 'doorstep' programme—which is my own—might be advisable for individuals of heroic personality. I cannot say that I have found it spiritually beneficial in my own case; nor could I ever conscientiously advise it to any ordinary mortal." And on April 9: "I think it is time for us to give up bidding for Anglican sympathy."

I stayed with him at Storrington, May 12 to 17; and he came and walked with me in Kensington Gardens on June 18 and 28. I found him increasingly in the dispositions that the previous months had indicated. All except smart curialist or anti-curialist controversialists will find this touching *homing* flight of a spirit, so great because so incurably spiritual, so heroic and, at its best, so amazingly far-sighted, in this his last book, and will admit that it proves convincingly, amidst whatsoever excesses or errors, how deep unto the end was the Catholic temper of his soul.

I was by his slow death-bed, July 9 to 19, only to realise, from the first, his impaired articulation, his apparent inability to understand, and the evidently acute sufferings in his head, all following upon his sudden paralytic seizure of July 5, and the whole indicating the last stage of Bright's disease. Yet he seemed thoroughly glad to have us, his old friends, about him, and especially to receive the last rites of the Church. We could indeed feel sure that (with the reservation which, when asked, we felt bound to explain before he received the sacraments, and promptly to publish after his death) there existed no man more ready to feel and to express deep contrition for all his sins and failings, moral and doctrinal, or who more keenly hungered for the sacramental gifts of the Church.

In looking back upon Father Tyrrell's life and character, all those who knew him well must have been impressed by a most rare combination of gifts, which, I think, was the fundamental cause of three great services to religion. As to the combination, there was, on the other hand, his deep

religiousness and delicate spirituality. I have known hundreds of clerics and of laymen of various countries, but I have only found three or four individuals who, in this respect, equalled, and no one who, in this, surpassed him. It is this rare spiritual instinct that speaks so powerfully out of all his books, from the first to the last. The æsthetic sense, the scientific interest, the political bent, the moral law, he understood them all; yet in religion alone, as specifically distinct from all else, did he ever find full peace and his real self. Yet, unlike most religionists, he was keenly awake to the obligations of religion to respect, sympathise with, ever learn from, and gently to purify those other worlds and their specific immanental rights and duties. In his intentions and instincts a Christian and a priest to his finger-tips, he had thus, of necessity, much to strain and to distract him. It is only if we take him thus, at his deepest and widest, that we can understand the deeply experimental character of his best work, and can be just to his labours, faults, and limitations.

Thus, in Theism, we find him, at times, like the Areopagite, so insistent upon the utter Transcendence of God, as apparently to reduce all our concepts of, and approaches to, Him to an equal worthlessness. And, in another mood, God's Immanence becomes so over-emphasised, that we get something like an *Anima mundi* or an *Anima animarum* conception. Yet both these excesses sprang doubtless, primarily, from the keenness with which he realised God's immense otherness, and yet His unspeakable closeness to us. And his persistent distinction between revelation and theology seems, even in purely theistic questions, to be assured, in its substance, of an abiding acceptance by that growing number of souls who cannot but live at both these levels of reality, and thus ever experience their difference from, and yet need of, each other.

At the other end of the complete religious problem, in questions of Church authority, his abiding service appears to be as follows. There was his ever strong insistence upon religion's social, organised, externally authoritative side as

continually present and necessary, and as, in all its legitimate degrees and kinds, coming from God and leading to Him. Yet this authority works ever in and through men, for other fellow-men, and, in process of its delegation from God to man, it remains, indeed, divinely ordained and blessed, but not absolute or unlimited. All legitimate authority claimed at first to be absolute, because it came from God; but the father of a family has long ceased to hold the life and death of his child in his hands, and the most legitimate head of any modern state no longer proclaims himself, "L'état c'est moi." The Church and her earthly Head doubtless represent the divine authority in ways distinct from those just mentioned. Yet here again the authority, though derived from the infinite God, cannot be treated as itself infinite, cannot ignore or transgress the rights of science, of the individual conscience, of the state, or of the other, though lowlier, constituents of the visible Church, bishops, priests, laity, without producing widespread insincerity and oppression, or revolt and open bitterness. In either case, the true object of all authority is stultified. Now, Father Tyrrell found only one institution clinging, ever increasingly, to unlimited authority; and he held, with passionate sincerity, that the absoluteness of the Papal power had now become the greatest obstacle to the spread and full beneficence of Catholicism amongst the civilised nations of the world. I deeply regret his advances to the Old Catholics. I am clear too that, irritated by his long sufferings, he was at times unfair to the Popes' action in the past. Yet his deepest motive was doubtless here also the love of souls, and the wish to find some efficacious means of limiting an authority which, when exercised as it were *in vacuo*, becomes a formidable impediment to the individual's growth to spiritual manhood. In substance he was maintaining, as to the Popes' powers, nothing but what Cardinal Bellarmine, the greatest of the anti-Protestant theologians, and what Cardinal Newman, so emphatically a lover of authority, teach concerning conscience and the Pope—the

latter in his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, backed by countless theologians, saints, and councils. And if it be really true that the Jesuit order is officially pledged to a purely absolutist Papacy, and that the Vatican Decrees require, *prima facie*, such a conception, one does not see how not to admire our friend, if he gave his very life for a modification in this respect of the Order, and for such an interpretation of those Decrees as would recognise a certain real autonomy in the other authorities and influences in and without the Church.

Yet it is perhaps, after all, the intermediate problem—all the delicate, difficult questions concerning Christ and Christianity—which, by his last book, he has the most profoundly stated and advanced. For here he was not, it is true, a specialist critical historian; the eschatological conception of our Lord's teaching advocated there will doubtless (as happens especially in a science dealing with so inexhaustible a subject as the Gospel history) sooner or later require serious modification in its quality or quantity; the book is distinctly not for the comfortable many but for the troubled few; and it bears some marks of incompleteness, at least as to its revision, and has some passages which may easily give more pain than help. Yet his sincerity and courage are splendidly tonic throughout; the eschatological side to Christ's teaching is most real and important, and demands to be driven home; and, above all, the pages are suffused throughout by a spiritual austerity and pleading creatureliness, and by a keen sense of the closeness and continuity between our Lord's preaching, precisely where it is now liable to sound strange and difficult to us all, and the Catholic Church's practice, temper, and teaching down to our times. Never was there a less "liberal" book, if by "liberal" be meant any weakening of the sense of the transcendency of God, and of religion as essentially neither science nor even ethics, but the hunger for and certainty of God, a super-earthly, future life, and Christ, God with us.

FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL.

GEORGE TYRRELL.

A FRIEND'S IMPRESSIONS.

THE REV. CHARLES E. OSBORNE, M.A.,

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FATHER TYRRELL was an Irishman. No doubt, as a relative of his recently remarked, there is no proof in regard to him of any trace of Celtic descent. Yet an Irishman he was in every fibre of his nature, with Irish wit, esprit, impulsiveness, and large-hearted generosity of temper and of affections. Like another distinguished Irishman, Edmund Burke, the judicial and the enthusiastic types of character seemed at times to contend within him, or else to blend with one another in a most powerful and attractive unity. He had the Irish fire and glow, the surge of the soul, without the tendency to waste mental energy in a turmoil of words which is so often the defect of the qualities of Ireland's sons. Celt or not, however, he was as Celtic in the tenderness of his heart and the subtle grace of his imagination as he was non-Celtic in his power of mental detachment and of seeing a problem all round, as far at least as such vision is possible for man amid the baffling half-lights of our limited capacities of intuition or of reason.

George Tyrrell grew up as a boy in Dublin, amid surroundings but little adapted to afford a congenial environment for his characteristic energies, and to supply the stimulus of opportunity to his critical and adventurous spirit. Not that the Dublin of 1861 and of the period closely following was in any sense a centre of dullness. Philistinism, "was uns

Alle bändigt, das Gemeine," does not reign oppressively in the Irish capital. The atmosphere of Irish sentiment and Irish gaiety is unmistakable, whether this be partly caused by Gaelic blood or by Catholic religion. The real tragedy of Ireland has not consisted in any unresponsiveness of her people to the challenge of ideas, or in any inaccessibility to their influence.

In regard to religion, however—for it was with that central subject that the intellect, or rather the whole nature, of the youth, George Tyrrell, came keenly to concern itself—in the Dublin of that time, as indeed in Ireland generally, everyone belonged, and as a rule still belongs, to either of two opposing camps—the "Catholic" or the "Protestant." Certain circumstances have powerfully tended in the England of recent years to take the edge off the fierce Puritan and anti-Catholic sentiment once so prevalent. The first of these is the wide extension through the length and breadth of the modern Church of England of the ideals and influence of the Oxford Movement. The second is the existence of a widespread mass of indifference to all organised religion, especially among the working classes in great centres of population.

This indifference acts as a sort of substantial buffer-state between "the fell incensed points" of Puritan and Catholic. Neither of these mitigating considerations was present, however, in the Ireland of Tyrrell's youth. Hence there was no bridge across the chasm which separated the mutually repellent creeds.

It was on a country walk towards the fair hills which form the picturesque background of Dublin on its inland side that Tyrrell told the present writer that he had resolved to cast in his lot with the Roman Catholic Church. Argument on the other side ensued, but it was unlikely that at such a crisis in his life's history a young idealist could be expected to weigh carefully all that could be said against his act of sacrifice. Such balancing belongs, as a rule, to later years, and to brains less dominated by youth's narrow logic and mental passion.

We believe that one thing in Ireland which powerfully attracted Tyrrell, among more exclusively intellectual considerations, to the Church of his adoption was the adaptability of the latter to the spiritual life of the multitude. It was this which made so unecclesiastical a thinker as Matthew Arnold have a tender feeling for the Roman Catholic Communion, in spite of the tendency of the latter to reduce to ashes the too busy brains of heterodox philosophers. "She has been," he wrote, "in the past at least the Church of the people." George Tyrrell's secession from the Protestant garrison to the opposing Catholic camp needed a good deal of quiet and lonely courage, which in his noble nature was the natural accompaniment of a clearly discerned conviction. We may note that Tyrrell was a member of a well-connected, but not (in his part of it at least) wealthy family. He grew up in an atmosphere of plain living and high thinking. The circumstances of his early life, like those of the late Archbishop Temple's, served, by the discipline of a frugal and strenuous mode of existence, to lay the foundations of that simplicity, self-control, and stewardship of time and of all other resources which made him in his later years like some noble scholar and teacher of the type of Colet or Erasmus.

But this strenuous note was not the sole characteristic of Tyrrell's life and character at any period. The gift of humour which he possessed in so remarkable a degree, and which made him the most laughter-provoking alike of boys and of men, and his impatience with all posing and unnaturalness, saved him, in what he called afterwards his days of "crude reaction from chaos into an extreme sort of ecclesiasticism," from becoming merely an intellectual controversialist, or from developing into the type of "viewy" young man of Newman's inimitable satire.

The humour of George Tyrrell, the sword-play of his wit, his sympathy, his humanness—in short, his heart and his common sense, kept the mysticism and idealism of his lofty, and in a noble sense solitary nature (for, like that of his

Master, it was as solitary as it was social) from ever losing touch of the concrete, or soaring away from daily needs. It was not in the fashion of a Buddhist world-flight that he winged his course. His mysticism was one which ever fed the wells of action from secret heights and hidden springs. As he says, in reviewing the work of Baron von Hügel on St Catherine of Genoa, "the true mystic must have the world ever in his heart and his heart in the world." This feature of Tyrrell's character partly explains the reason why, as he tells us, the "word 'Catholic' was as music to his ears." It brought, as he says, "the whole *orbis terrarum* before his eyes"—the world which was embraced in Christ's outstretched arms upon the cross. Catholicism stood for Tyrrell as the great historic and perpetuated symbol (as efficacious sacrament rather than empty sign) of the fact of Christ. Individual minds and spirits, he held, could only be purged of all proud and narrow fancies by submission to the discipline and the stimulus of the collective life.

Among the main elements in Tyrrell's spiritual and intellectual equipment was the influence of Newman's writings. Indeed, for a great part of his career at least, he was, as far as was possible for so original a thinker, a disciple of the Newman school, and more than a disciple—a teacher and evangelist. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Tyrrell was the most striking personality among the followers of Newman, certainly of those who became so after the Cardinal's retirement.

Newman was, however, essentially a conservative in religion in a sense that his disciple gradually ceased to be. The great Cardinal was not a Modernist except in methods, although the Modernists carried off the honey from his hive. Tyrrell became well aware of this, and of the widening divergence in ideas between himself and the more orthodox Newmanites, such as Mr Wilfrid Ward. Still, Tyrrell's debt to Newman was a great one.

From the *Grammar of Assent*, that fruitful seed-plot of neo-Catholic Pragmatism, he learnt the necessity of appealing to the whole man, to the emotional and volitional as well as to the intellectual elements of his complex being, if the man is to be brought into allegiance to truth, and is to steer his course aright as his spirit goes "sounding on its dim and perilous way." He learnt the lesson which Rationalist and Scholastic alike in their would-be coercive intellectualism despise, that in those words of St Ambrose which haunted the mind of Newman like a spell, "Non in dialecticâ complacuit Deo saluum facere populum suum."

From the *Essay on Development of Christian Doctrine* Tyrrell learnt much more than its author intended. He learnt that looking backward is but a pathetic fallacy, unless it be to see in Scripture the principles revealed in the first dawn of Christianity which are to guide it to its goal, or to feel in history the tonic which is presented by the spectacle of that divine irony which leads truth and goodness towards their fulfilment, even through paths circuitous and obscure.

This sense of movement and of living growth as essential elements in the apprehension of truth was the really permanent element which Newman's remarkable essay added to Tyrrell's spiritual education. The latter learnt that in Newman's words, "to grow is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often." Yet other features of the famous essay Tyrrell either left behind him in the onward progress of his mind from the purely ecclesiastical to the Modernist position, or else he never assimilated them at all. His own later position was at once beyond Newman in some directions, yet, remarkably enough, more conservative than him in others (see parts of *Scylla and Charybdis*).

Yet, as his last work, *Christianity at the Cross-Roads*, shows, he never parted with the view, which was Newman's also, that however apparently startling the incidental changes in the course of its long development, Catholic Christianity is one organism, fundamentally the same, whether in its earlier and

rudimentary or its later and more articulated condition. To him it "lives all along the line," and is the same thing in essence that it was at its beginning, the same nexus of apparent contradictions, held together in an inner unity, the same synthesis of paradoxes fitting in with life's complex and many-sided needs, the same splendid jewel flashing light not from one but from many facets, "the Pearl of great price," authentic and unique.

For Tyrrell felt profoundly that, whatever may be urged as to the dangers of mechanism and petrification, when in the second century, and even in the first, the charismatic type of Christianity merged into the institutional one, yet the process was in some real sense necessary for the preservation of the Religion of Christ. He felt that the attempt of Protestantism, especially of the Liberal description, to hark back to the charismatic period is as if the hermit-crab were to be torn out of the shell to which a true instinct has led him to adhere, or as if some mature and developed animal were to attempt to live over again the less articulated phases of its embryonic existence. He was, no doubt, opposed to a sterile conservatism in theological matters, and fully recognised that external exists only for the sake of internal religion. This is the theme of his masterly lectures to Roman Catholic students at Oxford—*External Religion, its Use and Abuse*. For all that, he was convinced, and that to the end, as his legacy to the Churches, *Christianity at the Cross-Roads*, shows, that Protestantism, in spite of its honest and virile efforts, has not arrived, and, as long as it remains merely Protestantism, cannot arrive, at a fully satisfactory solution of the problem, "the antinomy," as Tyrrell calls it, "with which I wrestle." (We quote from one of his letters.)

He here referred to the attempts made, generally crude and premature ones, to reconcile Authority and Liberty as the two necessities for man. He loved to picture Catholic Christianity as the main stream receiving many tributaries. He viewed it as the synthesis, wrought out in the long course

of the Judæo-Christian Revelation, of all those truths essential for man's highest and deepest life, which, apart from the Church of Christ, have but a sporadic or fragmentary existence, *disjecta membra*, torn out of the main body of truth, or, at the best, solitary lights bearing their lonely witness apart from the central constellation. But he freely admitted that while the Christian ideal seeks necessarily to incarnate itself in a social form which we call the Church, yet the freshness of the message tends to wither when an institution takes the place of an inspiration.

The one-sided individualism and subjectivity of Protestantism were not congenial to his rich and social nature. Its unsuccessful experiments in attempting to strip from spiritual realities their protective envelopes of symbol and traditionalism; its pressing of the truths, "God is Spirit" or "the kingdom of God is within you," against the implications woven into every part of life of the other great truth, "the Word was made Flesh": all this which arises from principles and tendencies lying at the very roots, intellectual and spiritual, of Liberal Protestantism, was to Tyrrell absolutely inadequate if the Religion of Jesus Christ was to be a religion not only for the moralists, but for "the Millions."

To the Liberal Protestant, Tyrrell has often said in effect that to see God localised under symbolic forms and to touch Him in the concrete, to say, "He is here and now, and virtue goes out of Him," is the unfailing instinct which has been the mainspring of every really popular religion, except Mohammedanism, that the world has known. He would have added that, by forcing its way into the heart of Jewish Monotheism, it has created, humanly speaking, the Faith of the Incarnation. He has often also insisted that this popular and human instinct which becomes, in its higher form, sacramentalism, can be made, even at its superstitious stages, when it retains any genuine elements of truth, more practical and efficacious as a working religion than is the one-sided spirituality or intellectualism which buries its head in the

clouds of the Abstract, and substitutes the Absolute for the Babe of Bethlehem or for the Man of Calvary.

We have alluded to the influence of Newman's teaching upon Tyrrell's development; but another influence than Newman's was to touch and shape his life. It was the outcome of the personality, not of a scholar and a thinker, but of a man of action and of a man of heart. In his earlier life, shortly before his secession, the youthful Tyrrell had come, by one of those apparent accidents which are often the crisis points of a soul's history, into contact with Robert Radclyffe Dolling. The latter was then a young Irish landlord and land agent, with a house and office in Dublin. Afterwards, as "Father Dolling," he was to become the evangelist and pioneer of almost a new type of religion—new at least in its combination of Evangelic, Catholic, and social elements, in short, Liberal Catholicism,—within the limits of the Church of England, and among the masses which the culture and respectability of that communion had lamentably failed to impress. Tyrrell tells us that Dolling saved him from satisfaction with a merely academic and ecclesiastical type of religion, and that "he set his feet in the broader ways."

The extraordinary virility and vitality of Dolling's personality; his humanness, at once rough and tender, which reminded one of what we read of the great Samuel Johnson; the valour and the honest worth of his character; the bigness, spiritual and mental, in short, of the man—a bigness of which his breezy and robust appearance, like that of some sturdy layman, was a sort of outward indication and assurance—all this made on Tyrrell an ineffaceable impression. At the time when these two first met each other, Dolling had built a large room behind his Dublin house, 34 Mountjoy Square—a room which he used for social purposes. Here, on many an evening, he reigned as "Brother Bob" over the crowd of "boys" whom he had gathered round him, and over whom he was king.

Among those young soldiers and civilians, amid the clank

of spurs, the strains of comic songs, and the ascent of clouds of tobacco smoke, came now and again George Tyrrell, his plain face lighting up at Dolling's witty sallies, and his amused smile showing that he was not merely the bookworm or the pedant. At the Postmen's League House in London, where Dolling often stayed, the postmen loved Tyrrell, and he was there, as everywhere else, the same simple, natural, and affectionate being that he remained to the end. These were strange surroundings for the future Apostle of Modernism, and yet, after all, not so strange, for the needs of the "Millions" were never far from his intelligence and were ever closest to his heart.

One likes to think of Tyrrell among Dolling's "boys," or with the London postmen at St Martin's League; for though his was of that high and rare type of intellectual and spiritual distinction which marks out for its owner an existence on the heights, and a pilgrimage by lonely and perilous ways, yet there was this other side to his character. He had ever an eye to action, even in directions in which his own personal activities had no direct place. No thinker ever cared less for speculation for its own sake, the occupation of the evil spirits in Milton's epic, "who found no end, in wandering mazes lost." Tyrrell tells us in one place that Experience and Reflection, as the twin powers of the Intelligence, must ever balance one another, just as the bee must seek in wide excursions amid many flowers the honey which she afterwards stores in the deep recesses of the hive.

To the mind of the present writer, George Tyrrell never seemed to lose the boyish sense of cheer in life, the hopefulness which ten thousand troubles could not quench, nor disappointments sour. In regard to his humanness of spirit, we might apply to himself what he says of his friend Dolling: "He taught that true Catholicism must be before all things evangelical—a religion not merely argued from mere texts of the Gospel, but filled with their anti-legalist democratic spirit."

Again, surely the following is, *mutatis mutandis*, as true of

Tyrrell as of his friend: "He brought every means or method to the test of life and reality. That this test kept him so uniformly on Catholic lines will not surprise those who believe in Catholicism, while it will also explain why he incurred alternate charges of Popery and Protestantism from the indiscriminating adversaries of either cause."

Towards the Anglican Church Tyrrell came, more and more, to feel sympathetically, in regard to some things even admiringly, in his latter years of exile from the altar of his own Communion. To this growing feeling of interest and affection his friend, Abbé Bremond, has borne charming witness. We know, from other sources, that he enjoyed attending Evensong from time to time at St Paul's Cathedral and elsewhere. His mature judgment on the Anglican Church was once given in a letter to the present writer, where he says that she is valuable as a sort of John the Baptist, going before the future Catholic development, and that she witnesses to a synthesis of authority and liberty, which yet at the same time she is unfortunately unable to realise within her own boundaries. He certainly more and more came to esteem her witness in this respect as most precious to the Christian world. With any merely mechanical Latinisers in the Church of England, "Anglican Ultramontanes," as he called them, he naturally was devoid of sympathy. They seemed to him to merely succeed in reproducing Rome's mistakes without her logic.

Tyrrell's *Mediævalism*, his reply to Cardinal Mercier, is a book which lives from start to finish. It deserves to rank in the same category as Newman's *Apologia*. It is the Modernist declaration of war against the Ultramontanism which exploits Catholicism, and which justifies the saying of the German philosopher, Baader, uttered years ago, that "Catholicism is the strength of Popery, while Popery is the weakness of Catholicism."

Tyrrell's *Mediævalism* was the final burning of his boats. But his *Christianity at the Cross-Roads* shows that he was also increasingly conscious of the mistakes of Liberal

Protestantism, and refused to accept its one-sided attempt at solution of the religious problem—an attempt which to a great extent ignores at least one-half of the conditions involved.

The difference between such teachers as George Tyrrell and the Liberal Protestant school is the difference between the presuppositions as to the message of the Christ contained in Loisy's *L'Evangile et L'Eglise* and in Harnack's *Das Wesen des Christentums*. It is the difference between that "Gospel of the Kingdom" which is the start and nucleus of the Catholic Idea, and the merely ethical conception according to which Jesus of Nazareth is but the drawer aside of a curtain, the removal of which leaves face to face "God and my soul, my soul and my God" (Harnack).

The orthodox will say, no doubt, that Tyrrell's interpretation of Loisy is too favourable. However that may be, it is our conviction that for Tyrrell the Personality of Jesus Christ, and not His ethic merely, was the supreme and central feature of the Christian religion. He felt, we are certain, that if that Face which has been the magnet which has drawn to itself the adoring love of Christendom through the ages seems to dissolve beneath the touch of criticism into ever more shadowy proportions, it will be found triumphantly in the last resort that

"It decomposes but to recompose,
Become my Universe that loves and knows."

CHARLES E. OSBORNE.

TENNYSON.¹

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I CANNOT accept the honour which the Council of the Academy conferred upon me in asking me to take part in the celebration of the Centenary of Tennyson's birthday, without suggesting that I am grateful for their confidence. When they sent me the invitation I was much surprised, and I have been sorry ever since that I accepted it. It might have been better for a student of Philosophy, asked to speak of a great poet amongst learned men, to say to them what Lynette said to Arthur when he gave her quest to Gareth :

"Fie on thee, King ! I ask'd for thy chief knight,
And thou hast given me but a kitchen-knave."

But it occurred to me that what the Council desired on this occasion was not the critical estimate of the scholar, or expert in the Art of Literature, but some expression of the significance of the last undisputed national poet of England for the multitudes of simple men and women who have sought much, and found much, in his poems. From that point of view the burden of my task seemed bearable. Sharing the common mind, and pretending to no other equipment than it possesses, I thought I might try to speak for it.

And yet there is a sense in which no man can speak for another of the things of Art. The appeal which Beauty

¹ A paper read before the British Academy at its Annual Meeting on 27th October 1909.

makes and the response which it awakens differ for every man. Every genuine experience of a beautiful thing is unique, and a borrowed appreciation of it is naught. I do not mean, however, that the realm of the Fine Arts is lawless, or that the feeling of beauty is a matter of caprice. The Canons of Art are as universal as the Laws of Logic. But they are also as general. As no Logic ever can set forth all the reasons for which the simplest belief is held to be true, so no adequate account will ever be given of the grounds on which a poem or painting is held to be beautiful. The premises of the artistic judgment cannot be numbered. They are the intertwined totality of the elements of the personality of the literary critic himself, informed and suffused by the whole of his literary experience. So that, even for the same individual, judgments of taste are never twice the same in all respects. Personality, which is another name for experience, is like the gateway of Camelot, a living thing which changes. Its

Dragon-boughts and elvish emblemings,
Move, seethe, twine and curl.

Nevertheless, the world's judgment of the great things of Art stands singularly stable and secure. That variable, inconsistent, ill-informed, elusive, captious, and unreasoning thing which we call the public taste, if it is given time to follow its own blind ways, somehow sifts the subtle qualities of the poets, and, on the whole, arrives at sound conclusions. The process is very mysterious, and far too wayward and complex to be satisfactorily explained. We only know that it is carried on by many minds, and carried on the more successfully the more each mind is sincere to its own findings. As the wind, passing through the forest, makes each particular leaf vocal in its own way, and brings forth a multitudinous music that is *one*, so the greater poets set free the power of the beauty of the world to play upon the souls of men innumerable, and awaken, soon or late, the same universal murmur of glad assent.

The unanimity of their satisfaction in a great poet is not due, I think, or not due to any great degree, to the influence of the official literary critics upon a docile public mind. The critics themselves are by no means unanimous. The history of criticism makes the strangest reading. Even in the case of Tennyson, the vicissitudes of whose fame have been far less striking than is usual with great poets, the literature of criticism awakens reflection. Travelling through this wide waste-land, I was almost led to believe that there is one region where caprice is more unconfined and the rule of chaos more unrestrained than in that other region, in which Philosophy is the innocent and long-suffering victim. I can almost pardon what has been said of Hegel, now that I know what has been said of Tennyson.

Besides, even if the critics were unanimous, which is really quite unthinkable, the public mind is not so docile as we are prone to think. It is apt in literature, as in philosophy or politics, to lead its leaders; and if it enjoys a poet, it neglects his critics. The ultimate verdict of the world is not reached by weighing the opinions of the experts, and striking the mean between adulation and detraction. It does not come as the result of disputation. The function of critical argumentation is narrow even in the departments of learning where the clash of argument and counter-argument must be heard. The false, even in philosophy or theology, is rarely refuted by direct disproof. Error is not uprooted as a rule; it is pushed aside by new growths of truth, often in fields which look remote enough. Theological systems may be rendered obsolete by natural science; and false opinions are left to wither like forgotten household plants.

In poetry, the function of criticism and argumentative disputation is still narrower. Criticism is so different in purpose and spirit from the æsthetic appreciation of poetry, that I do not think it decides the destiny of the poets. Criticism does not call to the throne; for a king whom we can look in the face is not altogether royal. It is love that crowns. The

critics have their own place and their own worth, but it is not *their* voice which has summoned Tennyson to

move
To music with his Order and the King.

It is the voice of the scholar, it is true, but not when he is engaged in criticism. It is even more the voice of unnumbered men and women who do not read criticisms much, who know nothing of the Canons of Art, but who have found in the poet what they sorely needed. Tennyson spoke for England, when confusion had fallen upon its heart,

In that close mist and cryings for the light ;

and the gratitude of England to him is just and deep.

I am inclined to treat this uncritical criticism, this methodless method of the unreflective multitude, which cannot read its own heart and only knows that it is being moved, with great respect. At a time when detraction is somewhat prevalent, I want to stand by the verdict of the common mind. By occasional reference to it, I think that the scholar or man of letters himself may find his judgments stayed and steadied. He will be saved from irrelevancies by its directly practical ways. As a critic, he cannot and should not avoid comparing poet with poet, and therefore he must feel the limits of every poet in turn. He must tell us how he cannot hear in Tennyson's verse the majestic roll of Milton's music ; or how he misses the direct virility of Burns, or the profuse intensity of Browning's tumultuous energy ; how Tennyson's art is three parts artifice ; or how he was not the Ariel of song like Shelley, and had not the young Greek face of Keats ; or how there is not to be found in him the solitary expanse and the bleak magnificence of Wordsworth's everlasting thought. But nothing of all this matters for the common mind, nor for the scholar himself when he reads, not to judge, but to enjoy. *Then* he is glad that Tennyson was himself, and not Wordsworth or another. For his fine ear detects in Tennyson's voice some quality

never heard before ; and he knows that the great choir which chants our gorgeous literature is richer for his presence.

It is for this new, positive quality that the true ear always listens ; it is for this the lover of what is beautiful cares, and not for defects or limitations. When a man is on the quest for beauty—and when else should he speak of poetry ?—he has no use for negation. He will have no commerce at all with that which does not please. He would close the door of his Palace of Art against things which are not fair ; and if by any chance they enter, he turns their faces to the wall, and lets them be. It is not the inharmonious strains that linger in the musician's ear ; nor do they form the o'ercome of the song he lilts within his heart.

Man is very much a pragmatist. He values things for their use. His interest in negation is really very narrow, and always an accident of something positive. In no department of his spiritual enterprise does he draw inspiration from the flaws or the dishonour of the world. "Yea, I know it," was the answer which Merlin gave to Vivien when she spoke of Lancelot's commerce with the Queen ; "*Let them be.*" Merlin was wise, and knew Nature's own method, which is to grow the grain and forget the chaff. And human nature, betray it as men and women will, is still part of the generous nature of the wider world. It sifts the true from the false by a method which is positive. It dwells with what it loves, and it forgets the rest.

Holding converse with a changing world and clashing with its circumstance, men catch glimpses of their own needs, and amongst these, of their need for that which is true, and right, and beautiful. And if they discover anywhere the objects which will satisfy these needs they show a lasting, if reluctant gratitude to those who bring them ; and bear late wreaths of laurel to their graves.

I would confirm gladly the admiration of the few and critical of Tennyson's "unborrowed perfections" ; but my task is both humbler and higher. I would, on this occasion, express

the gratitude of the many and unsophisticated readers to the poet, whose thoughts were their own thoughts about their own English scenes and English life. For Tennyson lived in their world: he was tried by their difficulties, moved by their fears, acquainted with their griefs, troubled by their dim questionings; and they found solacement in the music of his verse. I doubt if any poem ever written has soothed the sorrow of so many hearts as *In Memoriam*. The qualities which the Æsthetic Art demands are in his poems: the charm of the equal yoking of thought and word, "for there never was a finer ear than Tennyson's, nor more command of the keys of language";¹ and surely the shy beauties of nature never played on a more sensitive instrument than his soul or broke into more exquisite strains. But besides these things of which it is mere platitude to speak, there fell from his hands many other kinds of good gifts, scattered by the way but precious all the same—faith in the face of doubt, hope contending with despair, inspiration to all gentleness in life. I hold it no wonder that his age proclaimed him king, or that "only once in the history of our literature in verse, and once in prose, has there been seen a royal suzerainty maintained over an entire epoch by a single writer to be compared to that by which Alfred Tennyson has dominated the Victorian poetry."² His age did well to submit to his yoke and yield itself to his power. It may be true that other times have brought other needs, and that the ideals of the Victorian age are in many respects no longer ours, yet I do not think that the hour has come for Tennyson's power to pass.

Tho' some there be that hold
The King a shadow, and the city real:
Yet take thou heed of him, for, so thou pass
Beneath this archway, then wilt thou become
A thrall to his enchantments, for the King
Will bind thee by such vows, as is a shame
A man should not be bound by, yet the which
No man can keep.

¹ See Emerson's *English Traits*.

² Frederic Harrison's *Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill*.

It will be said, no doubt, that to prize a poet on such grounds as these is to esteem him for qualities which are alien to his art. Poetry, it will be said,—and truly,—is sovereign within her own realm.

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,
 Joying to feel herself alive,
 Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth,
 Lord of the senses five.

What has *she* to do with the brawlings of truth and falsehood, or the strife of right and wrong ?

I take possession of man's mind and deed.
 I care not what the sects may brawl.
 I sit as God holding no form of creed,
 But contemplating all.

The value of a work of Art, it is justly held, depends entirely upon its beauty. A picture is not better for being a portrait ; nor a poem because it has a religious subject, or conveys moral lessons ; nor is "a hurdy-gurdy in tune because it plays the Old Hundredth." Art, Morality, Knowledge, Religion, are all sovereign in their own domain, and each of them amply authorises itself.

But this truth is often misunderstood and put to false uses. It is thought that their sovereignty can be secured only by confining each of them to a restricted domain into which the others may not enter. Truth, Beauty, Goodness, are said to deal with different objects as well as to appeal to different faculties and to aim at different purposes. They are separate aspects of our experience, relative to different phases of reality, all of them abstract, one-sided, and incomplete ; and they "come together only in the Absolute."

I wish to admit their independence, but to deny their rivalry and mutual exclusion. It seems to me that the dominion of every one of these Supreme Arts of Life is not only absolute, but without bounds. There is no region anywhere which Art may not invade and make its own—not that which Science rules with an iron hand, nor that in which

the elemental powers of right and wrong wage their endless warfare, nor that where Religion dwells amongst green pastures watered with springs which never fail. The ideals of man's best life overlap. Every created thing belongs to them all alike. It is an object of knowledge to him who seeks the truth; a means of learning what is right to him who aims at the moral good; and it may also be fraught with music for the poet. Facts which are fragile, transient, fleeting as the dance of daffodils, can enter into many contexts, every one of which is permanent. They may illustrate a Law of Nature for science, or the Imperatives of Duty for the moralist; and they may be made a joy for ever by the poet. Nor is it otherwise with the things of the world of mind—with the play of social forces, the growth and decay of polities and constitutions, the strife of creeds and systems. These too are materials for poetry, and for all the arts of life. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are like different voices in one harmony. Each sings its own part, and follows the windings of the common theme in its own way; and the music is all the richer.

And it is *one*. Beauty, Truth, and Goodness are abstract, it is true, and not one of them *is* the whole. But they are all an attempted rendering of the whole. They come together in the Absolute: nay, they come together in the Soul of man. They convey to it the many-sided glory of the world, which is majestic at once in its rightness and truth and beauty. There is no way which man can devise to translate the language of the one into the language of the others; nothing but poetry can render the truth of poetry, and nothing but doing the right can render the meaning of morality. Nay, we cannot make the Fine Arts take the place of one another—not poetry that of music, nor music that of painting or sculpture. The experience of each is *finally* unique. But though the rational spirit of man cannot translate their speech into a common tongue, or invent a spiritual Esperanto, still it can comprehend them all. The quarrel of Art and Morality, of Poetry and Philosophy, is but a foolish brawl between their ragged

retainers. They themselves are most at one when they are most themselves.

The soul of man is like a walled city, immured at first within itself, ignorant of the meaning of the wider world, callous to its beauty, selfishly exclusive of its larger purposes. But the powers which compass it round about are friendly, though it knows them not. The great rich universe sits in perpetual siege against it, as if resolved in one way or another to break down its isolation and flood it with its bounty. If the portals of reason are closed, and the engines of argument and armed proof fail to force the gates, the beauty of the arts may win a way, like the evening mists which moved up the streams of Eden, bringing with them a Good needed but not sought. The linked concord of music, the glory of form and colour, the sweet fragrance of the poet's verse, may succeed where the concatenated necessity of reasoning fails.

Are there not many thousands of men and women whose very life rests on moral convictions and religious beliefs which they cannot defend by conscious reasoning? They can follow the arguments of the sceptic, for the incoherencies of experience are many and plain, and the way of negation is easy. But they cannot answer them. The dogmatic creeds seem to them to browbeat reason, and they are not satisfied; while the constructive systems of the great philosophers, who testify to the spiritual nature of the world, sound in their ears like jargon and look like jugglery. These men and women have sought and found, and they have rightly sought and found, in the great religious poets of the last century, what they could not find elsewhere. Had it not been for Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson above all others, they would be found dwelling in a world of eclipse and paralysis, neither able to find a faith nor to do without one. Sitting

by the poisoned streams of life

Waiting for the morrow that shall free them from the strife.

Poetry is a generous art, and it needs generous critics, willing to see it grace the dry-herb dinners of the saints as well

as the feasts of sinners. But the hastier critics of this more lusty age cannot quite forgive Tennyson his stainlessness.

There is lack of enterprise, they say, in his moral world, and of the spirit of adventure in his speculations; his faith is too simple, his spiritual humility too deep. But I would ask them to take a larger view. The critics who would limit the significance of man's ways, and tether his destiny to that which is visible to the eyes of sense, and who deny the rights of poetry to range in wider realms, are more rash than those who wait expectant, and try to spell out the intimations of man's immortal nature.

But herein, it will be said, is the very defect of Tennyson. The nature of man and that of the universe in which he lives do not surge and heave with meaning for him, as they did for the Romantic Idealists of the preceding age. He touched great themes in a timid way. His poems are perfect etchings, delicately truthful in every line, and in their way supreme, original, unrivalled in our own or any other literature. But they lack range and power and passion. Tennyson gives us glimpses of Nature's nooks and the most faithful renderings of the finite fragments of man's moral and reflective life. But he has not written down "the things that should not be." "All is silver-grey, placid, and perfect with his art." It never "gives way"; always "he knows both what he wants and what would gain," and his "low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand" never fails in execution.¹ There is glamour in his *Princess*, and the enchanted radiance of times which never were in his *Idylls of the King*—fancy, but not imagination; romance, but not mystery. Even in his *In Memoriam*, where reflection moves with the burdened brow of pensive thought along the utter margins of man's world, there is no Mount of Vision; but everywhere the plain expanse and the sober wealth of Tennyson's own Eastern Counties. His faith and his doubts were the faith and the doubts of his time; "like Pope, he found the tersest expressions for its dominant moods and its

¹ See Browning's *Andrea del Sarto*.

ruling ideas,"¹ and gave us faithful transcripts, but nothing more. Child of the flat plains of common experience, he did not

roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements,

like Wordsworth ; nor,

reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,

was his spirit

As a presence and a motion one
Among the many there, . . .
An equal amongst mightiest energies.

He was the poet of finitude, distinct in every lineament, classical in his methods—the clear, pure, perfect English Virgil. The infinite to him was like the *ἄπειρον* to the Greek. It was awful without being sublime ; it overwhelmed, but did not inspire, for it had neither form nor measure. It was the region of eternal dusk. The rays of knowledge striving with its gloom were foiled, distorted, absorbed ; and the familiar ways of the ordered life of man were lost. Nature's vast powers paid no heed to reason. Like his own Lucretius, he

saw the flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe,
Ruining along the illimitable inane,
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things,
For ever.

And he was afraid. Browning could revel in the riot. He took a pleasure in the uncouth pride

Of young volcanoes come up, cyclops-like,
Staring together with their eyes on flame.

But Tennyson's imagination was appalled. He feared the forces which the natural sciences of his day were at once setting free and ranging together under laws, universal and inexorable. And this was natural. His day was the hey-day

¹ See Professor Macneile Dixon's *A Primer of Tennyson*. A most sincere and reliable estimate of the poet.

of Materialism. He was not out of touch with the physical sciences as Wordsworth was, and he was much too open-eyed to the truth not to see how their ranks were closing together around the narrowing circle of man's life, and how vain for breaking through were the old devices. Hence Tennyson did not appeal *to* Nature: he appealed *against* Nature.

The same dread and abhorrence of the lawless infinite appeared in his attitude towards the social forces which first broke loose in his day. Once more his imagination could not match the emergency. He was no Wagner who could set to music the wild cries of the New Democracy. He saw only its destructive side; nothing but anarchy could ensue, and he yearned for the simpler order of the past, secured so slowly and with such toil.

Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known to all;
Step by step we rose to greatness,—thro' the tonguesters we may fall.

"Demagogue," "leader of the people," was no epithet of honour to him. It meant one who would

Bring the old dark ages back without the faith, without the hope,
Break the State, the Church, the Throne, and roll their ruins down the slope.

He could not trust his wings over the unexplored abyss of our country's future fate, nor did he share the passion for adventure without end, but like his own Ulysses confined his widest wanderings to the sunlit isles. Linking his hand within the hand of humble faith, he turned his steps backwards towards the old well-ordered ways of a beloved land where it was always afternoon.

Now what are we to say of these negatives? Very simply I answer, that on the whole they are true. But whether they are generally relevant and have any substantial worth, or whether, on the other hand, they have only the distorted truth of a photograph which is out of focus, is another question.

There is a passage in Carlyle's essay on "Goethe," which the negative critic who finds faults may well lay to heart, and which I most certainly do not wish to forget. "The faults of a poem or other piece of art," says Carlyle, "as we view

them at first, will by no means continue unaltered when we view them after due and final investigation. Let us consider what we mean by a fault. By the word fault we designate something that displeases us, that contradicts us. But here the question might arise, Who are *we*? This fault displeases, contradicts *us*: so far is clear; and had *we*, had *I*, had *my* pleasure and confirmation been the chief end of the poet, then doubtless he has failed in that end, and his fault remains a fault irremediably, and without defence. But who shall say whether such really was his object, whether such ought to have been his object? And if it was not, and ought not to have been, what becomes of the fault?"

Now, what measure really is it we are meting to-day to the poet who yesterday meant so much for England, and who may mean so much again to-morrow? Speaking for myself, I must say that I am diffident, and my own thoughts rebuke me. As a critic of Art I am helpless. I can only *feel* the witchery of his lyrics, the immaculate perfection of his rendering of nature's delicate lines and hues; his knights so full of lustihood, "each with a beacon-star upon his head"; his maids so lily-white. And I am content to ride forth in his train,

Under groves that look'd a paradise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth
That seem'd the heavens up-breaking thro' the earth,
And on from hill to hill, and every day
Behold at noon in some delicious dale
The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised.

Criticism sinks into silence amongst such scenes as these. And if I turn from his art and call to mind that as a student of philosophy I am expected to speak of his *thoughts*, I must remember that I am, of course, the slave of a system—one of those who

take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round the world.

Besides, I am a Celt, unmodified and unrepentant, and Tennyson was a Saxon in every fibre of his mind; and Celt and Saxon never can quite understand each other. Doomed

and yet privileged to live in that confused land where the real and the imaginary, the practical and the impossible, intertwine; child neither of heaven nor earth, nor, I trust, of the place beneath, the Celt is an incorrigible Romanticist. His very reason is fancy-fed; he is impatient of the sluggish ways of the persevering world; and he is a dissenter from every creed. Even beauty must at times for him escape all law; humour must be reckless and unrestrained; and truth itself must, as Hegel said, "be drunk in every limb."¹ The Celt will delight in Tennyson's colouring, and wanton in the wealth of his ornamentation; but do you think that a Welshman can rejoice really in the same way in Tennyson's utter accuracy and perfect draughtsmanship; or that an Irishman will find *his own* delirious jollity in such a poem as the *Northern Farmer*? The Celt can barely understand the deep love of law and of slowly broadening order, or the unyielding tenacity of a poet who mastered his own moods, and could, for forty years, perfect his *Idylls*. You may charge the Celt with "fool fury" if you will, or "wild hysterics," and fail to see that there is method in his madness as well as madness in his method. But he is not entirely without his rights, Romanticist as he is; and when he is about and in power it is well that you should be awake, both to what he has to give and what he takes away. On the other hand, it were well for him on his part, if he could value a little (not too much) the plain, practical, sound and most limited Saxon sense which could prompt a Jowett to send to a great poet suggestions of subjects for his poems: the "Jupiter Olympius," or, quite simply and slightly, "Relatives in India," or "I wish Mr Tennyson could be persuaded to put 'The Dogma of Immortality' to verse!"²

Verily, Puck's opinion about our kind was not far wrong.³

¹ "Das Wahre ist so der bacchantische Taumel, an dem kein Glied nicht trunken ist, und weil jedes, indem es sich absondert, eben so unmittelbar sich auflöst—ist er ebenso die durchsichtige und einfache Ruhe."—*Phaenomenologie des Geistes*, p. 35.

² See *Life of Tennyson*, vol. i. pp. 433, 435.

³ I have found that one cannot jest south of the Tweed or east of the

But I turn aside from these limitations. I have referred to them because the critic's part is so hard, so impossible to play. He has to appear in a *rôle* that is much too large for him. He has to measure the master-minds, and in pronouncing his verdicts pretend to speak for human nature and the nature of things at large. But, even when his heart is generous, his standards are defective; for poetry has many forms and speaks in "infinitely various accents."

I have not the least doubt that the defects or limitations which are now found in Tennyson's poetry are in great part our own; that it is impossible for us to pass the final verdict, and that we must not pretend to do so. The time has not come as yet. There are Arts and Sciences on which we can deliver judgment at once. We need not delay, for instance, before pronouncing a theory of Mathematics or a hypothesis of Natural Science to be true or false. But the poet's case "is a case reserved."

I have been trying to think what it is which time must bring before the world can pass a trustworthy judgment on the poet; for, of course, time's mere lapse means nothing. Why is it, for instance, that the critics count it a defect in Tennyson that he shared the fears, the hopes, the beliefs, the doubts, the opinions of his age? We do not blame Sophocles for living within the horizon of *his* times. We do not think Isaiah the less poet for sharing the hopes of Israel, or Euripides for giving voice to the doubts which darkened his age's decaying faith. We know that the perishable forms of human life can be filled by the poet with imperishable meanings, and that mortal civilisations can put on immortality. The *theme* of the poet, as well as his rendering of it, can be lifted into the realm of imagination; and then it is like a treasure laid up in heaven, out of the reach of corruption. Greece lives for ever in its poets; so does Israel; so does Rome; so does

Severn, except at one's personal peril; for one occasionally meets, not the Englishman who is an Anglo-Celt, but an Anglo-Saxon. May I ask the latter not to take this contrast too literally?

the England of Shakespeare, and the age of Milton and Pope and Wordsworth ; and so may Tennyson's England yet : for, as has been well said by one of the truthfulest of all his critics, "he was above and beyond all the poet of England, and the best lover among her poet sons."¹

A great English literary critic, in some ways the greatest of them now living, I mean Professor Bradley, has referred to the attempt to distinguish between the perishable and the imperishable elements in great poetry ; and especially to the theory that would place reflective opinions, beliefs, doubts, systems, whether they be religious, philosophical, social, or political, in the former class.² This theory is not all false, but I cannot think that it is the last word on this matter. No one now believes in the theology of Homer, but still we offer sweet sacrifice to his gods and goddesses, and we would not for any price pull down their altars. Can you divide the *Iliad* into two parts, and gather the social views, the politics, the theology, together in one heap and call them perishable ? Not in the least : they, too, have suffered change, to suffer change no more ; for they have become objects of the imagination. As the

moving accidents by flood and field,
The hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,

became a tale of love in Desdemona's ear, or as the winter's rages pass into the gentle days of spring or summer's quiet evenings, so, by a process that is "strange and passing strange," the risks and disasters of a nation's life, even the bickerings of its creeds and the contentions of its politics, pass imperceptibly into the imperishable form of poetry. *But not till the strain and the strife of the actual experience of them is past.*

Poetry demands detachment ; but so also does the true or poetic appreciation of poetry ; and that detachment from the poetry of Tennyson has not yet come. Our era, in spite of many differences, and the dim looming of other times to come,

¹ Professor Macneile Dixon : *A Primer of Tennyson*.

² See *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, pp. 170, 173 and 362.

is still the same as Tennyson's, and our critical estimates are not safe. The world is turning another side to the sun, but the change of the spiritual seasons is not yet complete. It is true that Tennyson does not rule in our sky at the height of noon as he did in the middle of what we call the Victorian age; and that his fame is for the moment westerling. But the reason is in ourselves: it is the earth that turns. The religious doubts and the political fears which tried his faith and courage are still abroad. Our spirits are, as regards these things, not yet at peace. We cannot look at his themes through a serene atmosphere as we look at the objects sung by the poets of ages long ago. Our poetic judgment is disturbed by our concern for "*causes*"; and, in consequence, Tennyson's fame wades amongst our floating opinions like the moon amongst the clouds, and his silvery light is often obscured.

Of two things only, it seems to me, is it possible for us at this time to be steadfastly certain. The first is the absolute originality of Tennyson's artistic touch. Whatever may be the compass of his voice, there can be no question of the uniqueness of its quality. It is like a rich and unobtrusive *alto* saturating with its subtle sweetness the harmonies of the greatest choir of singers the world has ever known. On this matter all the critics worthy of the least respect are at one.

The second is the absolute fidelity of his rendering of his age—a thing which the critics know but have not yet recognised as also a possession for ever; for they are still entangled in its experience. Hegel has compared the man of genius in his relation to his age to one who places the last and locking-stone in an arch. Many hands have helped to build the structure, but it is in his hand alone that it becomes a thing complete, balanced, self-sustained, and sure. And such a master's hand was Tennyson's—the last of our country's truly immortal poets.

The last as yet; but, I must believe, not the last of all. There is another arch a-building, hanging incomplete with

its wider span over wilder waters. For there is a seething of religious beliefs and a lawless raging of social forces the like of which has probably not been seen before. But I believe that deep down amidst the surging doubts, the foundations of a stronger faith both in God and in our country's destiny are being slowly laid. It is a faith *in facts*, and not a faith *in spite of facts*. It appeals, not to God *against* Nature, but to God *in* Nature and in the mind of man. It is not a faith rent in twain by dualisms as Tennyson's was; for the iron grasp of the mechanical conceptions of the Victorian age is relaxing its hold. It is a faith in a universe which is not dead but divine—the living garment of the great, good God. This faith promises to possess the souls of men enduringly, and it, too, will find its poet.

Tennyson's courage was the courage which his day demanded; and you have only to turn to such testimony as that of Bishop Westcott or Henry Sidgwick, in order to realise what Tennyson meant for his time.¹ His was the unflinching courage and the tenacious hope of a traveller across an arid waste, who, when all his companions cried out "Mirage," maintained that yet there was somewhere in the vast expanse a green oasis and living waters. His own lips were parched with thirst, and his strength well-nigh fordone.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

The spiritual waters had sunk very low in that age, nay, they were well-nigh lost; but I think that the rains are coming and that springs will rise in the desert, and that mankind will yet drink deep, and know that God and Nature satisfy.

¹ See *Tennyson's Life*, vol. i. pp. 300–304.

Not less full of hope, in my opinion, is the outlook in other directions. I think that the social seethings which brought such fear upon Tennyson's order-loving heart and added weight to his patient eighty years, will also find their law that holds them in their channel. Our country "will emerge, one day." And well, indeed, will it be if, when that day comes, it will find a Poet faithful to its highest hope and noblest life as Tennyson was throughout his own long day of purest service.

Carlyle tells us that: "The old Arab tribes would gather in liveliest *gaudeamus*, and sing, and kindle bonfires and wreath crowns of honour and solemnly thank the gods that in their tribe, too, a Poet had shown himself. As, indeed, they well might; for what usefuller, I say not nobler and heavenlier thing, could the gods, doing their very kindest, send to any tribe or nation, in any time or circumstances?"

England, being confused by the foolish gossip of poisonous tongues—the England which Carlyle rated so soundly and loved so well—forgot, to her bitter shame, the returning cycle of *his* birth. I am glad it has not been so with Tennyson, as I come, in obedience to our Council, to place my withering flower on his grave.

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GREEK RELIGION AND MORALITY AS SET FORTH BY PINDAR.

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It has often been remarked that no poet has been so much praised, and so little read, as Pindar. Most students of literature are willing to accept the verdict of antiquity—a verdict which has been endorsed by sympathetic readers ever since—that Pindar was the greatest of the lyric poets of Greece. But comparatively few have been able to give to his poems that somewhat close and prolonged study which is essential to the perception of their full beauty. The majestic current of Homer easily sweeps along on its broad bosom even the inattentive reader. The polished subtlety of Sophocles, the inexhaustible mirth of Aristophanes, the almost cloying sweetness of Theocritus, are felt and enjoyed by all who care to test their charm. But Pindar is caviare to the general.

It is easy to understand why the odes of Pindar have been thought difficult, and even obscure. He is the poet of the older, aristocratic, social order in Greece, which passed away almost at the hour of his death, yielding to triumphant democracy. The ideals and sentiments of Pindar's age were almost foreign to his own countrymen of one or two generations later. To us, after twenty-four hundred years, they have left few records by which we may understand them. Moreover, the only portions of his poems which we possess intact are the four books of odes in honour of victors at the great

national festivals, the Olympic, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian games. These odes abound in local and historical allusions of every kind, the meaning of which we must laboriously seek, often without success. The scholiast commentators of centuries after the poet's death did their utmost to elucidate the poems, but the scholiasts are often as ignorant as we. Add to all of this a style singularly rugged and abrupt, swift and flashing as lightning, but, like the lightning, leaping from point to distant point, and often leaving no trace of the path it took, and we can realise why Pindar is difficult. Time and patience are required before the student can so read himself into the Pindaric style and spirit as to respond with ready appreciation to the poet's changing moods. Finally, the music to which the odes were sung is lost forever, and even the rhythms are diversely interpreted by modern scholars. Yet there is enough of which we may feel reasonably certain, to make a practical, if not scientific, mastery of Pindaric metre an absolute essential to the complete enjoyment of the poems. When thought and language and rhythm are all so familiar that the whole artistic complex speaks directly, without an effort, to the mind and ear as the odes are being read aloud in Greek—then, and not till then, is the student ready to appreciate adequately the soaring flight of the "Theban eagle." But the high enjoyment which he will then find is worth all the pains.

The odes of Pindar were the outgrowth of special occasions. We cannot, therefore, expect to find in them an ordered system of philosophy or morals. Pindar is no Lucretius, elaborating a comprehensive theory of the origin and destiny of man. But a soul so lofty as his, and a mind so profound, cannot fail to have pondered deeply upon the problems of life, and to have left us in his works many indications of his opinions upon questions of character and conduct. Pindar was no voluptuary, no trifler. He belonged to one of the most ancient and noble families of Greece: a priestly clan to the members of which high and serious views were natura

and habitual. It is, therefore, an effort well worth the making, to try to ascertain the deeper and more fundamental aspects of Pindar's thought,—his profounder moral convictions, as well as his opinions on the various questions of human life, as they presented themselves to a noble Theban of the time of the Persian wars.

As a poet, Pindar loved beauty; as an aristocrat, he had an inborn taste for splendour. His poetry is full of the glitter of gold and flashing chariots, the prance of noble steeds, the youthful comeliness of princely athletes. "Though water is indeed most precious," he says¹ (referring, perhaps, to the doctrine of Thales, that water is the basic element), "yet gold, like a flaming fire at night, shineth conspicuous above proud wealth." "Gold is the child of Zeus; neither moth nor worm consumeth it." Pelops, setting out to win Hippodamia as his bride, receives from Poseidon "a golden chariot, and horses of unwearied wing." The arms of Achilles, the arrows of Artemis, the lyre of Apollo, are all of gold, and the heroic Heracles, after taming earth and sea for the safety of mankind, dwells in Olympus, "lord of a golden palace, and husband of ever-youthful Hebe." Pindar's pages scintillate with expressions of every kind which bring before the mind images of radiance and bright colour. Even the countenances of his young athletes, as they finish their victorious course, gleam in the poet's eyes with dazzling beauty.

But with all his love for material splendour, our poet is never carried away by the glamour of magnificence unjustly attained. "Wealth," he says, "is mighty in power when mortal man receiveth it at the hands of destiny mingled with pure virtue, and so conducteth it to his home." It is only that "wealth which is adorned with virtue" that "bringeth opportunity for this and that." The lawless wealth of cruel tyrants has no fascination for Pindar. He

¹ The present writer is responsible for the following translations and paraphrases from Pindar, though he has not scrupled to borrow freely from his predecessors.

does not hesitate to warn the mighty Hiero, at the summit of his power, not to be deceived by "fallacious gains." "The kindly generosity of Croesus fadeth not away, while Phalaris, who with pitiless heart burned men in a brazen bull, is everywhere encompassed with ill report."

As with the glitter of wealth, so with the magic of royal power. To a high-born priest and poet like Pindar the great and powerful of the earth are worthy to be treated with the well-bred courtesy which is due their rank; to be admired and congratulated when their rule is just and glorious, but frankly admonished when they do amiss. "Different men are great in different things, but for princes the highest summits rise." "No city," he declares, "within a hundred years at least, hath brought forth a man more liberal in hand than Theron (lord of Acragas), or more inclined in heart to benefit his friends." Even in far-off Locris, he affirms, maidens are singing the praises of Hiero, "sovereign prince of many battle-mented streets and a mighty host," in gratitude for their deliverance from a rapacious tyrant. Yet there is no note of cringing adulation in the admonition which Pindar does not hesitate to offer to this mightiest of Hellenic sovereigns. "Hold to thy noble course," he cries. "Direct thy people with the helm of justice, and forge thy tongue upon the anvil of truth. Even a trifling word hath great weight if it falleth from thee, and whether thy deeds be good or ill, they will have many witnesses." He pleads with Arcesilas, King of Cyrene, for the pardon of a noble exile. "It is meet to treat an ulcerous wound with gentle hand. For it is easy, even for men of little worth, to shake a city, but to set it firmly in its place again is hard indeed, save God cometh as a helper to its rulers."

No poet has known how to turn a compliment in more courtly language than Pindar, but his compliments never degenerate into flattery. The gifted Simonides might praise for hire, but Pindar's birth, and his message from Apollo and the Muses, entitle him, without arrogance, to address even

great Hiero simply as "friend," and to mingle warning and reproof with praise. He is never weary of reminding sovereign and victorious athlete alike of the limits of mortal success. Not only by mythic example and proverbial wisdom, but by frank and solemn exhortation, he enforces the lesson of moderation. To a high-born magistrate of ancient Tenedos, he says: "If a man have wealth, and excel others in comeliness, and hath shown his strength by victory in the games, let him nevertheless remember that mortal are the limbs which he adorneth, and that at the end he shall put on a vesture of earth."

Nothing is more truly Greek, or more characteristic of Pindar, than this ever-present thought of the limits of human achievement. "Naught in excess," "Know thyself," "Count no man happy till he is dead"—these maxims of the Greek sages are based upon the idea almost universal among thoughtful Greeks, that overweening ambition—nay, even unalloyed prosperity itself—is likely to be the precursor of ruin. Thus Pindar admonishes a noble Thessalian father and son, both victors at Pytho: "Happy and praised by bards is that man who conquereth with his hands, or with the prowess of his feet, and winneth the noblest of prizes by his daring and strength, and who, still living, beholdeth his youthful son attain the Pythian crown. The brazen heavens he cannot scale, but whatsoever splendours we of mortal race may gain, he maketh his way to their farthest boundary. Neither with ships nor on foot canst thou find the wondrous path to the assemblage of the Hyperboreans." "Seek not to be as Zeus. A mortal lot befiteth mortals."

Greek thought, and even Greek religion, no doubt exalted humanity; its gods were glorified men and women, with many of the frailties of mortals. Yet no religion has preached more sternly the doctrine that imperfection and sorrow are inherent in all earthly life. The soaring faith in the limitless power of the human soul, its perfectibility and kinship with divinity, its hope for ultimate peace in faith and service—these high doctrines, with which Christianity has lightened

the gloom of mortal destiny, are to a great extent lacking in the teaching of Hellenic poets. To Pindar, as to Homer, the best that human life can expect is that its inevitable sadness be alleviated by some intermingling of happiness. Lasting good fortune—nay, even a preponderance of good fortune—is more than mortals may demand. “God alone is free from sorrow in heart.” Even to great Hiero he says: “If thou hast rightly learned from men of old, thou knowest that, along with one blessing, two ills the immortals deal out to men. The foolish know not how to bear this lot with moderation, but only the wise, for these turn the fair side out.” The more bright the promise of fortune to-day, the more certain is to-morrow’s catastrophe. “No fixed goal of death hath been determined for mortals, nor do we know whether we shall bring to its close with unfretted happiness even a single day, child of the sun.” “For treacherous time hangeth over the heads of men, rolling on the stream of life.” Even the victor in the games, whose heart is lifted up with legitimate joy and pride, must expect prompt and sure reverse. “He who hath gained some new triumph, to crown his great prosperity, soareth aloft at the impulse of hope, on the wings of manly achievement, with thoughts above mere wealth. But only for a brief season groweth men’s delight, and soon it falleth to the ground, shaken by adverse doom. We are creatures of a day. What is man? What is he not? Man is but the dream of a shadow, albeit while the radiance of Zeus resteth upon him, it shineth as a clear light, and a happy life.”

Pindar was too good a Greek, however, not to recognise the affinity between gods and men. “One race there is of men, and one of gods, and from one mother (*i.e.* earth) we both draw our breath. But a power all distinct divideth us, since we are but naught, while for the gods the brazen heaven abideth, an ever sure abode. Yet in something we are like the immortals, either in lofty mind or in bodily nature, though we know not to what goal, by day or night, destiny hath marked that we should run.” In these words the poet touches

on what was to him the profound sadness of human life. It is the uncertainty of fate, and the inevitable approach of sorrow and death, which marks the gulf between the shifting lot of men, and the serene repose of Olympus. Even the most favoured of the heroes of Greek myth could not escape this universal law. The poet's imagination often kindles when he recalls the glories of Cadmus, founder of Pindar's own city of Thebes, destroyer of the dragon, captain of the "Sown Men"; or of Peleus, most virtuous of mankind, and father of the peerless Achilles. Both these heroes were judged worthy of the unequalled honour of marriage with daughters of the gods, and the splendour of those nuptials profoundly stirred the poet's fancy. Yet even they must suffer like other men. "An untroubled life fell not to the lot either of Peleus, son of Æacus, or of god-like Cadmus. Yet verily these are said to have attained higher happiness than all other mortals. Yea, they heard the Muses, with golden head-bands, singing on the mountain, and in seven-gated Thebes, what time Cadmus married large-eyed Harmonia, and Peleus wedded Thetis, glorious daughter of wise Nereus. And with them the gods did join in the feast, and they beheld the sons of Cronus, like kings, on golden thrones, and received their wedding gifts. Yet the three daughters of Cadmus suffered cruelly, and robbed him of his joy. And Peleus's son, whom immortal Thetis bore in Phthia, her only one, departed life by an arrow in battle, and as his body burned upon the pyre, the Danaans did groan."

The life of man, in Pindar's thought, is surrounded by hostile powers, lying in wait to bring his strivings to naught. Among these powers, the poet's vivid personification of Time is not the least remarkable. "Time is father of all things," "a sovereign surpassing all the Blessed in might." Time is a superhuman, and often malicious force, "hanging treacherously over men's heads, rolling on the stream of life." Closely related to Time is Destiny, the mightiest of all forces which influence the human lot. Destiny is omnipotent. "Neither

fire nor iron wall can stay her course." Destiny leads and directs the course of life, and inexorably assigns to each man the hour of his death. Yet it is important to emphasise the fact that Pindar's Fate is no blind force, no irresponsible agency standing outside the ordinary relation of cause and effect. This earlier and lower view of destiny is largely outgrown in Pindar's mind, and fate becomes rather the abstract expression for the wise and just decrees of that divine will which is personified in Zeus. Hence our poet often speaks of the "fate of God," the "destiny of Zeus," in much the same way as he might say the "decree of Zeus."

This shifting view of the relation between Fate and the supreme God is characteristic of much of the earlier Greek poetry. But here, as elsewhere, Pindar was one of the poets who did most to purify and ennoble Greek theology. His gods are far more god-like than the sensual, irascible divinities of Homer and Hesiod; their rule is far more serene and unshaken. Their intelligence is greater, and their moral purity more clearly grasped. Apollo, in Pindar, needs not Hesiod's messenger crow to carry him the news of the faithlessness of the mortal maid he loved. "In Pytho the king of the temple perceived it, persuading his judgment in the court of his unerring counsellor, his all-knowing mind. In lies he hath no part. Neither God nor man deceiveth him in deed or thought." In recounting popular tales of gods or heroes, Pindar does not hesitate to purge the story of its grosser features, and thus free his divinities from aspersion. Tantalus did *not* slay his own son and set forth his flesh as a feast for the gods. But the youthful beauty of Pelops had inflamed the heart of Poseidon with love, and the God snatched the youth up to Olympus, and thus gave room for the cruel invention of envious neighbours. In the ninth Olympian the poet is swept along by his subject to touch upon the impious battle waged by the hero Heracles, while still a mortal, against the mightiest of the gods. But instantly he checks himself, crying, "Reject this word, I pray you, O my lips,

since verily to speak ill of the gods is a hateful work of poetic skill, and to vaunt one's self untimely striketh a note in unison with madness. Prate not now of such things. Leave war and battle of every kind far apart from the immortals." In these and similar passages, we rise far above the naïve Homeric theology, and find ourselves in an atmosphere of more intelligent and reflective piety.

In the field of human morality, too, the standards of Pindar need no apology, even from a modern standpoint. Though he once or twice seems, in accordance with the prevailing ancient sentiment, to justify the use of deceit and treachery to outwit an avowed enemy, yet no poet has expressed more solemnly than Pindar the truth that "the wages of sin is death." "The minds of men are quick to acquiesce in guileful profit at the expense of justice, but a stern day of reckoning approacheth." "The bitterest end followeth upon pleasure that transgresseth justice."

In Pindar, as in Æschylus and even in Homer, we find the grim doctrine of *Atê*, the sinful, ruinous infatuation which Heaven implants in men's souls, when an excess of prosperity has brought satiety and violence in its train. "God boweth down many a proud man. If any man hopeth to elude the gods in doing aught, he erreth." Piety and self-restraint are the cardinal virtues in Pindar's ethics. Tantalus, exalted by divine favour to a share in the banquets of Olympus, could not endure such great prosperity. He stole the ambrosia and nectar with which he had received the blessing of immortality, and handed over the divine gift to his boon companions on earth, thus offending at once against piety and a due sense of the limitations of his own lot. "And so he brought upon himself overwhelming calamity. A mighty rock the Father hung above him. And yearning ever to cast this from his head, he wandereth far from joy."

But we must pass to the more strictly human aspects of life, as they were reflected in the thought of Pindar. The best gift of fortune to mankind is happiness, and good repute is

second to it. Wisdom, too, and wealth, and athletic glory, rank high among blessings. Effort and sacrifice are necessary to any really great result. Again and again Pindar rings the changes on the doctrine that labour and expense are the two essential elements of achievement. "If any man, rejoicing in expense and toil, worketh out excellence ordained of God, and if therewith Fate planteth for him fair renown, he hath cast anchor already at the farthest limits of prosperity, being honoured by Heaven." But as a true aristocrat, Pindar lays special emphasis upon inborn, inherited nobility, as the only basis upon which the highest attainment can be reached. Labour is indispensable, but labour alone is not enough. "By inborn nobility doth one mightily prevail. But he who hath only what he hath been taught,—a man obscure, eager now for this and now for that—that man never entereth the lists with unflinching foot, but essayeth countless achievements with ineffectual purpose." And, again, "That which cometh to a man by nature is altogether best. For many are eager to win glory by virtues which they have learned. Yet all that is done without God (*i.e.* nature) is better for being cloaked in silence."

But however gifted a man's nature, however brilliant the exploits he may perform, he will soon be forgotten after his death, unless his memory be preserved by inspired song. The poet alone, as prophet of the Muses, can confer immortality. The poet alone can adequately reward the brave and strong. "Joy is the best physician for accomplished toil, and songs, cunning daughters of the Muses, charm it into existence by their touch. Nor doth warm water so much avail to rest the weary limbs, as do words of praise wedded to the lyre. For speech liveth longer than action—what words the tongue, by favour of the Graces, draweth forth from the depths of the soul." "For mighty works of valour are [soon] wrapped in great darkness, if they lack for song. One mirror only we know for noble deeds, if, by the favour of golden-crowned Mnemosyne, they find a recompense in glorious strains of verse." Even

unsuccessful valour and slighted virtue may receive posthumous justice from the poet's lips. Ajax was robbed of the golden arms of Achilles by the wiles of Odysseus, and, despised and alone, met death by his own hand. "But Homer, verily, hath honoured him throughout all mankind, exalting his prowess by the wand of his divine songs, and telling it for later bards to delight in. For if a word be nobly spoken it moveth on, immortal and loud-sounding. Over the fruitful earth and across the sea it fareth—the splendour of great deeds unquenchable forever."

Equally true to his ideals of birth and breeding is our poet in his praise of reticence, and a proud self-control. "Reveal not to others the grief that cometh upon us. That which is fair and joyful in one's lot it is meet to show forth publicly to all the world. But if God-given calamity visit a man, it is better to veil this in darkness." "It is not well, I ween, that every truth should show its face. Silence is often the wisest plan."

But the aristocrat and conservative must often find himself out of sympathy with the prevailing currents of his time, and Pindar's panhellenic patriotism has often been called in question. Thebes took the Persian side at the time of the great invasion, and Pindar was a devoted Theban. Gildersleeve, himself a Virginian, has called attention to the parallel between the attitude of Pindar during this troubled period, and that of many a patriotic southerner, a half century ago. The Theban poet's heart may well have been torn asunder between the claims of local allegiance and national loyalty. But there is not a line in his poems which indicates any lack of sympathy for the cause of struggling Hellas. Silent he must sometimes be, when Æschylus the Athenian could speak, or the Cean Simonides. But his pride in the final triumph of national freedom shines out more than once. In an ode written shortly after the battle of Plataea,—that battle so disastrous to Thebes, for the flower of her youth fell that day, fighting heroically on the wrong side—Pindar heaves a

profound sigh of relief that the worst is over, and that his city, though sorely stricken and humiliated, is spared by the victorious patriots. "Since we are delivered from great distress, let us not nurse our griefs, nor fail to put on garlands. Let us cease from useless lamentation, and sing a sweet public song, even after our trouble. For the rock which hung over our heads, yea, a rock of Tantalus, some god hath put away from above us, a burden intolerable for Greece. And since fear hath passed away, let us put an end to sad memories." In another ode he speaks with exultation of the Persian defeats at Salamis and Plataea, linking them with the contemporaneous victory of his royal friend Hiero over the Carthaginians, who had attacked the Greeks in Sicily in seeming alliance with the Persian onslaught upon Greece itself. The years from 490 to 479 must have been difficult years for Pindar, but underneath his class feeling for the party of the nobles in Thebes—his state pride—his heart beat true for the liberties of all Greece. Of this there can be no doubt.

Pindar is not silent concerning the softer and more personal emotions of friendship and love, though the public and official character of the occasions when his odes were performed was not favourable to the expression of individual feeling. Moreover, many sentiments which form the common-places of modern poetry and drama were felt by Greek taste to be too intimate and sacred to be proclaimed upon the housetop. No early Greek poet would have thought it proper to publish his sorrow for a lost friend, with every mood of grief analysed and enlarged upon, as Tennyson has done in *In Memoriam*. The intense and unrestrained passion of Romeo and Juliet would have scandalised the same Athenian audience that could applaud the indecent jests of Aristophanes. Yet the names of Orestes and Pylades, of Odysseus and Penelope, of Hæmon and Antigone, may remind us that the Greeks, as well as ourselves, recognised and admired a friendship faithful unto death, and a love more deep and abiding than life itself. No myth in all Pindar's

odes is recited with more sympathy and feeling than the story of the voluntary death of young Antilochus to save the life of his aged father, Nestor—Antilochus, “who died for his father, withstanding murderous Memnon, leader of the Æthiopians. For Nestor’s horse was wounded by the arrows of Paris, and his chariot checked, and on came Memnon, plying his mighty spear. And the heart of the aged warrior quaked, and he cried out for his son. Nor were his words let fall in vain, for the godlike Antilochus stood his ground, and with his own blood purchased his father’s safe retreat.” And so the young hero became the model of filial piety to the youths of old.

Even more beautiful and touching is Pindar’s picture of the death of the youthful Castor, and the grief of his divine half-brother Polydeuces, who voluntarily relinquished half of his immortality to avoid the pain of separation from his dearly loved brother. After relating the fatal wound that Castor received at the hands of the redoubtable Apharetidæ, our poet continues: “Quickly back to his mighty brother came the hero Polydeuces, and found him not yet dead, but shuddering with gasping in his breath. Then, weeping hot tears, with groans he lifted up his voice aloud. ‘O father Zeus, son of Cronus, what deliverance is possible from my sorrow? Send death to me also, O king, along with him. For honour is gone from a man bereft of friends, and few are faithful in affliction, to share our burdens therein.’ And Zeus came to meet him, and uttered these words: ‘Thou art *my* son. But as for this man, Alcmena’s husband begat him, a mortal offspring. But come! I offer thee nevertheless a choice between two lots. If thou wilt escape death and hateful old age, and dwell in Olympus with me, and with Athena, and with Ares of the dark spear, this fortune is thine. But if thou striveth for thy brother, and art minded to portion out to him an equal share in all things, then half the time thou mayst draw thy breath with him beneath the earth, and half the time he may dwell with thee in the golden halls of heaven.’

Thus spake Zeus, and Polydeuces set no divided counsel in his mind, but straightway unsealed the lips, and then the eyes, of bronze-clad Castor."

This is a scene which can scarcely be equalled in its exquisite simplicity and inimitable brevity—qualities which do not conceal from us the poet's deeply moved feeling.

Of the romantic love of the sexes Pindar has little to say. Marriage is, indeed, a "dear bond"; and "sweet," too, "is the stolen joy of Aphrodite." But the passion of love, in classical Greek poetry, is pictured most often as an irresistible and divinely sent *possession*—a frenzy almost—which sweeps its victims to ruin quite as often as it leads them to bliss. "Eros, invincible in battle," sings Sophocles, in the famous chorus of the *Antigone*. So in Pindar, it is the "maddening bird," whose spell, the gift of Aphrodite, "queen of fiercest darts," overpowers the unhappy Medea, and forces her to forget home and parents, to betray her father and mother, and flee with Jason to Greece, where only humiliation and anguish await her. But a gentler, purer love is not unknown to our poet—the love awakened in the heart of an innocent maiden at the sight of the beauty and prowess of a youthful athlete. Young Telesicrates of Cyrene has won the foot-race in armour. To him Pindar cries: "Often in the rites of Pallas in their seasons the maidens have seen thee victorious, and silently, each for herself, they have prayed to win a husband such as thou." And in the same ode, the love of Apollo for the maid Cyrene is painted with a delicate reverence which may justify a longer quotation. The poet tells of the parentage of Cyrene, daughter of the River-god Peneus, "the white-armed maid who loved not pacing to and fro before the loom, nor the joy of feasts at home with her companions. But with bronze spear and sword she fought, and slew wild beasts, bestowing much peace upon her father's cattle, but giving little time to sleep, sweet bed-fellow. Her, Apollo of the broad quiver once found, struggling alone without a spear against a terrible lion. And straightway he called the Centaur Cheiron from his

hall, and said: 'Leave thy holy cave, O son of Philyra, and marvel at the spirit and great might of a woman—what a fight she wages with unterrified front, a maid with a heart superior to toil, nor is her mind tempest-tossed with fear. Who is her father? From what stock is she sprung, that she should inhabit the recesses of the shadowy mountains, and there essay her boundless strength? Is it lawful for me to lay my glorious hand upon her and pluck from her couch the honied flower?' To him the high-hearted Centaur, smiling softly with gentle brow, straightway gave answering counsel: 'Hidden are wise persuasion's keys to the holy joys of love, O Phœbus, and among gods and men alike 'tis counted shame, openly at first to enjoy the sweet marriage-bed. And thou askest the lineage of the maiden, O King—thou who knowest the appointed end of all things, and all the ways that lead thereto, and all the leaves that earth sendeth forth in spring, and all the sands of sea and river, driven by waves and blasts of wind; and what shall be, and whence it shall come to pass, thou discernest well. But if I needs must match myself even with the all-wise one, I will speak. To be her husband hast thou come to this glen, and thou shalt bear her over the sea to a chosen garden of Zeus, and make her queen of Libya.' Thus, then, Cheiron spake, and impelled him to bring to pass the joyful consummation of the marriage. Swift is the accomplishment and short the way when gods are eager. That day brought the matter to fulfilment. In a golden chamber in Libya they were united, where silver-footed Aphrodite received the Delian stranger, and on their bridal bed cast lovely modesty."

The purity and nobility of this description are characteristic of Pindar, and indeed of the older Greek poetry in general. Here we have no wearisome psychological analysis, no reeking naturalism, no *gauloiserie*, but only pure beauty and poetry. If we can imagine the same story told by a modern writer—or at least by many of the most popular modern writers—the sense of contrast may serve to strengthen our faith in the permanent charm of Greek poetry.

Such are some of the aspects of Pindar's thought as applied to the joys and sorrows, to the crises and contingencies of daily life. But to the reflective mind, human life is so full of disappointment, so incomplete and unsatisfactory, that the true seer is inevitably impelled to try to pierce the veil that hides the future. Has Pindar, then, any message of hope, or of warning, concerning death and the beyond?

The mystery of a future life is indeed touched upon, even by Homer, but the picture is drawn in sombre colours. Homer's spirits of the dead are but wan and ghostly spectres leading a sad and gloomy life in the world below. A few notorious offenders are punished, but most of the departed lead in Hades an existence which is merely a dim and feeble reflection of their activity in the upper world, with little to mark the different lot of good and bad—so dim and feeble, indeed, that even the hero Achilles bewails that he would rather be a poor man's slave in the bright realm of light, than to rule as king among the dead. If this is the lot of the perfect warrior, and almost perfect man, we perceive how little there is in the Homeric faith of a future life of happiness for the good.

But in Pindar we find a more comforting belief. The spirits of the good depart to a life of happy activity in the lower world, whence they return in due season to another period of trial here on earth. And finally, when they have passed unstained through three such periods of earthly probation, they are transported to a realm of endless felicity. I quote from the famous passage in the second Olympian ode:—

“When we depart from this world, the guilty souls at once pay the penalty, and for the sins done in this realm of Zeus a judge sitteth beneath the earth, telling their doom with stern compulsion. But the good enjoy the sun by day and night alike, and receive as their lot a life free from toil, not vexing the earth with the labour of their hands, nor the waters of the sea, for a scanty sustenance. But with the august divinities they enjoy a tearless existence (if they have taken delight in

keeping their oaths), while the wicked endure a burden of sorrow too sad to look upon. And all those who persevere thrice in either world to abide steadfast, and from unjust deeds utterly to refrain their hands, these travel over the highway of Zeus to the Tower of Cronus. There ocean breezes waft around the Islands of the Blest, and golden flowers glow, some from the land on trees of splendour, while some the water nourisheth. With wreaths of these they entwine their arms and brows, in accordance with the just counsels of Rhadamanthus." In these lines we find a conception of the future state of the good far happier than the Hades of Homer, far nobler than the carousing Walhalla of our own ancestors. In fact, it is little inferior to the concrete Heaven of the Christian faith of a very few generations since.

The mind of Pindar was thus not merely fertile in lofty and eloquent comment on the events of the brilliant life which passed before his eyes from day to day. As the inspired spokesman of a priestly caste he knew how to correct and ennoble the popular myths of his generation, and fill them with a higher and worthier meaning. And, above all, his eyes could pierce the mysteries of the world beyond the grave, and behold visions of happiness as well as misery in that unknown realm, which surpass in beauty and impressiveness all that we read elsewhere in classical poetry. Indeed, we may fairly assert that in Pindar we have the choicest flower and culmination of Greek religion. His morality is purer than that of Homer and Hesiod, his theology far loftier. And yet he has lost none of the poetic enthusiasm that beautifies the epic stories, nor been touched with the spirit of destructive criticism or sophistical trifling which cankered the generation following him. This pre-eminence, as the poet who taught the Greek religion in its most perfect form, Pindar shares with Æschylus alone. Æschylus was perhaps a more profoundly religious nature than Pindar, but his grim doctrine of an inherited curse, which wreaks upon children and children's children the penalty of their fathers' sins, gives his theology a far sterner

and less attractive character than the gentler and truer doctrine of Pindar.

Pindar was far more than the gifted and courtly eulogist of victorious princes and noble youths, or the brilliant lyric artist giving pointed and finished expression to the sentiments that swayed the minds of his hearers. He was the true prophet of Apollo, who looked forth from the Pythian shrine upon the manifold pageant of life, and set before his countrymen in words of lofty beauty the highest ideals that the western world had yet received of religious faith, of public and private obligation, of monarch's duty and of poet's privilege.

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THE COLLAPSE OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

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THE cry of liberal theology for a good many years now has been, "Back to the Jesus of the Gospels," the assumption—the working hypothesis—being that the Jesus of the Gospels could easily be found. For some decades now, liberal theology has been engaged in the search for the historical Jesus, and the conviction is being slowly forced upon all candid inquirers that very little can be known of Him. Liberal theology is unwilling to admit this conclusion, because it takes away the basis on which it rests—its working hypothesis—but it is not able to resist it. With the steadiness and certainty of fate, this conclusion advances, and the time is not far distant when it will be universally admitted. Professor James Denney in his latest book, *Jesus and the Gospel*, has faced this question, not in the interest of liberal theology, but of orthodoxy, and it will be difficult, if not impossible, for liberal theologians to rebut his arguments and overthrow his main positions. The very last analysis, Professor Denney maintains, which criticism makes of the Gospels does not give us the Jesus of liberal theology, but the Christ as the Church has all along believed in Him. Professor Denney wishes to force the liberal theologian to the acceptance of the Christ of the Church, and it must be admitted that there is no logical escape from his conclusion,

provided the choice is between the Jesus of liberal theology and the Christ of the Church. Nowhere in the New Testament does the Jesus of liberal theology show Himself. What always appears is a Christ believed in and worshipped by a community or church. Liberal theology has claimed that the nucleus of historic fact was a historical Jesus who taught the essence of religion as love to God and man; that the stories of portent and miracle and supernatural dogma believed by the Church were accretions which grew up around this nucleus in the course of time, and that the function of criticism was to separate these two. But, as a matter of fact, the two cannot be separated; miracle and supernatural dogma are an organic part of the New Testament presentation. Go as far back as you like in your investigation, what you have at last is a supernatural Christ. Even the Sermon on the Mount, on which liberal theology has planted itself as on a rock, is full of Christological elements. Nowhere do we get back to a historic Jesus. Not only have we not a biography of Jesus, we have not the materials out of which to make one. The words Jesus is represented as speaking were put into His mouth by a community or church who worshipped Him. We have no absolute certainty that any single saying in the Gospels was uttered in that precise form by Jesus.

Liberal theology, therefore, has run itself into an intellectual *cul de sac*. It needs a historical Jesus as the founder of Christianity as it conceives it, and cannot find one. Its theory of the origin of Christianity—its working hypothesis—has broken down, and there is a call for another which will better fit the facts. In its search for historical reality it has been reduced to what it calls the simple life of Jesus, who taught love to God and man and gave a few moral and spiritual precepts to the world. It cannot find this "simple Jesus," and consequently has lost itself in a labyrinth from which it cannot escape. The whole of the actual story of Jesus in the first three Gospels is confined to a few crowded months

in the last year of His life. The Johannine Gospel extends through to perhaps two or three years. And with the exception of the death, burial and resurrection, there is nothing of the Jesus of the Gospels in the whole range of apostolic literature. The simple Jesus of Liberal Christianity cannot be found.

Embarrassing as is the situation created for us by the meagreness of the life-story, it becomes much more strained when we pass from the story to the teaching. In the Gospels this teaching is embodied in sermon, anecdote, and parable, and is most dramatically enforced "in signs and wonders manifold." For the scientific and critical mind of the West in these later centuries, the miraculous element so intimately blended with the life and teaching creates insurmountable difficulties. But for the Oriental mind in the first century of our era, the miracle was proof positive. It is not too much to say that in the culture conditions then prevailing the Jesus story owed its general acceptance far more to the "wonder" works embodied in it than to those lofty ethical teachings which have increasingly claimed the intelligence and the conscience of the West. When we turn to the other parts of the New Testament, we naturally expect to find these noble utterances occupying the place of first importance in the teaching of the first preachers and missionaries. But the closest and most sympathetic consideration of the case leaves the candid mind in a state of blank astonishment. Hardly the most distant allusion to that teaching which has fascinated later Christendom can be found in apostolic literature. Consider how large a place in the affection and conscience of Christendom has been taken by the parables of the Prodigal Son, of the Good Shepherd, of the lost piece of money, of the wise and foolish virgins, of the Good Samaritan. Cut out of modern Christian literature every quotation from, or positive reference to the Sermon on the Mount, and would there be anything left but a truncated mass? Conceive of a modern missionary going to heathen people and never once referring to, or quoting from, these

priceless and peerless parables, these engaging, these entrancing anecdotes. Yet, on the records before us, this is what Paul, Peter, John, and James do. Even this does not set forth the full state of the case. Assume the historicity of Paul and the genuineness of the letters attributed to him, and then consider the contentions in which the great Apostle was engaged. He argued for the freedom of the spirit as opposed to the bondage of the letter. Would not his cause have been authoritatively and finally decided in his favour had he quoted Jesus as saying, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath"? He carried the Gospel to the Gentiles, and by so doing created modern Christianity. Would he not have effectually silenced the Judaising cavillers if he had quoted the great Johannine saying, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and they shall become one flock, one shepherd"? Why did he not quote them? It has always been a puzzle to theologians why Paul, the chief apostle, knew so little about the Gospel story, the events of which must have taken place in his own time. Professor Otto Pfleiderer in his *Paulinism* says: "We find but few traces of acquaintance with the particulars of the life and teaching of Jesus in Paul's enunciation of His doctrine; only the most prominent events of the institution of the Lord's Supper, the death of Christ and His appearance after the resurrection, were mentioned by him as historical data" (page 1). Paul's doctrine of Christ is, undeniably, a mystical one. His conversion to Christianity was not acquaintance with the facts of the Jesus story received from the early apostles, but the revelation of the Son in God in him (Gal. i. 16). His devotion to Christ is quite independent of any social, geographical, and temporary occurrences. If Liberal Christianity is right in affirming that the essential things are the life and teachings of Jesus, we may well wonder how little Paul troubled himself about them, or about the Gospel story generally. The object of his devotion was not the alleged man Jesus, but Christ the Son of God, and redemption was effected

through the Incarnate Spirit within the hearts of men (Gal. iv. 4, 5, 6, 7).

This creates insurmountable difficulties for both the orthodox and the liberal theories. They are inexplicable on the theory that Paul knew the Jesus of our Gospels and the sayings we so confidently attribute to Him. They compel the conclusions (1) that the simple Jesus of liberal theory did not then exist, and (2) the creative sayings of the Gospels had not then crystallised around a Jesus nucleus. We are therefore justified in approaching the problem from an entirely different point of view. The orthodox theory has failed: so has the theory of liberal theology. Is there a third alternative? If so, let us try it and see whether it will do better than the other two. If it does, that will be a proof of its truth.

Suppose we say that Christianity was not "founded" by a single historical person, but was the synthesis of the factors that controlled the historical development of the time; that it was no new thing in the world, but the issue of the advance of the world for many centuries before the Christian era. On this supposition, what we have in Christianity is what had been long growing in the world—in Greece, in Rome, in Jewry. We have learned that the world was not so morally bankrupt in the first century as early Christian writers and some modern writers have assumed. The New Testament was the product of the age that produced it. The movement we call Christianity was not the creation of one person or cause, but of many persons and many causes. As the truth of Christianity does not depend upon the supernaturalism of its origin, so it does not depend upon the perfection of its origin. It is of little purpose to discard the ordinary supernaturalism of the Church if Jesus be left uniquely perfect. We might as well say that He was virgin-born and spent his life working miracles. If Jesus is left uniquely perfect, it matters little by what method the feat is accomplished. The Jesus of liberal theology, whom it pictures as the ideal Man, the Founder of Christianity, is no more

historical than is the Christ of the Church. The finding of the ideal man at the beginning of the development of Christianity is nothing but a survival of an outgrown system of pseudo-platonic theology. There seems a well-nigh irresistible tendency in human nature to regard truth and good as the possession of past days only. The great things of life, its vision, its prophecy, its times of supreme emotion, belong to those vanished years, and thither must we turn for our standards and tests of truth and good. But what is this but a relic of the old Rousseau idea of perfection in the earliest stages of life—an idea long ago expelled from the rest of science, but lingering still in theology—to place at the beginning of its history the ideals which really arise only in the course of its further development. Once it was supposed that a perfect book was given from on high, a perfect man miraculously created by Almighty fiat, a perfect Church organisation given to the apostles, a perfect human language spoken by the angels. Organically connected with these notions is the idea of a perfect man at the beginning of Christian history as the cause as well as the source of the subsequent development. The same motive that placed a Garden of Eden at the beginning of man's life on earth places an ideal man at the opening of the Christian development.

Suppose, then, that we begin with the assumption as a working hypothesis that Christianity began, not with a Jesus whom the early Christians were endeavouring to imitate, but with a Christ whom they worshipped. Suppose it began as a cult or worship of Christ. Naturally this cult or community would resemble the various cults or clubs which abounded all over the Græco-Roman world in the first century and before. Dr Samuel Dill in his learned work, *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*, has shown how ubiquitous were such "colleges," as he calls them, in the empire at the time of which he speaks. The bond that united the members of these various cults or clubs to one another was a vow of service to a certain hero or god; it was under the patronage

of this hero or god that the members worked. We have an analogy to this in the bond that united the various members of the Hellenic and Roman race into one body; the centre of unity was the common cult or worship of a tribal deity. The lesser cults or associations within the larger one were really friendly societies, and were designed for mutual help against the approaching tyranny of the state. The protective patron or god of each association or club gave the name to it. One would be organised under the Saviour-God, Zeus-Soter, as its patron, and the members were called Soteriastæ; another under Hercules, and were called Heracleistæ; others under Dionysos, Sarapis, etc., etc. When we read such an invitation as the following, written on papyri found at Oxyrhynchus, dating from the second century, light is thrown on the New Testament use of the term Lord as applied to Christ:—

“Chairemon invites you to dine at the table of the Lord Sarapis in the Sarapion to-morrow, the 15th, at 9 o'clock,”

or this:

“Antonios, son of Ptolemaios, invites you to dine with him at the table of the Lord Sarapis in the house of Claudius Sarapion on the 16th, at 9 o'clock.”¹

Let us take as a working hypothesis that Christianity began as one of these clubs or communities. The God or patron of what afterwards became the Christian Church was “Christos,” the Christ, and had the characteristics of the Messiah of the Jews. Some of the Christian communities were formed after the analogy of the Jewish synagogue, some after the communistic societies among the Greeks, thus giving rise to the disputes between the Jewish Christians and Gentile Christians that figure so largely in the New Testament; but both shared in the Messianic hope, and both were modelled after these other societies of the time. The relation which the patron God in these communities bore to the individual members was exactly the relation which Christ is represented as bearing to the members of the primitive Church in the Epistles and

¹ *New Light on the New Testament*, Deissmann, p. 83.

Gospels. The Christ-God varied in particulars according to the locality in which the community was formed; he took on the national traits of the Jew as the Son of Man who was to come on the clouds of heaven; of the Greek as the Logos dwelling within the soul, enlightening every man that came into the world; of the Roman as the Paraclete who pled with God for the members of the community. The existence of the community is everywhere assumed in the Epistles and in the Gospels, thus showing that the community, and not the individual Jesus, was the earlier. The Church or community is the court of final appeal in all disputes between the members (Matt. xviii. 17), and it is called the visible body of the Lord Christ, who is thought of as spirit in the Pauline letters (1 Cor. xii. 27). It has frequently been urged by liberal theologians as a reason why we should set Paul aside in favour of the Gospels, especially the synoptics, that he has little to say of Jesus, and is wholly occupied with the Christ. And certainly it lies on the surface of his letters that the Christ he speaks of so much is not a human person, and does not answer in any particular to a human character. Paul knows nothing of a teaching Christ; the Christ he knows only dies and rises from the dead. What Paul represents Christ as doing, no human being could do. He lived *in* Paul (Gal. ii. 20); He was revealed *in* Paul (Gal. i. 16); the communities were "*in* Christ" (Gal. i. 22); and his anxiety was that Christ be found *in* the members of the communities (Gal. iv. 19). But what is to be specially noted is that the Gospels do not represent Christ as a human person any more than do the Epistles. Professor Pfleiderer in his *Early Christian Conception of Christ*, as representing liberal theology, and Professor Denney in the book already referred to, as representing orthodox theology, have shown that the last analysis of both Gospels and Epistles does not give us a human Jesus, but a Christ who cannot be described in terms of ordinary humanity. In the Fourth Gospel the Christ is the Logos who in the beginning was with God and was God,

by whom all things were created, in whom was the light and life of men (John i. 1). But even in the Gospel which is universally admitted was the first—that of Mark—the Christ is the Son of God, who is throughout represented as a wonder-worker. All this accords with the place the name of Jesus would occupy in the Christian communities were they modelled after the other communities of the time, but is inconceivable as the description of a human teacher by those who were endeavouring to follow his instructions. As Sarapis, Dionysos, etc., were deities, and were looked upon as deities, so it was with Christ. From the very beginning Christ was thus the centre of the community; it was His incarnation or body, and at no time was the centre of the community a human person.

Let it not be said that this position implies the denial that Jesus ever existed. It would be the height of folly for anyone to make such an assertion. No one can prove a negative, and certainly no one can prove a negative such as this. It would imply nothing less than the possession of omniscience, and that one had searched all through the Græco-Roman world before and after the Christian era, and found no Jesus. What is maintained is that the picture of the central figure of the Gospels is not that of a human being such as Liberal Christianity requires; that what has been frequently urged by the believers in the Divinity of Christ, that the figure of the Gospels cannot be brought into the human category, is true. He never manifests contrition, shows no evidence of the consciousness of sin, never asks forgiveness either of God or man. His attitude and relation to God was something radically different from that which, by the very nature of things, is possible to us. (See Principal Forsyth in the *Expository Times* for October 1909.) “He required of men a faith He never exercised. He sees God, knows God, hears God, but He never believes in God as He taught and enabled men to do. From Him the confession of sin and of faith are alike absent. Where we believe, He knew. Revelation was one process for Him; it is another for us. We find God in our experience,

but God was His. For us God emerges in our self-consciousness; for Him God was His self-consciousness." All this bears out the contention of Dr James Denney in the book already referred to, *Jesus and the Gospel*, that the strictest criticism of the Gospels does not give us a human Jesus, but a Divine Christ. Now there may have been a human Jesus from which this picture in the Gospels was drawn, but what must be clear to everyone, and what is the root idea of this paper, is, that the figure of the Gospels, the picture drawn, is not the facsimile of any human being. What is called the human features of the Gospel story may be pointed out, how Jesus walked the cornfields with His disciples, how He blessed little children. Yes, but no human being in any cornfield ever talked as Jesus is represented as doing. "I say unto you that in this place is One greater than the Temple. . . . The Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath day." The Gospel of John has been set aside because the utterances put into the mouth of Jesus, "I am the Bread of Life. I am the Door; I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me," could not have been spoken by a human being. They are, it is maintained, the utterances of the Logos, the Eternal Word of God. A similar conclusion must be drawn from the utterance in the cornfield. How human, again, it is said, is the blessing of little children; but is the saying, "Whosoever shall receive one such little child *in my name* receiveth me, and whosoever receiveth me, receiveth not me but Him that sent me," human? Can we conceive of any man saying it? It belongs to the same category as the utterance of the Fourth Gospel, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." And if it be urged that these are speculations about Jesus which arose very early, and that they have hidden the simple features of the Man of Nazareth from the gaze of men for nineteen hundred years, until modern criticism has succeeded in lifting the veil, the answer is obvious: Jesus could not have been what Liberal Christianity affirms of Him to be so easily hidden. It would

prove modern criticism greater than He, in that it has done what He could not do, reveal Himself to the world.

It is very significant that the first official notice of the Christians which we have—the letter of Pliny the Younger to the Emperor Trajan, which dates from 103–5 A.D.—states that the Christians sang antiphons to Christ “as to a God,” thus proving that this cultured Roman looked upon the Christian community, which was the germ of the Christian Church, as one of the religio-social associations so prevalent at the time in the Græco-Roman world. If the fundamental principle of Liberal Christianity were correct, that the movement began with a human individual, then we would naturally expect that traces of this would appear in the New Testament; but instead of this being the case, throughout the whole Christian literature, from the very first, it is Christ as a God who is the centre of the community. Community after community arose in various localities and called themselves after Him and united in honour of Him. It is difficult to understand how it could have come about that hymns were sung to Him, how He could have been worshipped, how there could have been in the Christian communities a “table of the Lord,” if the origin of the movement had been a human person. But if the movement began with a community formed after the model of the communistic clubs of the time, all of which had a “table of the Lord,” all of which sang hymns to their patron deity, all of which worshipped this deity, then these features of the early Church become the most natural things in the world. The first idea of Christ in the Christian Church thus was not that of a human teacher, but of a protective deity, just as Attis was the protective deity of many of the Lydo-Phrygian associations, just as Hercules was the protective deity of the Heracleistæ, or Serapis of those who took Serapis as their patron God. The oldest figure in the catacombs, again, was not that of a teacher of truth, but of a good shepherd, who was looked upon, not as we would expect a human founder of a religion would be looked upon, who taught certain religious

doctrines and founded the religion, but as lord and protector of the dead, an entirely superhuman person, just as Hades was looked upon among the Greeks as the shepherd of the dead and kind host of the under-world. What afterwards became the Christian Church was originally a community organised around the worship of Christ. The primitive idea of Christ was not that of a human teacher, but of a Divine being who was worshipped by this community or sect,—the Vine of which the members of the community are branches; the soul of which the community is the incarnation; the head of which the individuals of the community are the members.

It may very well be that thoughtful readers may find a difficulty in the fact that alike in Gospel and Epistle such phrases as "Jesus Christ," "the Lord Jesus," "the Lord Christ," "our Lord, Jesus Christ," frequently occur. The difficulty is one which leads to the very heart of Christian theology, and though the passing of Jesus into Christ is one of the most obscure processes in the evolution of early Christianity, we are not left without some clues to the enigma. The difference between the two words "Jesus" and "Christ" will be remembered. The first is a proper name common enough in one or other of its forms in the Palestine of that period. The other is a titular phrase, the symbol of Jewish Messianic hopes. But a suffering Messiah was one form of the ideal, and in order to suffer it was necessary that the "Lord Christ" should become human. The suffering God in human form is found in nearly all the ancient religions of the world, and this conception was the centre of the numerous "Mysteries" and "Passion Plays" which abounded in the Græco-Roman world when the Christian theory was growing and the Christian writings were being formed into a canon. The story of a Jesus who had been put to death was current after the destruction of the Temple, and it may very well be that here we have one clue to the passage of Jesus into Christ. Here, then, is the significance of Jesus in the Christian story. Around the dim and meagre outlines of a

slain Jesus the mythologising faculty wreathed a garland of glory containing elements from Jewish materialism, Greek philosophy, Oriental cults of dying and rising Saviour-Gods, and the prevalent Roman Emperor worship. Transfigured and glorified into Jesus Christ, the ideal became the centre of a cult.

It may well be asked, if this be so, why did not this community perish as the others it resembled perished? Why did this particular community live on and become the Christian Church of the future? To answer this question we may ask another. Why did the worship or cult of Yahveh survive in the early history of Israel and become Judaism, while the cults of the surrounding nations — Moab and Amon and Philistia—passed away? The answer is simple. When Moses made the worship of Yahveh the centre of life for the hitherto nomadic tribes of Israel, he joined with that worship certain moral elements which have come down to us as the Ten Commandments, and these were at once the preserving salt and the germs of future growth. It would have been difficult, if not impossible, for anyone at the time to distinguish between Yahvehism and any other of the cults of the Semitic tribes. Outwardly they were much alike, the only difference was that the former contained what the latter lacked—a moral force which held the promise and potency of the future. So it was with the cult of Christos. From the description given in the twelfth chapter of 1st Corinthians of the meeting at the Table of the Lord of those who united in the name of Christos, there were not wanting the excesses common at the tables of the heathen. Anyone who could have looked in upon these various communities would probably not have been able to say how one differed from the other, but we can see now that from the first it contained moral and spiritual elements which were destined to lift it above all the others, and make it the basis of a new social order.

As the Christ of the New Testament is not a human person, but a Divine Saviour, the Son of God, the Conqueror of Death and Satan, the Worker of Miracles, the Giver of

Life, and the Revealer of Immortality, so the essence of Christianity is no mere message of love to God and man delivered by a human teacher, it is what the Christian Church has all along declared it to be, a drama of redemption: its essential principle lies in the death and resurrection of the Christ. The Pauline Gospel is not the declaration of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, it is the story that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures and that He was buried and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures (1st Cor. xv. 3-4). And not the least of the advantages of the view of the origin of Christianity above outlined is that it restores to us the creed of Christendom spiritualised and glorified. Liberal Christianity is a radical departure from the creed of Christendom. It substitutes what it calls the "religion of Jesus" for the "Gospel of Christ." At this point specially does Christianity join itself on to the communities after which it was modelled. There was no story so widespread in the Græco-Roman world as the story of the dying and rising God. It lay at the root of the ancient mysteries. It was originally a nature myth, and arose from man's yearly experience of the withering of vegetation in autumn and winter, and its revival in spring. We have already learned that not one feature of the story of Christ that is told in the New Testament is original with it—the angelic annunciation, the virgin birth, the wondrous childhood, the meeting of the evil power of the universe face to face in temptation, the struggling and fighting for self-mastery and winning self-conquest, the going forth to conquer all the evil forces of the world, His being put to death as a sacrifice to the principle of evil, the miraculous resurrection escaping the bonds of death, then the ascent to heaven, to be speedily followed by His second advent to earth to reign over both the living and the dead in a perfected kingdom of God on earth—all this is hundreds, it may be thousands, of years older than Christianity. This fact ought to convince us that we are here not in the presence of historical fact, but of one of those

wonder-stories that the world has repeated over and over again—a world-wide myth which has been the common property of all peoples from the very childhood of the race. The old nature-myth of the dying and rising God found in the Christ-story a human, ethical, and social expression. When we read in the New Testament of the Christ being *in* the communities, and the communities being *in* Christ, the meaning is that the crucified and resuscitated God had become the soul, the life-principle, and the spiritual force of the new society. How far the actual history of one who was crucified was connected with this belief of the early Church we shall probably never be able to tell. There were many Messiahs crucified among the Jews at the beginning of our era and before. What is plain is that the death and resurrection on which the early Church fixed its faith was not that of a human teacher merely, but of a God. That certainly was the faith of those who wrote the New Testament, both Gospels and Epistles, as it has been the faith of the Christian Church all through the Christian centuries.

What, then, is the result? Is a story of no value to the world unless it be historically true? Is the story of the death and resurrection of Christ of no value, because it is not the story of a human being, but of a God? That would prove a very superficial and shallow way of thinking. It would not look deep into the nature of the human heart, nor take the trouble to learn what are the conditions of human thought, nor what are the lines along which the religions of the world progress. Ideal truth has played quite as important a part in the development of humanity as truth of history.

An ideal brings us nearer the reality than the actual fact does; it is superior, not contrary, to the actual fact; it is truer than the fact itself, for it is the fact purified and transformed. Very dear to the human heart, therefore, are all its poetic, ideal things. Mankind will forget a simple fact, but will hold fast to anything that touches the inner soul of things. Let anything be ideal and it is at once immortal. Ideas that touch

only the intellect fade, but all that touches the soul passes away more slowly, if ever it fades. The highest form of thought is imaginative. The finest form in which truth can be embodied or taught is poetry, and the myth is the unconscious poetry of the human heart uttering truths too subtle for the mind to grasp. Poetry is the natural speech of religion. The literal truth of religion is unutterable, and its loftiest teachings are as symbolic as the popular legend. The true plane of religion is subjective and spiritual, not objective and physical. Emerson aptly expresses this great truth :

“ Ever the Rock of Ages melts
Into the mineral air,
To be the quarry whence to build
Thought and its mansions fair.”

We have learned this lesson as regards the Old Testament. What we need to do is to carry this method forward to the drama of redemption we have in Gospel and Epistle. It will not be possible to treat the Old Testament as symbol or allegory and still continue to treat the New Testament as historical and literal. We may do so for a while, but by and by the inherent logic of developing human thought will assert itself. If the story of the Fall, which made redemption necessary, be drama or allegory, the story of Redemption, its consequent and complement, must be drama or allegory likewise. As a matter of fact, all schools of thought, conservative and liberal, are convinced of the folly of making the Fall a historical fact external to the soul: by and by all must be convinced that it is equally foolish to make the coming of the Deliverer a historical fact external to the soul. If, in the one, we have spiritual history, we must have spiritual history in the other. The Saviour of man must be within man, and sin must be crushed and subjugated by the rising up within him of the divine element which must be his true Redeemer. This is implicitly recognised, though not explicitly acknowledged by all Christians: all quote with approval the German mystic :

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
 If He's not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn;
 The Cross of Golgotha thou lookest to in vain,
 Unless within thyself it be set up again."

Indeed, in all ages of the Church, and in all branches of it, it has been taught that historical faith is not vital faith. What signifies the birth of Jesus if the Christ be not born within the soul? What signifies the life of Jesus if the Christ-life be not reproduced in the life of the Christian? What signifies the death of Jesus if the soul does not die to sin? And what signifies the resurrection of Jesus if the soul does not rise from the grave of selfishness into newness of life?

What is needed is not the discarding of the symbolism of the ages—the death and resurrection of Christ. In that symbolism, as it is set forth in the mysteries and dogmas of the Catholic Church, Christianity has its fullest and most perfect expression. We do not need a new theology so much as we need a truer interpretation of the theology which from the beginning has been the creed of Christendom. No new Gospel is necessary or possible, but a new interpretation of the old Gospel. Behind all the symbols and forms and dogmas of the past, which the present is criticising, are visions of eternal beauty and truth which the world will never outgrow. The gross elements of these symbols appeal to the superstitious and the unthinking; to the spiritual they are but the outward and visible signs of that which is eternal, and, of necessity, inward and spiritual. The new religion—the religion of the future—will be the religion of the past purified and glorified—a religion able to communicate a subtle transforming power, which is the life of our life, the soul of our soul. The Christian drama of Redemption—the story of the dying and rising God—expresses the deepest truth of life, "Die to live." It has been foreshadowed in the myths of all religions. It is a truth no progress will outgrow. It is independent of all history, because above history. The story of the crucifixion, burial, and resurrection of Christ is the

story of the soul's progress, the story of its triumph over sin and death, repeated in every age of the world's history, and enacted to-day among ourselves. It symbolises the idea that is at the root of all religions, and seems involved in creation itself—the idea of sacrifice. All the great religions have taught that creation began by an act of sacrifice. The law of sacrifice lies at the root of evolution and alone makes it intelligible. This idea is indicated in the New Testament by the phrase, "The Lamb slain from the foundations of the world." This sacrifice is perpetual; it is the life by which the universe is ever becoming; the individual finding his own highest good in the good of the whole; the realisation of the oneness of the individual self with God, or the Universal Self.

It has been assumed by Liberal Christianity that the body of teaching culled from the synoptic Gospels, and labelled the "Teachings of Jesus," expresses what is vital in religion, that the last and best expression of Christianity is the one formula, "love to God and man," which has prominence in that teaching, and that in this one summary all the dogmas and creeds, as well as the forms and ceremonies of the Church, have disappeared. But is this assumption well founded? No doubt the ideal of the kingdom of heaven which we find in that teaching, and the transformation of the inner life there insisted upon, is a genuine and a vital part of religion. But it is by no means the whole of what is vital in it, nor is it the most vital part of the Christian religion. It is an incomplete and therefore inadequate religious ideal, because it is not applicable to all times, and will not meet all needs. What the Church has insisted on all through the centuries in its doctrines of Incarnation and Atonement is far more central, far more vital to the religious life, or to a true religious ideal. The instinct of the early Church as it is expressed in the Epistles and Gospels too, when rightly interpreted, which emphasises the death of its Master and Lord, was a profoundly true one. The main body of the Church has ever remained faithful to this instinct, and its opposition to all

liberal sects that tried to shift the emphasis to the life of one Man whom they would make the Exemplar of all the world and the Leader of the future of humanity, is a part of that same instinct. The heresy or error of these sects lies in their failure to see that the Drama of Redemption—the story of the dying and rising God—round which are grouped the most solemn doctrines of every one of the world's religions—is taught in the synoptic Gospels, as the late Master of Balliol expressed it, “in the simple characters of human action and human suffering, human love contending with human hate and overcoming it by its deepest strength and self-consistency,” no less than in the Epistles and in the creeds of the Church, where, to use the words of the same great teacher (*The Evolution of Religion*, vol. ii. p. 195), it “is lifted into the region of universal thought, and expressed in the large letters of a comprehensive theory of God's dealings with the world and with man.”

It was a favourite idea of the late Dr Dale of Birmingham that the true and full Christian Gospel was not found in the parables or precepts of the synoptic Gospels, but in the Epistles. Here we see the truth of his contention. It is only in the light of the doctrines of the Epistles—of Incarnation, Atonement, Resurrection—the Dying and Rising God—that the life portrayed in the synoptic Gospels and in the teaching put into the mouth of the Master can be seen in their most genuine significance. Properly read, there is no contradiction between Gospel and Epistle, as Liberal Christianity has more than implied in its repeated cry of “Back to Jesus.” In both the idea of sacrifice, which lies at the root of all religion, “Die to live,” is made central: in the one in the picture of a human life; in the other in a *Weltanschauung*. Hence the early Church is represented as sorrowing over its lost Master, as worshipping a suffering Christ, and as seeing Him, at the same time, as a glorified Lord. It is the old, old story of the Dying and Rising God that is told in the New Testament. It is a story far truer than if it were literally and historically

true, just as the stories of the Eden and the Fall are far truer than if they were literal history, because they are true of every life. The early Church said: "God suffered and died and rose from the dead for us men and for our salvation," and what it said was truer than those early believers knew—that is to say, the forms in which their religious imagination realised this truth for themselves, and represented it to others, were transient, but the truth of which these forms were symbols was eternal.

And the same may be said of the forms in which the Church has clothed its doctrines of Incarnation, Atonement, and Resurrection: they are all transient; but the truth that God died and rises, that God expresses Himself in human life, and triumphs over the limitations of humanity, that all human sorrow is God's sorrow, that all human experiences are God's experiences, that all human aspirations are upreachings of the Divine with the Soul of man to win him through the triumph over evil to unity with Himself, and that the fulfilment of the purpose of our existence is due to the death and triumph of God Himself in man—all this is vital and eternal truth, God in man growing, sorrowing, toiling, groping His way back to Himself. Something of this growing, giving, toiling God, humanity must be to win its full redemption. This is the drama of human life, the purpose of the ages. And as the Christ is represented as ascending into heaven and sitting down at the right hand of the Most High God, so the soul of man may pass to a greater height than the consciousness of his own divine nature and destiny; he may pass up through the potentialities of life in every form into that Infinite that transcends them all. His higher consciousness will be no longer that of being a part of an evolving, divine world, a toiling, travailing, divine humanity, but of being One with the Eternal, having reached the grand finale or dénouement of the Divine drama.

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ORTHODOXY, HETERODOXY, HERESY, AND FREEDOM.

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ORTHODOXY, Heterodoxy, and Heresy are three terms which are commonly used in the loosest way, with an amount of mischief proportionate, as usual, to the vagueness of the suggestion; for malaria does more harm than bullets. And it may not be without its uses to ask with some care what we mean when we employ such words.

Orthodoxy, it should be noted at the outset, is an entirely theological term. It is not religious. It therefore conveys nothing about the faith of any man or church, but only about their creed. It envisages religion entirely under the aspect of truths rather than powers.

In the next place, it concerns the whole field of theology without much perspective; and it is apt to pay little heed to the distinction between primary theology and secondary, between (as some put it) revelation and theology, between those truths which are postulates of the classic Christian experience, and those that are corollaries of it.

And in the third place, it has no meaning where a definite standard of belief is not accepted. In a church where no creed or confession is formally imposed the word has no sense, and it is mostly only a source of loose prejudice, or its weapon. That a man be orthodox implies two things—first, that he has set his seal to a statement of belief; and second, that the

chief object of his thought is to depart the very least possible from the *amount* of belief so subscribed. It is really a quantitative idea, and its object is the integrity and independence of the symbol which is regarded as embodying the final authority of intellectual tradition in religious matters. It follows that in a communion which has no formal creed the word is meaningless except as a vague conversationalism ; and no serious writer should use it as a description of another in that communion. It is mere popular journalese.

The opposite of Orthodoxy is not Heresy, but Heterodoxy. This also is meaningless apart from an explicit and accepted creed or confession. It implies the recognition of some symbol for the Church to which the man belongs. But he takes an attitude to it different from that of orthodoxy. If the orthodox treatment of the confession is quantitative, the heterodox is qualitative. Its object is not to preserve the largest possible quantum of belief, but to cherish the proportion of faith ; and in its interest even to practise a reduction of belief to the truths of distinctive substance and creative power in the religion concerned. It has a positive core and a flexible casing. It takes a free attitude towards the particulars of the symbol, to what may be called the secondary theology, because of its firm position on the primary, essential, and distinctive theology. The heterodox man accepts the authority of his church's standard so long as he is an officer or beneficiary of that church. But he finds the authority to centre in the positive and creative articles of the standard ; and he feels he may sit loose to many of the details and inferences in it, so long as he does not adopt, in regard to these, a method or principle destructive of the central doctrines he owns. Heterodoxy, therefore, means that a man keeps not only the spirit of Christianity (as the mindless phrase goes), but the doctrines which give Christianity its specific mark as a positive religion. The heterodox man must still be a theologian ; it is on the basis of certain theological beliefs that he can be free in respect to certain others with a different place

and value. For instance, if he is fixed in the grace of God by an atoning Cross, he may depart from current views as to the necessity, for that supreme thing, of our Lord's miraculous birth. And it is only if he has a right to such freedom through such fixities that he honestly remains in the Church, to reform its statement of faith from time to time, and to renovate its aspect to the age.

When we come to deal with Heresy we are in a different context, and the liberating fixities disappear. The root of the freedom is there not redemption but evolution, not a supernatural release but a natural, rational, and enlarging liberty. The condition of both orthodoxy and heterodoxy is a definite Church symbol. But the antithesis of heresy is the Gospel. Like heterodoxy heresy is a departure from orthodoxy; but it is not heresy till it is much more, till it is incompatible with the central principle that makes Christianity Christian, *i.e.* with the principle of holy love acting as grace to sin in Christ's cross. Heresy is any view of Christianity which destroys in principle (whether in intention or not) the Church's saving faith, its religion, and not simply its theology. Heterodoxy does not place a man outside the Church; heresy does. It breaks the evangelical succession which is the red thread of honour even in Catholicism. The opposite of heretical is not orthodox but evangelical. Heterodoxy may fairly demand not only patience from the Church, but attention. It has a footing and a right in the Church which is, indeed, the only condition of the reform of belief from within. But heresy, when it knows enough to know itself as heresy, has no such right. To deny eternal punishment is heterodox; to deny a personal future is heretical. To regard the death of Christ but as the great object-lesson of God's mercy is heterodox, but it is heretical to treat it as a mere martyrdom otiose to Christ's person and mission. To deny the Virgin Birth is heterodox; but to deny the Incarnation is heretical. To deny a physical resurrection is heterodox; but to deny that the earthly Jesus lives on as Christ in a personal and royal

identity accessible to His Church is heretical. Anyone who adopts that denial would seem to place himself outside the Gospel, and in the result to set up another religion. He is therefore in a false position in the Christian Church; he has parted, not with a passing form of Christianity, but with its essence. As the man also does who replaces redemption by evolution, and treats sin as a thing to be outgrown rather than forgiven, to be educated out of a man rather than justified and sanctified out of him. The same is true when we look to the right instead of to the left. The Papacy is not a heterodoxy but a heresy. And it is quite as impossible that it should live in the same house with evangelical faith as that the rationalism should whose last standard is cosmic, and not historic, pistic, and experimental. To make the Pope the vicar of Christ is as heretical as it is to make an idealist philosophy Christ's goal, measure, and critic.

Heresy, therefore, is in a sense a more religious term than heterodoxy. It means a rival religion which in the long run makes Christianity impossible. It destroys in due course practical Christianity—in the chief Christian sense of practical, viz. experimental. It destroys the practical end of the Church. It is not always easy to define heresy, since it departs not from a fixed creed but from a positive faith. And it is best left, in most cases, to the honour of sincere individuals under their informed conscience to take the action it entails. But we can at least note that in fact and history certain views of Christ and His work produce the uniform effect, when time is given them, of destroying experimental and missionary religion. Those who reach these views may identify themselves to good purpose with social and political reforms, where to kindle men is easy work; but if they do not secede from the Church and honestly take up the position of protest and criticism, they may remain there only to dry up upon its surface, and to settle into a kind of lichen, with an interest and even a beauty of its own, but without more than a mechanical connection with the body on which it lives.

The distinction between heterodoxy and heresy has thus a special utility for the sensitive conscience which finds itself in a painful position. It helps a preacher to decide without narrow scrupulosity when he has passed the line which obliges him in honour to restore his trust to the hands of the Church that gave it, and either to seek re-election or to retire. And it enables him more clearly and worthily to adjust his relations to the body he belongs to and whose credit he uses.

If the Church is to survive, the Church in all the churches must regain a large and generous *evangelical* solidarity. For no Church unity can be welded merely by the pressure of its environment, by the utilitarian need of cohesion in the face of social and moral ills. Such is the nature of the Church that its unity is possible only by the internal energy of the creative redemption that gave it birth; in a word, by the Holy Ghost. But as this evangelical solidarity comes to have its due effect through all the sects, the heretics (in the precise sense of that word) will become the true sectaries. For the heretical spirit is sectarian in its nature—sectarian and aristocratic. It is a gnosis. And the genius of gnosis is that of a sect or aristocracy of culture. The real democratic and universal element is positive faith; which has its *locus* in conscience as man's most human and universal part, and which ranges every man in his own gracious order and place, and does not appeal simply to the pneumatics, psychics, or illuminates naturally so selected and disposed. All gnosis claims to be broad; and the religion which desires to be broad before all else will resent its description as sectarian. But Christ was deep before He was broad; and rational religion tends always to secure its breadth at the cost of other features, at the cost of that fulness, four square every way, which is the mark of the city of God. As a matter of fact, it is not the comprehensive Church but the universal, the Catholic, that is the missionary Church; and breadth of creed, left to itself, tends to reduction of effort in the long run.

Heresy, it is here contended, only describes such a departure from the common faith as threatens the Church's life as a

Church. Such views are sectarian by the very definition. They imperil the Church not simply by aggressive, self-willed, or incompetent methods—these are more or less accidental, and often idiosyncratic,—but in principle, because they destroy the truth and deny the power which makes the Church a Church. Variation is not heresy until it delivers a mortal stroke. And by a mortal stroke we do not now, of course, mean mortal for the souls of individual heretics and charged with their future perdition. We mean mortal for the Church's Gospel and life, and therefore for the prospects of it in the world; therefore also indirectly mortal for future souls by their privation of saving good. That alone is heresy whose effect kills the Church's specific life and sets up in its place some religious association not the Church—not the pillar of evangelical truth. It cannot be denied that there are forms of religious belief claiming to be Christian which destroy the Church and reduce it to a mere association. There are dying churches now that bear witness to the fact. And for their plight we surmise all sorts of inferior causes, and we tinker at symptoms, and appoint officials to stir up the people, or to watch the dykes and stop leakage; whereas the plague is creeping paralysis, through the central loss of an evangelical faith and of a new creation out of the chaotic world. The soul of deadly heresy is the denial of the essential distinction between the Church and the world; or it may take the form of reducing the distinction to a mere division between church-goers and worldlings. But, centrally defined, it is the denial of the distinction between the Word and the world, between revelation and thought, between the kingdom of God and the social Utopia. It really is the paganising of the Church, its reduction to a school or a home (according as we take the way of religionising the natural reason or the natural affections). It reduces Christianity to one religion among many, with no absolute permanence or finality, and no issue of eternal life or death. Its programme is reality, more reality, but its principle is the Humanism, *i.e.* the subjectivism which destroys reality.

Religion is then but a special form of the human consciousness of the infinite world, a value subjective but not positive, psychological but not theological. It is but the spiritual choragus of the race. And apostles, prophets, are but the fuglemen of the spirituality of mankind. They are great figures thrown up rather than sent down.

In a word, the worst heresy is the denial that any heresy is possible; it is only approximation, greater or less, to truth.

It is clear that there arise here—out of such efforts as I have been making to be clear about terms—questions, hard but grave, about the place of freedom in the testimony of a church. Is any form of the Church there in order to give the utmost freedom to every variety of religious opinion? If not, where is that freedom to have its limits?

I suppose all but intellectual anarchists would hold that freedom is a secondary interest of the Church, and its first interest is a positive and generous gospel. Most reasonable people would hold that there is a point beyond which a church cannot go and remain a church. And a great many would hold that at the present chaotic hour it is more necessary that the Church and its representatives should take a positive line and give a constructive lead than that they should abet and champion the utmost freedom of view and expression. It is far from easy, and often impossible, to draw a strict line where freedom should end as dissolving truth and dissipating life. But at least it is a reasonable demand by the public upon the organs of a religion which makes such claims as Christianity and the Church do that they should give a clear lead on the positive line. Since the chief end of the Church is not comprehension but redemption, it is to every one's interest that we should seek to be as explicit as possible on the few greatest issues. The agnostic has as great an interest as any that the Christian issue should be quite clear, and that it should not mislead him into gratuitous denials and protests. Earnest belief and earnest unbelief are at one in a wholesome impatience of bland nebulosity, muddled

charity, and unchartered freedom in the last matters of reality and destiny. The essential question of the Church at least, however it may be with the public, is not, How far may we go? but, Where must we rally? Apart from what the Church feels as its own gospel and proposes as its own end, men outside ask orientation and guidance. They will respect more a guide who is not to their mind than a guide that has no mind, or none luminous. There is a whole class of men who, if they are reviewing a mischievous book, for instance, neither tell us its exact position nor express their own, but give us a few chapter-headings and say something nice about the tone, the spirit, the earnestness of the man, and his excellent form. They say they have faith in truth's power to make its own way and vanquish error. Or they do what is sometimes worse, and place the man's views sympathetically and uncritically before a bewildered public and bid it make up its own mind. That is not an education in liberty; it is mere *laissez faire*. And it is all wrong in the agent of a Church with a positive word and a teaching commission. It is true that Christian people have in the past been a great deal too free and ignorant in throwing about charges of heresy. But it is just as ignorant and it is falsely free to deny that such a thing exists or that it has any danger so long as we preserve the note of affectional charity, of bemused rather than principled tolerance, and of facile readiness to discuss everything and receive everybody. Faith, and not charity, is the foundation of Christianity. And faith is not dispassionate, not impartial. And in this region truth owes much to conflict and its shrewd warriors. Let us drop the animus connected with heresy (which is a legacy from the early age when heresy was supposed to be inspired by the devil); and let us drop its penalties (which date from the time when the identification of Church and State led it to be treated as political revolution and treason); but how can the warfare be dropped? The great body of the Church's truth has grown, as it must still grow, through a long series of conflicts with heresy; with attempts not simply to express variation, but to impose upon the evangelical message

cosmic principles from without ; with attempts, not to give the Gospel rational expression, but to trim and license the Gospel by rational standards. And the growth has taken place partly by assimilation of certain of these elements, but partly (and chiefly) by repudiation. Now we are at the end of an age—the age of assimilation. It has gone so far that the all-potent differentia of Christ is losing its identity in the effusiveness of our intellectual hospitality, and thousands are absolutely bewildered intellectually and morally. The time has come in circle for the more positive action. If Christianity is to escape the erasure of its own personality in mental complaisance it must be more critical of what culture offers it, and critical according to its own positive spiritual principles. It must now be more concerned to subdue than to absorb its environment. It must have the courage to concentrate at the cost of being called narrow, and to be positive careless of being called dogmatic. It must not be afraid to treat as heretical and formidable a religiosity whose viscous principles are clearly fatal to the power of its own Gospel. And, above all, it must be bold enough to have a gospel of its own, and an experience of personal grace, behind which no rational considerations can go. The rationality of the world is much, but its reality is more. And it is not the rational that is the real, but the good, the good and holy will. And there is none good in the great sense save only the gracious God in Christ, and those to whom that Christ reveals Him.

It makes all the difference whether we begin, as the Church does, with positive and creative truth in incessant expansion ; or, as the world does, with a native freedom which has to accept certain convenient limitations. These represent two totally different views of the world ; and, when pressed to their extreme, two different religions.

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LONDON.

DIVORÇONS !

AN EVANGELICAL LAYMAN.

THERE is no question but that the Low Church or Protestant or Evangelical Party in the Church of England (call it what you will) is, at the present time, in a parlous state. It used to be the Church ; a great many people still think it ought to be the Church ; and yet it is quietly but decidedly being squeezed out of the Church. The stars in their courses seem to fight against it, and so—very often—do the bishops in their dioceses. Its particular societies, such as the Church Association, are as active as ever. They pour out literature which is unanswerable, but nobody reads it except their own supporters, and nobody takes the trouble to attempt an answer. Every year they produce statistics showing that, in spite of all they do, Anglo-Catholicism has made steady progress. The old-fashioned Churchman, if he lives in a town, has to go farther and farther afield before he can find a church in which the worship and the doctrine are what he was trained to believe in in the days of his youth ; and if he lives in the country, he is often practically excommunicated. Some of his class are old enough to have built, or helped to build, schools in which the Reformation doctrines were taught, and have seen them appropriated to the teaching of something hardly distinguishable from Roman Catholicism, under the auspices of a parish priest who declaims loudly against certain Government proposals as involving a violation of trust. Others have built or helped to build churches, who, if they had known to what kind of

religion they would eventually be given up, would as soon have thought of building a mosque or a synagogue. Their children, when they leave the paternal roof, are as likely as not to find themselves among Anglo-Catholic surroundings, and to slide into Anglo-Catholicism. How are they to know? It is all "Church of England," and one does not wish to unsettle their hardly-formed religious convictions by harping on differences of doctrine.

It is not proposed to discuss here which of the two parties in the Church is right and which is wrong. All we affirm is that two widely different religions are at present in action within the limits of the Establishment; that believers in the one are being unfairly treated by believers in the other, and that the position is unbearable. No one can honestly suggest that the doctrines and practices in dispute are unimportant; for one party has thought them serious enough to institute legal proceedings about them, and members of the other have preferred imprisonment and deprivation to abandonment of them.

Not so long ago, when the Ritualists were less powerful, they used to say: "Let us alone; that is all we ask. We are harmless creatures. There is room for all of us within the ample bosom of the Church of England. Do not let us be too narrow. Let us work side by side with you for the extension of Christ's kingdom." A very good example of this sort of language will be found in an article by Canon Perry in *The Nineteenth Century* of September 1889; that was when the camel was in process of getting his nose into the Church tent. Twenty years later we find him edging out the long-established occupant. Legally, the position of the long-established occupant is as strong as ever. No one prosecutes him, no one formally excommunicates him—no one can, for the simple reason that he observes the laws of the Church—yet church after church is practically closed to him because the Church is becoming the Church of a narrow party, and to its views all others must conform. There is still

talk of the generous comprehensiveness of the English Church, but in a very large number of parishes it is a dead letter. You must conform to Catholicism of a more or less Roman flavour, or go. Unless you approve of practices unknown in the Church fifty years ago you are "deficient in Churchmanship." If you want to know what the views of the dominant party are about you, try *The Church Times*, the circulation of which far exceeds that of any other Church newspaper published, and you will come to the conclusion that people who can honestly give a general assent to the Thirty-nine Articles are not wanted in the Church. The views of *The Guardian* are hardly less distasteful to the Evangelical school. The bishops won't help you. Some are advanced Ritualists themselves, and, to give them their due, they are often less deadly enemies of the old school than some prelates of more moderate views. Among the latter it is not difficult to find men who carry on a veritable crusade against the perfectly legal practice of evening communion, while turning a blind eye towards practices condemned as illegal by the recent Royal Commission. During the last twenty years they have put High Churchmen into benefice after benefice where the old doctrine used to be taught; yet they feel it a scandal for a private patron to put a Low Churchman in where a High Churchman has been in possession for a decade or two.

The secret of it all seems, as regards the more moderate bishops, that they feel the camel to have got too far in, that (as Archbishop Temple put it) it would break their hearts to see the Church split up, and that the only way of botching up a peace is to tell the Arab to be content with his corner and leave the powerful camel alone. Following Mr Pickwick's advice, they shout with the largest crowd.

It is the largest crowd, without doubt. Yet how little this means in a country where it is the fashion to belong to the Church! Probably it means little more than this—that the great body of indifferents, which is, spiritually considered, more of an incubus than a source of strength to the school to

which it attaches itself, has shifted from one party to the other. Not that the clergy have been indifferent. It is due to the persistence of a small band of earnest workers that the Oxford movement first took root, and to the persistence of their successors that it has reached its present dimensions. We have vapoured and talked and prosecuted and spent our money; they have kept silence and worked and spent themselves; and self-sacrifice is so essentially the *kernpunkt* of the Christian life that the bishops may have thought it excusable to deal gently with them, forgetting, in the presence of pre-eminent Christian virtue, their bounden but unpleasant duty of correcting and punishing such as be disobedient within their dioceses.

Well, we are defeated! Our efforts to uphold the reformed Catholic religion have failed. The "Crisis in the Church" is over, and there does not seem to be anything more that we can do in the interests of peace. Making concessions to ritualist clergy has no effect except to furnish them with a basis for extorting further concessions. Kensitism is an abomination to us, and our great societies have shown themselves ineffective. Our parish priests do what they like and what we don't like; and if we appeal to the bishops they either don't interfere, or, if they attempt to interfere, are met with defiance. If we remain in the ring, it is practically impossible for us to avoid dancing; and if we dance, it must be to the tune set by the Ritualists. Ought we not, under these circumstances, to get out of the ring?

That is the question. And while we ask it, another crisis is arising for the Church. The Church in Wales is threatened with disestablishment and disendowment in the near future, and as an impassioned and urgent appeal has been made to all Church people to rally in its defence, it becomes necessary for Protestant Churchmen to consider what they will do. Our leaders seem to have already decided that they will pull heartily together with their oppressors in helping to save the Church. All the bishops of moderate

views are pledged to oppose Welsh disestablishment tooth and nail, and the only bishop who has sounded a discordant note is the extremist Bishop of Birmingham. The acute and usually cautious Dean of Canterbury is as full of fight as Lord Hugh Cecil and his following. It seems almost incredible! Here is the Arab, almost squeezed out of his own tent by the camel, being invited by the latter to join in defending it against the enemy, and responding to the invitation!

We don't think the camel ought to be in the tent at all; but if it were large enough to hold us both comfortably it might be different, and we might perhaps try to rub along somehow. With all the goodwill which some prelates have undoubtedly shown, it is impossible to work the religion of Newcastle and the religion of Birmingham satisfactorily from the same centre. We must part; that is certain. No Church can include two religions. We can't give our clergy the option of giving a general assent to the Thirty-nine Articles and a general assent to the decrees of the Council of Trent. That would not be latitude, but stultification. We are not heretics, for we stick most closely to the doctrines of our own Church as set forth in her special formularies—the Articles and the Catechism; and we shall not be schismatics, because our Church will be the legitimate successor of the present reformed Church of England.

It may be urged that a large body of the clergy are still loyal to their ordination vows, although they do not think it right to identify themselves with any party. They keep clear of the English Church Union, as well as of the National Church League, and may best be described as neutrals, although by their mugwumpery they are really helping the cause of the Ritualists. Their tendency is to become higher in doctrine as time goes on; and as they die or disappear, their benefices are almost invariably filled by men more advanced than themselves. There is, indeed, no ground from which they can be recruited, as the theological colleges and

seminaries are, with one or two (Low Church) exceptions, in the hands of the High Churchmen. If they were the backbone of the Church, one might be content to remain in it, but they may more properly be described as a weak "buffer state" between the Ritualists and the reformers, the territory of which is continually being eaten into by the more powerful party.

Thus we come back to the need for disruption; and for disestablishment as a necessary preliminary to disruption.

Disestablishment! Here again some of our friends are doubtful, and many are adverse. Some think it may, and many think it must, lead to the absorption of the Church of England by Rome. But why should this be? There is extremely little restraint on the Romanising party in the Church as it is, and there would be less still if the Church were disestablished, for the reason that that party is powerful enough to have a preponderating influence on any authority which might be set up for the government of the Church. The new Church of England would be an independent Rome, with the enormous advantage of freedom from the iron discipline of the Vatican. It does not seem in the least likely that Anglican priests would wish to subject themselves to a yoke which they are of all men most unfitted to bear.

Moreover, there are considerations connected with the practice of the Roman Church which seem to some high Anglican dignitaries to furnish a sufficient reason why their Church should, while accepting nearly all the Roman doctrines, refuse to subject itself to the domination of Rome.¹

At the same time, the fact that many people think disestablishment would have the effect of throwing the Church of England into the arms of Rome is instructive enough. It shows what a narrow line separates the Church in the popular

¹ For a statement of these, Bishop Gore's *Roman Catholic Claims* may be consulted. It affords a striking contrast to an older book on the same claims: *The Apology of the Church of England*, by Bishop Jewel, which all twentieth-century Churchmen would do well to read.

belief from that religion against which it was once looked upon as the most formidable bulwark. We may also observe that if it is really a narrow line, it does not matter very much whether the Anglican Church continues as a separate entity, or is merged in the Roman Church. Beliefs are far more important than institutions, and there is no apparent reason why the former should change merely because the latter are interfered with. *We* are not going over to Rome, and that is enough. We believe that although the gates of hell may not prevail against the Roman Catholic church, the educated intelligence of the human race will in the long run prevail against the Roman Catholic religion. The great thing for us to bear in mind is that we have nothing to fear, because we have nothing to lose—everything having been taken from us already—not perhaps actually, but potentially. For the people who bear rule in the Church to-day are not the moderate men, but the men who want Mass vestments because they are Mass vestments. The rest only exist on sufferance, except in the comparatively few parishes in which the patronage is in Evangelical hands.

It is essential that in these parishes the clergy and their people should not take a selfish view of the position, but should actively join with us in our efforts to be free of our oppressive partners, however satisfied they may be with their own circumstances.

We cannot, then, join in the defence of the Establishment in Wales. Are we to join in the attack upon it? One thing prevents us from doing that; namely, the consideration that disendowment has been bound up with it. Now whether we have an interest in the goods of the Church or not, and although we may see rank Romanism being taught in schools provided by the money of Protestant Churchmen, most of us, if not all, will presumably look upon disendowment as an act of spoliation, and to that we cannot be parties at any price. Disendowment is not a necessary corollary of disestablishment, and it may be asked why the nobler spirits of Nonconformity do not insist

on its being dropped out of the Liberal programme. The movement would stand on an altogether higher plane if they did, and would attract to it the support of many Church people both among the Ritualists and the Reformationists. Not, of course, that this consideration should weigh, for the movement would probably lose more votes than it would gain; but we do press the consideration of political purity very seriously. How is it that no political victory can be won without the aid of a horde of mercenaries? Here is one party obtaining support by proposing to take money out of their richer fellow-countrymen's pockets and to put it into theirs, and another proposing that we should enrich ourselves at the expense of the foreigner. For one vote given in favour of free trade as a result of conviction, a hundred are given because the particular voter thinks that for him free trade means a cheaper loaf than protection. Now, although the question of disestablishment and disendowment is a political one, those most interested in it are religious bodies and religious people, and the present juncture offers them a splendid opportunity of showing that what they care for is principle, and not booty, and that they are not going to get their principle affirmed by Parliament with the help of votes given for mercenary considerations. Until they do this, we Protestant Churchmen cannot give them active support in their campaign against the Establishment, however thoroughly we may agree that the time has come for the State Church to go.

Perhaps it may be urged that the immorality of disendowment should make us active opponents of it, as a matter of principle, whether it is severable from disestablishment or not. To which we may reply that, if it is severable we ought to oppose it, but that if opposition to it cannot be dissociated from opposition to disestablishment we must consider the relative importance of the principles at stake—the principle of religious liberty and the principle of the ownership of property, and that we must unhesitatingly decide that the former is the more important, as it has to do with persons,

while the latter is concerned with things. Apart from this consideration, a plea has been put forward in favour of our fighting against disendowment, that the property of the Church is ours by right, even if we are not always in possession of it, and that if there is disestablishment, whatever property is not taken away from the Church will, in all probability, be put eventually to Roman Catholic uses; so that we shall be helping to further the very doctrines against which we protest. To this we may answer that property may keep a Church going, but not a religion, and that in certain conditions, of which God alone must be judge, property may be a hindrance, and not a help, to religion. We can only leave this matter with Him.

One word more. The writer — a plain layman, who has done his best in the past to bring about a concordat between the parties — has not arrived at the conclusion expressed in this article without much hesitation and regret. But the matter seems to him to be urgent, nor merely for the reasons already given, but also, and above all, because of the disastrous effect which the present state of things is calculated to produce in the spiritual life of Protestant church people. No doubt there are still a sufficient number of channels left through which they can give their money, but it cannot but be seriously detrimental to them to be debarred from helping in Sunday Schools, and district visiting, and other church work. It is no light matter that they should be deprived of these means of spiritual growth unless they will accept doctrines which are repugnant to their intelligence. Nor should they be driven to dissent when there exists a Church which, if it were true to its own Articles, would give them all they need, and be more congenial to them in many ways than membership of any Nonconformist body. As it is, there has been for years a steady leakage of some of the most valuable members of our Church to the Wesleyan and Presbyterian Churches; and this can only be stopped if, taking our courage in both hands, those of the bishops, the clergy, and the laity

who believe in the Reformed religion, part company with the Romanisers in a body and continue as a Reformed Church of England, retaining the Apostolic succession and the faith of Latimer and Ridley.

Last of all, let us remember that unless we Low Churchmen can display in the future the same energy and unselfishness which so many of our Anglo-Catholic brethren exhibit, and the same deep spirituality which used to be regarded as the chief characteristic of Evangelicalism, religious freedom, when it does come to us, will avail us nothing.

GROUNDS OF FAITH.

A STUDY OF LIKELIHOODS.

ALBERT GEHRING.

AMONG the opinions that we hold, but few are the result of methodical demonstration. Even where reasoning is involved, it is usually not of primary importance. Our conclusion shines out before us ; our will drives us toward it as with the hidden power of a propeller ; and reason merely adds the specious strokes of the oar, which seemingly impel us onward. Yes, even when we are less biassed, even when we feel ourselves ready to accept any conclusion that is logically correct, our emotional preferences will play a part and act as currents gently furthering or steadily hemming our progress towards the goal. There is something to be said in favour of every proposition ; and our desires have accommodating perceptions, ready to sift out the arguments that are agreeable and marvellously impervious to the others. Apart from the emotional element, too, our reasonings are often most confused. Of syllogistic clearness and symmetry there is little trace. The most manifold considerations are thrown together, if only they possess the common feature of pointing in one direction ; and these writhe and twist about in the greatest disorder, like gold-fish in a basin, until finally they are caught up in a sudden current of emotion and landed in the placid pool of the conclusion. The particular arguments, if followed up by themselves, might be inadequate, yet there is validity in the cry of the *ensemble*.

Of this nature are the arguments that nourish my belief in a greater consciousness than the human—encircling and controlling us—and in immortality. My faith in these matters was semi-emotional in origin, and as such it would likely persist, even without the support of a logical foundation. Nevertheless, as time has passed, certain considerations of a theoretical nature have presented themselves which impart plausibility to the views I entertain; and, such as they are, I shall attempt to reproduce them, though without excessive regard for nicety of arrangement or perfect accuracy of reasoning. I shall offer pictures of my mind as it appears when directed toward the problems in question, with the various arguments, sub-judgments, and undercurrents of feeling juxtaposed in much of their original disorder; regarding the world from the ordinary point of view, but also inserting considerations of an idealistic nature; claiming no coerciveness for any isolated line of reasoning, although hoping for some plausibility from their combined effect.

I.

Viewing the mind from the exterior, through the medium of the bodies which it inhabits, we perceive an outcrop. Here is the immeasurable universe, with its suns and stars, and its tiny little mite of an earth. Yet how majestic it is, this earth, with its Atlantics and Pacifics, its Amazons and Himalayas! In comparison, man is a mere bird on the mountain, an excrescence, a parasite, a nothing. Is the fire of consciousness confined to these atoms; does the great cosmic process only find a reflection in this peculiar union of carbon and nitrogen; have the myriads of celestial bodies been whirling about for æons in order that a few dust-particles might finally be tickled?

When I see a fire-spitting volcano, I surmise the presence of subterranean heat. When I regard the strata jutting out of a mountain-side, I postulate a continuation beneath the surface. The oceanic isle is the summit of a submarine

elevation, an outcrop of land which everywhere underlies the sea. Shall it be different with this outgrowth which we call mind,—this brilliant appearance of thought, this illuminated island in the dark ocean of unconsciousness, this stratum of feeling and will?

Man's body is embosomed in the elements: blooming forth from their womb, it is laid back into them as into a sepulchre. And with his body goes the growth and decline of his spirit. Must I believe, however, that the corporeal atoms have existed and shall continue to exist for all time, while their conscious glow is but a sporadic fact, but the scintillation of a will-o'-the-wisp? Must I accept the material law, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, while the realm of sensation witnesses creation without cause and existence without persistence? Is it true that the smallest particle of matter is a reflector of all material creation, in which we may recognise the forces and elements which are there repeated in widening circles, while consciousness is but an isolated phenomenon, but an accident and anomaly?

All manifestations of energy are continuous and interconnected. Force produces force the wide universe throughout, and will continue to do so until time is no more. Is consciousness alone to be without kinsmen? Are there only individual stones and single vibrations of thought, no planetary systems or magnetic poles? Are there no starlike brothers of feeling, no fatherly sons of devotion? Will gravitation, electricity, cohesion remain, and knowledge be crushed out of existence by the collision of a planet?

No, it cannot be! The conclusion is unavoidable that as man's body is part of material nature, so his mind is part of a greater mind. The analogy begun in the animal is the hint of a parallelism that extends deep into the realm of material being. The strata must dip beneath the surface; consciousness must follow the worm into the earth, must bubble along with the playful brook, swell with the ocean, revolve with the planet, and soar on to the very constellations.

And if the mind externally resembles an outcrop, it is a

fragment from within. It is incomplete in every direction, and there are currents sweeping through it and ragged edges hanging from it on all sides. We clutch at a few insignificant facts and strive for some paltry ends, but the great systems of which these are members remain hidden from view. Our knowledge is an infinitesimal fraction of the unit of complete knowledge, a mere promontory in the vast ocean of the unknown. The streams of will course through us without summons or sanction, and lead to actions whose outcome we do not know. It seems as if we were led along preordained paths and guided by invisible powers; it seems, indeed, as if there were

“ . . . a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

In the enjoyment of beauty we gain glimpses of a richer life, hear echoes of a far-off, happy land of promise. The reality of this land is also vouched for by our strivings after higher life and perfection, our “heavenly homesickness,” our beginnings without end, our desires without satisfaction. In spite of the aimless, drifting aspect of existence, we cherish the conviction of its reality, of its meaning and rational purpose.

The inner and outer aspects of mind thus exactly correspond: from the exterior a recurring outcrop, from the interior a fragment; from without a studded ocean, from within a surrounded island. Viewed from every side, indeed, the mind suggests, not an entity complete in itself, but a part of a greater whole. Man’s consciousness, like his body, belongs to a larger universe; there are solar systems of sensibility, matching the sublime constellations of material nature.

II.

Now let us give a turn to the mental kaleidoscope and introduce a more sober, logical combination of elements. Consciousness is attributed to human beings and animals.

Some people would go further, and bring the flower and leaf within the realm of sensation. But in general the passive life of the plant appears too little like their own to foster such a view. As for rocks and minerals, water and air—they seem absolutely out of question. The earth, with its rivers, mountains, and clouds; the solar and sidereal systems, with their suns and planets, their comets and nebulae—all are mere inert matter, except in so far as they may harbour organisms similar to those here.

In opposition to this view, we must first protest against the assumption that consciousness can only be inferred where its expression resembles that of man. We know nothing of the inner, essential connection between matter and mind, and lack every justification for assuming that sensibility cannot arise except under the conditions presented by animal tissue. It is doubtful whether the worm or louse, if able to philosophise, would ever come to the conclusion that man was a being endowed with sensibility. Indeed, it is unlikely that the lower animals should even be able to form an adequate conception of the bodies of their higher mates. The ant may regard the elephant as an amorphous, inanimate object—a mountain with destructive avalanches. The rhinoceros, if it is able to perceive the mosquito at all, may class it as a soulless shred of matter. The cat, on the other hand, may put the rubber-ball into the family of rodents. It would be interesting to make classifications of the animal kingdom as it would appear to various species; doubtless it would undergo considerable modification, and *homo sapiens* might be missing in many of the systems.

May we too resemble the lower animals in our enumeration of living beings? Are we overlooking the sensibility connected with the flowing river and the coal measures, because we are unable to perceive the individualities to which they belong? The phenomena exhibited in the animal world assume degrees and qualities which do not surpass our powers of perception. No animal is too large to be seen in its entirety; and none

moves so rapidly or curiously but that its movements can likewise be perceived. All fall into the circle of perceptibility, all are subject to our mental control. From the position of many animals, however, this is not the case. The blind cave-fish, for instance, could never form an idea of a horse, or the oyster of a bird.

If this is true of the lower animals, may it not also be true of man? What ground have we for assuming that we occupy the top notch, and that there are no manifestations of life transcending our own mental control? May not the forces of heat, light, and electricity be the bearers of sensibility in higher organisms, similar to the nerves that permeate our own bodies? May not the solid universe be an unimportant outgrowth of some vaster power, like the hair that covers our limbs? In view of the immense differences characterising the material aspect of animals, differences so great as in some cases to denote inability of mutual perception, we are by no means justified in maintaining that consciousness can only exist with manifestations exhibiting a pronounced similarity to those of human beings or animals.

But even if we were to accept this position, assuming that sensibility must be accompanied by a resemblance to the human body, we should only require a resemblance in essentials. Nobody would hold that ten fingers, four limbs, a soft skin, or a spinal column were necessary, for life exists without these concomitants. What, then, are the essentials? We can arrive at an answer by abstracting from the human body all those features which are not absolutely necessary for a flourishing of conscious life. In the first place, we could cut off the limbs, sexual organs, teeth, ears, and hair, without any essential impairment of mentality. And if the arts of surgery, medicine, and histology were sufficiently developed, we might add the skin, ribs, muscles, special organs of sense, and even the vital parts. If the nervous system—which alone would remain—were treated artificially so as to receive the identical stimulations which it now receives from the neighbouring

organs, while the normal conditions of heat and protection from rough contact were properly observed, it would not be too fantastic to conceive of bundles of nerves hung up in physiological laboratories which went through all the emotional phases of normal people,—laughed at the latest jokes, became intoxicated with liquors, wept at misfortune, hoped for better days.¹ There is nothing intrinsically absurd about this notion. We know that sensation in the last resort inhabits the nerves and brain, and that all other organs merely furnish the conditions necessary for their functioning. If these could be furnished artificially, we might indeed have a realisation of the fancy.

But have we now arrived at the end ; may not the analysis be extended still further ? We know that the nerves and brain themselves, as mere matter, do not suffice for the production of consciousness, but require a certain motion besides. May not the essential conditions of consciousness be connected somehow with this motion ? And are we justified in declaring that the motion can only be found in a brain and nervous system, or, still more, in a brain and nervous system like the human ?

We admitted, for the sake of argument, that we might deny the presence of consciousness where it was unaccompanied by manifestations similar to those in man ; but we insisted that only essential manifestations were to be considered. If, now, the essential ones are reducible to subtle complications of motion, who can determine where to confirm the right kind of complications and where not ? Who can prove that the heat emanating from a volcano is not part of a system more

¹ Such a stationary nervous system would resemble an inverted plant, the brain standing for the root, the spinal column for the main stem, and the nerves emanating therefrom for the smaller branches. Indeed, all the nervous activities essential for the production of even the highest states of mind are smaller, to the eye, than the activities manifested by a tree with its leaves and stems slightly agitated. Lay bare the nervous system of a man enraptured by a glorious sunset, and less "life" will appear than is evident in a rosebush swayed by the wind.

elaborate even than that in the brain of man? Who can arrange and classify the granite rock, the gushing brook, the tree, the oyster, man himself, the earth and the solar system, according to their grade in the important motion? And who would deny the existence of invisible intelligences, when the very core of the material conditions governing our own intelligence is a phenomenon so elusive and physically insignificant? Shall we locate the essence of man in his outer garments, and be misled by the flappings of a scarecrow? Shall we overlook the meditating philosopher, while watching the "life" manifested in the clothes on the wash-line? Shall we recognise life in the romplings of the children, but deny its presence in the immovable face of the worshipping saint? No, and let this be our final word, embodying the nucleus of these paragraphs of problematic material: not until you show us the fundamental, essential conditions of consciousness, and prove that these are confined to human beings and animals, shall we be prepared to consider whether the rest of the universe is dead and unfeeling. Even then there would be room for argument; but before so much has been done it is folly to be dogmatic.

III.

How numerous are the considerations that suggest hidden, transcendent realms of being! Take the uncertain, fluctuating nature of some of our higher faculties. The senses give us photographs of the world; the understanding penetrates into this world as with telescope and prism. Both reveal what exists apart from us; both have their outer juxtapositions, corresponding to the relations within. But when we examine the world of morals and beauty, the case is different. Here, too, there are distinctions which seem to postulate exterior realities, but all search for them seems destined to remain fruitless. There is no constant material expression of our higher emotions, no external realisation, like that which corresponds to the faculties of sensation and understanding. Yet they feel as if they referred to an order of things inde-

pendent of the individual. Shall this order be denied simply because it is hidden from the senses? May not the senses be incomplete, while the world which they reveal constitutes but a fragment of the total reality? To the senses the embrace of the sexes is identically the same thing, whether performed in wedlock or in contravention of social usage; but what a difference in reality! It is universally conceded that the difference is far greater than that, for instance, between running a race and sitting in a chair—great as this may appear from the viewpoint of the senses. But shall the important differences of life be illusory—differences in air-castle material, in dream-substance—while the unimportant ones correspond to variations in outward, solid fact? Is the world of motives a shadow-world, while that of jumping and gesticulating is real?

The conclusion bears down upon us that the deeper things in life—meaning poetry, love—ought also to find their expression apart from immediate consciousness. Acts prompted by the same motives, no matter how great their differences as mere facts of sense, ought to become manifest in some way as similar in nature; while those which are prompted by different motives, even though they are externally as similar as two eggs, ought to stand forth distinct. The unnoticed and fruitless attempt to save a drowning man's life must somewhere have effects as great as the ostentatious endowment of institutions of learning.

All this may seem fantastic, but it serves to show how little we know of the universe, and how man may have affiliations which fail to be affected by death. There may be more dimensions to the world than we suspect; matter and force may have mysterious aspects of which we have never dreamed.

But, turning to this threatening pair, what have we to fear from matter and force; how dare they loom up so authoritatively and threaten destruction to the spirit? May it not turn out that they themselves have no existence apart from mind? Might not a thorough development of the idealistic

philosophy reveal the divinity of material nature, and lead to a conviction of immortality? But even if we adopt the common view, and regard matter as distinct from spirit, who can assert that consciousness is dependent upon it, who deny its capacity for independent existence? Is it not evident that mind runs alongside of matter, without ever dipping into it? Can a thing be held to produce another because it moves parallel with it? The bee sways to and fro with the flower, but it is not annihilated when the flower is plucked. The organist draws forth enchanting tones from his instrument, but the composition is not lost with the removal of the pipes. Matter is the garment of mind; it fits with marvellous accuracy, but it can readily be laid aside when the trumpeteer of eternity bids us don our heavenly robes.

IV.

The theory of evolution has done much to weaken arguments from design; it is doubtful, however, whether it can explain the superb flowering of thought and emotion evident in the realms of beauty and truth. It may account for the agreement between the conduit of environment and the enclosed current of ordinary life, but when the stream suddenly leaps up in a symmetrical fountain, with jets spouting out toward the four points of the horizon, and forming accurate mathematical figures, our agreement is at an end, and it appears as if the pipe had been designedly punctured.

Our cruder instincts and physiological adaptations may be compared with the current, moulded and directed by the environment; while our higher æsthetic and intellectual activities correspond to the fountain. Natural selection only accounts for those vital phenomena which have served in the preservation of the species. The finer cognitive and emotional states are mere by-products. The lower is nurtured with solicitude, the higher serenely neglected.

By analogy we might expect the dust-particles on the floor to settle into Raphael Madonnas, or the shavings from

a carpenter's bench to assume the form of exquisite little Chinese figures. We resemble the observer who sees stones cut and placed, and then names the emerging cathedral a by-product.

Man's higher nature is a sublimation of that primitive life which is the direct result of natural selection. Instincts and feelings which were implanted in order to help in finding and digesting food, killing enemies, and building shelters are developed into wonderful mathematical, musical, and philosophical faculties. We take the rude cudgel wielded by primitive man, and lo! it serves as a violin and telescope. Is not this double and unforeseen use a matter of significance? An object designed for high employments may of course be put to low ones: a book may be utilised as a weight, a watch as a missile. But when we buy a cane and find it responding to the manipulations of a flutist, there is reason for surprise; and we suspect that the flute was after all the main end in the manufacture of the cane.

V.

Here, however, I must stop and ask an important question: Do the foregoing arguments really constitute the foundation of my belief; do they actually produce conviction? With this we are brought back to the considerations of the introduction. I do not know, at times, whether to answer *yes* or *no*. Truth must be quaffed when freshly poured out; allow it to stand and it soon becomes stale. Our insights and demonstrations may be valid enough when first perceived, but when after months they are finally relegated to paper, they often lack a vital element which they originally possessed. We may read them, assent, and discover no flagrant errors: yet they fail to take hold of us with their former electrifying power. Indeed, the more we search for the missing quality, the more it eludes us, until at last, if we continue, even the significance that still remained disappears, and all grows blank and vapid.

But we find, upon further consideration, that this is the property of all truth. Even the proposition that two and two make four becomes meaningless when we analyse it too minutely and try to whittle out its essence. Truth, like Beauty, can be gathered best while we are intellectually perambulating. Arrest the bucket over your head and the water falls out. Look too closely for the charm in the maiden's face and her features are transformed into mere lines and surfaces. Truth seems to filter in through the outlying portions of the mental eye; it does not strike us with a single ray, but inundates us in a sea of light; it is the outcome or complement of mental states.

The state I was in when first I saw the truths of the foregoing pages—the matrix of feeling, presupposition, and subconsciousness—this was the animating, affirmative element, the foundation of my belief; and before I can impart this I cannot hope for coerciveness.

But coercion is not my object. Like persons in a conversation, I merely wish to express myself. Perchance some readers will find themselves in similar mental states. If so, they may be pleased to note the correspondence, and may gather from these lines what I was unable to put into them. One truth, however, may be repeated for all, namely, that our arguments are often but slightly influential in establishing belief. We may profess faith in them and regard them as the foundation of conviction, yet the real foundation lies deeper. Its premises extend into our innermost nature; they are not to be counted by the pair, but by the hundred and thousand; and the rules according to which they lead into the conclusion have not yet found their Aristotle.

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FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE.¹

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THE coins that are the most in use are the most defaced and worn. Even when they are already half unrecognisable, they continue to be circulated from hand to hand. Not their original superscription but only a conventional valuation based on characteristics of the most external kind determines their present worth. Ought it, then, to occasion surprise if those words which are most constantly in requisition be subject to a similar process of wear and tear? Let us consider whether such, perchance, is not the case with reference to a pair of terms so frequently employed as the terms faith or belief and knowledge.

The German expression *glauben* denoted originally the act of concurring with the statement of a witness, or the act of standing for or guaranteeing his statement. This can be shown in six different ways. It follows from the root itself of the old word *galoupian* (cp. *Laub* and *to believe*); from its Hebrew, Greek, and Latin equivalents; from its connection with the specific observation of a particular witness; from its express definition (Hebrews xi. 1); from products of what is called faith in the shape of life, energy, and endurance; and finally from the reciprocal relation of the verb to other verbs (such as *vertrauen*), which comes to light in the history of linguistic usage. I am not called upon to develop these

¹ Translation revised by the author.

six points at any length. My readers will be able of themselves to follow out in each case the line of thought to the end, if I put them on the right track.

I invite them, then, in the first place, to refer, for example, to the great German Dictionary of Professor M. Heyne (of Göttingen). There we are informed: "*Glaube* is confiding acceptance of a truth. At the basis of the word is the root *lub*, which, with the general meaning of agreeing with and of approving, appears also in *erlauben* and *loben*." Or, again, Kluge remarks in his *Etymological Dictionary of the German Language* (3rd ed.): "To the root *lub* belong the words *erlauben*, *lieb*, *loben*, *Urlaub*." But why go in search of further evidence? Is not the English word "believe," which properly signifies *belauben* in the sense of *bedecken*, a living memorial of the original form and significance of the expression *glauben*? Both root and lateral branches of this verb prove, therefore, unmistakably that the verb itself denoted originally the dependence of one person upon another, the appearance of one person as surety for another and for his statement or assertion. A similar result is reached, in the second place, from the words which stand in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin for the verb "to believe." The corresponding Hebrew word *heēmîn* signifies "to be firm" (in regard to the logical object in question), or "the act of adhering to." This I have established by a fresh examination of the fifty-two passages in which the verb appears. Moreover, the Greek translators chose *πιστεύειν* as their rendering of the Hebrew, and *πιστεύειν* means "to be loyal or faithful," "to put confidence in." The Greek language possessed, of course, words with the significance of "to suppose" or "to imagine," but no one of these was selected as the equivalent of the Hebrew *heēmîn*. And just as little is this verb rendered in the Latin Bible by such terms as *putare*, or *opinari*, or *sentire*, but by *credere*, which means, according to Priscian, *cretum dare* ("to put trust in"). In the third place, is it not noteworthy, and a fact to which little attention has been given, that the prophets of Israel never

spoke of their faith, but of their seeing and hearing, of their contact, transcending all ordinary experience, with the cause lying at the back of the world? *This*, indeed, they did demand—that the faith of their hearers should correspond to their assurances. “If ye will not believe,” cries Isaiah in thrilling tones to his contemporaries (and *not* to them alone), “ye shall not be established” (Isaiah vii. 9). Who is not familiar, in the fourth place, with the words of the New Testament which come before us as a formal definition of the term, *faith* or *belief*? Yet those words (Hebrews xi. 1) are still more impressive if the original text is correctly rendered: “Now faith is a foundation for that which is hoped for, a means of proving things which are not seen.” How clearly is faith here regarded as an act of the soul which is accompanied with the characteristic of complete certainty! Further confirmation of the point is, it is true, superfluous. And yet it would be an error not to remind ourselves, in the fifth place, of the triumphs over suffering and death by which faith has impressed itself, with marks of gold, upon the annals of history. Behold, how the noble band of confessors and martyrs gaze with steady eye upon the future! Do you hear, too, how in their ranks the watchword passes from mouth to mouth: “I believe, therefore do I speak”? Do you see, once more, how from their eyes the triumphant consciousness, “I *know* that my redeemer liveth,” is shining forth? And from that we might also gather warrant for the last point mentioned above as a means of proof. But, then, it is to be added that the New Testament writers also interchange, and not seldom, with the verb “to believe” the verb “to know.” We read, for example: “You yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night” (1 Thess. v. 2). The verbs “to believe” and “to know” are thus seen to develop their meaning side by side and along parallel lines.

Indisputable, therefore, is it that belief or faith was in its original sense a *reliance upon* the assertion of a witness, and that in ancient times it invariably possessed this significance.

As is well known, the teachers of evangelical Christianity were on that account accustomed to say that the act of believing consisted of *notitia*, *assensus*, and *fiducia*. They saw in the act of belief a psychological process which manifested itself in all the three fundamental forms of mental activity. As *cognisance* of the information conveyed by a religious witness, striking its roots as it were into our soul-life, it grew and flourished in gladsome *assent* through our feeling attitude, in order to impart as *trust* new impulses and new directions to the will. And endowed with these characteristics the notion of faith or belief wandered like a costly jewel down the centuries. In so doing, what relation did it exhibit to knowledge?

Let the answer to this question be given first of all in the words of a man of such wide horizon as Leibniz (1632–1716). In his *Discours de la conformité de la foi avec la raison*, the philosopher writes: "We can compare faith with experience, since faith (so far as the motives which guarantee it are concerned) depends upon the experience of those who have seen the miracles on which the revelation is based and upon the trustworthy tradition which they have transmitted to us, be it through their writings, or be it through the report of those who have preserved the tradition; very much as we ourselves rely upon the experience of those who have seen China, and upon the trustworthiness of their report, when we believe in the wonders that are related to us of that far-away land."¹ Leibniz, then, put the Christian's act of faith upon the same level as the recognition of the reports which are brought to us by geographical investigators, for example, from distant parts of the world.

Beyond a doubt this was the really accurate employment of the verb "to believe," and the usage could only have been modified in some such way as the following. It has become, namely, a customary mode of expression to say, for instance, "We know that the French were once defeated by the English

¹ Leibniz, *Discours*, etc. (édition Jaucourt, 1747), p. 2.

in their own country," although this information could only have been derived from the testimony of witnesses. On the other hand, if the witnesses had communicated to us directly what they had observed, we should naturally speak of *believing* them. Now, were we consistent, we should do this still, even though their information had become fixed through the mediation of others. As it is, however, a mere inconsistency of linguistic usage and, what is the main point, a high estimate of the sources which contain the reports in question, have brought it about that we have accustomed ourselves to speak, in respect to such reports, not of *belief* but of *knowledge*. Precisely the same psychological process can be observed also in the field of the history of religion. Even personalities of full religious conviction do not hesitate to say: "We *know* that to those who love God all things work together for good" (Rom. viii. 28).

Accordingly, the receding of the expression "to believe" in favour of the expression "to know" is to be found working in *parallel* directions upon the materials both of profane and of religious history, and in each department it emanates from the same cause—namely, from the high degree of reliance placed upon the trustworthiness of the mode of transmitting the tidings in question.

Notwithstanding, there is to be discerned in modern times another tendency. On the one hand, the notion of *faith* or *belief* tends to become *impoverished*; on the other hand, the range of the notion of *knowledge* tends to become *enhanced* or *heightened*.

An entire theological movement of our day is making the attempt to separate the act of religious belief from cognisance of the facts of religious history. Many modern scholars are trying to make good the contention that faith or belief *produces itself*. They look upon faith or belief as, so to speak, a freely suspended quantity, an unnameable feeling, an indeterminable presentiment, an aspiration proceeding from the craving of the individual subject to transcend the bounds

of present time and of space. Yes, this view has been expressly stated by Arthur Bonus in the widely circulated weekly journal *Die christliche Welt* (1900, col. 496 *sqq.*). He says, "Will and striving in spiritual matters is confidence, is belief." Faith, for people of this frame of mind, becomes a subjective product of the individual ego; a mere opinion, a mere wish. They approach very nearly the standpoint of Ludwig Feuerbach, who declared religion to be an outcome of human wishes.¹ What a transformation of the notion of faith or belief! Psychologically, however, the chief interest centres round the attempt to retain for faith, *as thus interpreted*, the characteristic of "certainty." In a later number (1902, col. 1108) of the journal just cited that attempt is actually made. "Faith of this sort," so we read, "wins for itself certainty from the flowing, living, and life-creating struggle and willing and striving and becoming of the subject's inner being." Such an identification of striving after an end with the attainment of that end is surely the climax of fantastic imagination. It closely resembles Fichte's identification of the ego and the non-ego, and forcibly reminds us of the operation of the man who laid hold of his own hair in order to pull himself out of the bog.

The weight which has thus by many been taken away from the scale of faith and its historical basis has been, however, by them piled up with a ready hand upon the scale of knowledge. I need not enter into details. Readers will be aware of many a bold *generalisation* of ascertained results that has been ventured upon in modern research. "Is nature, so to speak, a bungler?" one or another has asked, apparently in the praiseworthy effort to offer to nature his reverence or homage. But in so generalising the very method proclaimed by science itself as essential—namely, that scientific investiga-

¹ Feuerbach (*Sämtliche Werke*, Bd. i. p. 32) says: "Wishing breaks through the limits of subjectivity. It determines that what is wished shall be. The Almighty is the realised will of wishing." He expresses himself in a similar manner in his *Vorlesungen über das Wesen der Religion* (Bd. viii. pp. 28 *sqq.*).

tion should advance cautiously from particular facts to grasp of the whole—has been virtually abandoned, and, instead of being patiently waited for, the final outcome of the investigation has been presupposed from the beginning. “Heat expands bodies”: so one of these so-called “general” laws is expressed; and yet, as applied to water, that generalisation runs to water, if we may use the German proverb. For, in the first place, water possesses at 4° Cent. of heat its maximum density; and, in the second place, freezing water bursts the vessel that contains it. Again, every garden and every poultry-yard may teach us that change of position and nourishment bring about many variations of plants and animals. Forthwith, there occurs to someone the “law” of nature as a whole—that *all* the multiplicity in the plant and animal world has arisen from adaptation to differences in the environment and in consequence of changes in the conditions of life. Or, once more, the view that the sun revolves round the earth has turned out to be false. Why not, then, admit at once that the old *Weltanschauung* is *altogether* erroneous? That is the way in which many a daring and hasty attempt has been made to widen the sphere and to strengthen the validity of knowledge.

And so it comes about that the opinion of many persons at the present day with regard to faith may be illustrated thus: Faith is like a drink from a stream the source of which is hidden in darkness. But how if, on the other hand, we say, “Knowledge is like a shoreless ocean”? Which of these two assertions would be the more strictly correct?

At any rate, I, for one, belong to those who dispute the contention that faith often refers to uncertain elements of tradition, and can, on that account, be looked upon as a drink from a dark stream. Has a believer, I would ask, not the right to retrace the current of tradition back to its highest fountainhead? Nay, is it not even his bounden duty so to do? Faith in its fulfilment must drive us back to the direct assurances of the prophets, who in those speeches of theirs which are admittedly

genuine confront us as man to man. We must listen, for example, to the words that fall from the lips of Isaiah: "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter! Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight!" (v. 20 *sqq.*). We must observe, that is to say, how this man dared to condemn all sophistical distortion of notions and all subjective fantasy, and then ask ourselves whether he, at least, is not firmly and absolutely persuaded of the certainty of his divine mission. So again faith must drive us back to the testimony of Jesus Christ, in whom elevated claims with clear consciousness of his calling, distinct demarcation of his mission from the tendencies of Pharisaism, etc. (Matt. xv. 13 *sqq.*), sublimity of ideals with silent heroism in suffering, struggled for victory. Faith must represent to itself over and over again the confession of the apostle, "We cannot but speak the things we saw and heard" (Acts iv. 20), and must bear in mind that these men themselves admonish us to distinguish diversities of mind and of spiritual capacity (1 Cor. xii. 10 *sqq.*). Now, when faith is thus forced upwards to its original fountain-heads, we can well afford to ignore the abuse heaped upon it when it is regarded as ungrounded opinion. And if anyone should still persist in pointing to such things as the discrepancies which are here and there to be met with in the narratives of the Bible, then let the following consideration be pressed. Two such reliable historians as Livy and Polybius contradict one another point blank in their accounts of Hannibal's crossing of the Alps. Yet let scholars wrangle over this as they will, the fact remains that Hannibal *did* appear before the gates of Rome and *did* cause the Romans to feel uncomfortable. No less a critic than Lessing has said: "When Livy and Polybius and Dionysius and Tacitus each relate precisely the same event—precisely the same battle, for example, or the same siege—with such a variety of different circumstances, that the circumstances of the one

absolutely give the lie to the circumstances of the other, has anyone ever on that account denied the occurrence of the event itself about which there is agreement? If, then, Livy and Dionysius and Polybius and Tacitus are treated by us in so fair and generous a manner that we do not put them on the rack for every syllable they uttered, why should we mete out another kind of treatment to Matthew and Mark and Luke and John?" (*Eine Duplik*). Thus faith is quite able to repel the charge of being a drink from a dark stream.

But can knowledge resist in like fashion the assertion that it is comparable to a shoreless ocean? Is not the line of demarcation between the several departments of knowledge really a vanishing one?

More often than might be expected we hear it said that knowledge in its ultimate conclusions as assumptions passes over into the region of uncertainty. The great scientist, Albrecht von Haller, for instance, exclaims: "Unhappy race of mortals, that can do nothing from principle, thy knowledge is deception, and triviality is thy highest good" (quoted in A. Tholuck's *Vermischte Schriften*, 2. Aufl., p. 175). Let me recall, in addition, some of the sentences which the distinguished geographer, Friedrich Ratzel, wrote in his article upon the theme, "Friends, the sublime dwelleth not in space" (in the weekly journal, *Glauben und Wissen*, 1903, p. 19). This investigator, who was gifted with a singularly wide range of vision, there remarks: "Science has by no manner of means always advanced higher and higher and simply left religion behind ever deeper in the mythological mire. The mystery of our existence has not become clearer to science since she made herself self-dependent. The spirit that works with induction and experiment comes to-day upon the same boundaries as did thousands of years ago the spirit that solved the world-riddle by means of mythical poems." Moreover, it is pretty generally known that the learned physiologist, Dubois-Reymond, delivered an address to the scientists at Leipzig in 1870, entitled *Die Grenzen der Naturerkenntnis*, wherein he

laid stress upon seven relative or absolute world-secrets. Finally, H. Kayser, Professor of Physics in the University of Bonn, has said in his treatise on the theory of electrons (1903), pp. 31 *sqq.*: "The theory of the luminiferous ether has not been laid aside and buried; it has come out victor in the struggle. On the other hand, that which alone had seemed enduring and certain, either upon earth or in the realms of space, the firm standpoint from which it was supposed everything else could be managed—matter,—has begun to totter, and we are on the way to disputing its claim to the title of independent existence." Yes, the sphere of knowledge passes not seldom over into the region of hazardous generalising or of dreamlike surmise, and scientific research cannot wholly avoid entering upon this field, if it be bent upon rounding off its collection of exact observations into a complete picture of the universe. Or, in other words, what more is an atom than a magnitude assumed for the purpose of helping conceptual thought? In reality the atom does not actually exist. Knowledge, therefore, is the less justified in priding itself upon its superiority as opposed to faith just in proportion as it must itself admit the limitation of its field, and just in proportion as it *has* often, not certainly through its worst representatives, candidly recognised that its field is thus limited.

Faith and knowledge are, then, I venture to urge, not two enemies, but a pair of friends each supplementing the work of the other. And in their ever-living and mutual co-operation the human spirit will alone find true satisfaction, and the human heart perfect harmony.

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TRUTH IN ART AND IN RELIGION.

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IT seems that most art criticism circles about a vague notion of truth. A work of art is condemned, on the one hand, because it is not true—do what we will, and let the artist do what he will, life and nature are not like that, and we cannot see them so; on the other hand, it is condemned if it is mere copying, mere imitation, showing us nothing we could not see every day for ourselves. And the analogy of science at once suggests itself. There, too, a great man of science must show us something new in nature; but he must show us something which, given the requisite training, we can verify as really there. But plainly the truths of science and of art are not identical. The statements of a poem need not be true in the scientific, historical, or mathematical sense. That would be to demand at once too much and too little. We do not see into the necessity of the judgments quite as in geometry, nor do we care for their substantiation by evidence and experiment, as in history and science. Art need not have any of these kinds of truth. Much work that has them is not art. But both science and art improve or widen in some way our view of the world, our experience of it. Science improves our ordinary consciousness of the world in one direction, for it improves our understanding of the causal and spatial relations of things, and in order to do this neglects our emotional and practical attitude towards them. The presupposition of all science, without which it would never set out on its task, is

that ultimately, in spite of appearance, the world is rational and intelligible; so each discovery of law, besides giving information about the particular objects in question, satisfies us by confirming that original hypothesis.

Art seems to improve our consciousness of the world in another direction, for it improves our ordinary emotions towards it. It is just this subjective reference of things to our emotions, to our faculties of value, which the man of science must discount; for, as astronomer, he cares nothing for the sublimity of the heavens, though this is not less important than their physical composition. Art, then, improves our feeling about the world, it makes us "face life and nature with the appropriate emotions." This would correspond to the unreflective distinction that the truths of science appeal to the head, those of art to the feeling. All great art seems to give us an emotion about the world, or some part of it, better than we had before.¹ "We are apt to feel, especially in listening to music, as if the secret of the universe were being laid bare to us"—not its history or origin, but its end or worth. Yet we are not able to give any much more definite account of this revelation than of that experienced under an anæsthetic; before cold-blooded criticism it shrinks to the empty exaltation of the crude mystic. And this is sometimes said to be the true account of the whole matter: the end of art is to arouse emotion, the more the better; it gives us no knowledge, but at best puts us into a frame of mind favourable to knowledge, interests us in the world. But this can hardly be the whole truth. It would not account for our calling poetry true. It would hardly account for the increased sympathy or knowledge, in some wide sense, that we think great art gives us, both of the particular objects dealt with and of the world in general. It seems true that the great poet or landscape painter gives us a deeper insight into real life and scenery.

A second attempt to explain this is a slightly more definite

¹ I am much indebted here to a paper upon the same subject by Mr A. D. Lindsay.

form of the first. It may be said no longer that the aim of art is merely to arouse quantities of emotion, but to make us realise imaginatively more of the nature of the world. Science gives us laws equally operative in the present and in the past or distant, so that we may construct for ourselves in thought the processes of the past (or future) and distant. Art reconstructs for our imagination the emotions of past or distant situations, and thus enlarges also our experience of the present. But here, again, the criterion seems to be simply one of quantity—more experience, not in any other way better; and this is as unsatisfactory an account of art as it would be of science. It is only certain kinds of experience, only certain kinds even of emotional experience, which we want art to reproduce for us, or stimulate us to reconstruct. Or rather we will accept all experience if reproduced in a certain way.

At this stage of thought there is a tendency to introduce the term "beauty" as the limitation required. The artist has to emphasise for us such aspects of the world as are beautiful, to show us the beauty of things. This term is ambiguous. If used in its wide sense, in which all works of art, tragedies, realistic works, grotesques, are called beautiful just so far as they are good or artistic, it simply restates the problem. We want to know what we mean by artistic; and if beautiful just means artistic, to tell us that art is beautifying tells us nothing. And though beauty or art cannot be explained away into something else, such as morality, or scientific truth, or usefulness, that would do instead, it can, I think, be explained in the sense, for instance, in which morality can be explained. It can be brought into clearer consciousness by the removal of misconceptions, and by reflection on its relation to our other activities. In a narrower sense, "beauty" may be thought to mean—

(a) The agreeable or desirable, either visibly or audibly. This will not help us, for the artist does not always show us the world as agreeable. Tragedy is agreeable only in a very special sense, which is just what we want to explain. Much that is agreeable is not art, is not really beautiful.

(b) "Beauty" may be taken as meaning harmonious, self-consistent. Then it is said that the artist has to show us the world as harmonious:—"He has to harmonise our emotions about it; eliminating those which hamper one another, removing accidental and disturbing associations, strengthening those which give our emotional experience of the world greater range and depth." But this is still quantitative, or at best formal. No change is suggested in the quality of our feelings, only in the mode of their combination. But if the artist did this, would his picture of the world be praised as true? And is it what he does? Tragedy, at least, seems to stir the deepest conflict and strife of our feelings. And if we do ultimately attain some sort of reconciliation of this antagonism, that is not because the recalcitrant elements have been purged away or suppressed, so as to produce a purely formal harmony, but because all the elements in the total feeling have been so changed that they become for the first time capable of entering into a harmony at all.

It seems to me conceivable that there might be a consistent and therefore formally harmonious view of the world as ugly or hateful; and if poetry and art changed such a view in us, I am not content to say either that they merely harmonised elements before discordant, or that they merely increased the quantity of our feeling or experience of the world. I think they change our feeling by substituting the kind we call true for the kind we call false. And I cannot think that the artist, or the person under the influence of art, can look upon the world (as a whole) as merely dull or merely repulsive.

What, then, is the impulse of the artist? It is the same, I think, as that which we all have in an elementary form when something attracts us for its own sake (apart from its possible use to us) to contemplate it—when, as we say, we find it beautiful. For the completion of a work of art, of course, there is also necessary the desire to communicate one's perception, to express it, and the technical skill to do so. But neither of these, I take it, is the essential factor. The desire

to express himself *to others* is perhaps not always indispensable for the artist: it is at least something to express himself to himself. At all events, the less selfish ambition is not peculiar to him. We wish to express ourselves, not because we are artists, but because we are human; the man of science does so, the gossip, and the profane swearer. And what is called "technical skill" is half dexterity of hand, which is only a necessary condition of art, as it may be a great help in science, and half is just the capacity to realise concretely and distinctly what most people only dream confusedly and superficially.

Why, then, does the artist treat the subjects he does? For the same reason, I think, that we rest on an object with æsthetic contemplation. Because, in some one of a hundred possible ways, he enjoys, admires, loves it—there is no one comprehensive word except the very one we are analysing—"he finds it beautiful (in the wide sense)." It interests him, seems worth lingering on, or he would have let it pass. However tragic or sordid the subject, it is only because he has not found it purely dull or disgusting that he can make good poetry about it. The poet, of course, does not make out that it is pleasant to be concerned in a tragedy; the chief impression with which he leaves us, says Professor Bradley, is perhaps one of a terrible waste, but, he goes on, "sometimes from the very furnace of affliction a conviction seems borne to us that somehow, if we could see it, this agony counts as nothing against the heroism and love that appear in it and thrill our hearts." The same seems true even in the poetry of pessimism. Utter pessimism could not issue in poetry. But in his own dissatisfaction the poet may find something worth loving and lingering over, something "beautiful," as we say. So far as Baudelaire or Leopardi are great poets, they show us that even to be Baudelaire or Leopardi is better than not being. And, in a way, the lower the depth described, the more gratifying the assurance, since no man is safe. If we had to make a world, it would perhaps be without tragedies, perhaps without pessimists; but given such things, the poet shows good in

them. I suggest, then, that as science shows us the world to be rational in the sense of causally intelligible or systematic, art shows it to be good, or rather makes us feel it as good, not necessarily pleasant, nor merely moral, but "beautiful," *i.e.* valuable, worth while. Plainly there is difficulty in applying this theory to art that deals with subjects tragic, sordid, ugly, and unpleasant. I think this difficulty arises chiefly from that of saying what the "subject" of a work of art is. If an artist paints a Madonna, his "subject"—what interests him—may be colour, contrasts of chiaroscuro, line, form, movement, space, facial expression, the human relation of mother and child, religious experience, or a combination of some or all of these. In describing a character, the poet's real "subject" may be that character or its effect upon other characters; in crude language, the character may be the hero or the foil; or a whole situation or set of characters, the whole external world, may be described, for the sake of the implied reaction against them in the mind of the poet, the reader, or ideal spectator. People and things are represented by the poet as "sympathetic" or "unsympathetic." In the latter case we sympathise with the poet. Here, I think, is the origin of the distinction between the beautiful and the sublime. Some objects are represented as in themselves satisfactory, in conformity with our notions of value; others, just by their unsatisfactoriness, as suggesting or stimulating our spiritual reaction, our violated ideal. The "subject" of the satirist is really his own sorrow or fierce rebellion. He is usually, in a good or bad sense, egotistical. He shows us his soul of goodness in things evil. The realistic writer on vice and misery is, as a rule, if he is a good artist, conspicuously conscious of their badness, either as to be condoned, or as to be hated.

But it may be urged that much "realistic" treatment of vice and misery, which we find really artistic, is neither sympathetic nor satiric. It neither finds much goodness in these degraded characters nor does it arouse any heroic indignation in us; the interest seems rather scientific, and

we sympathise only in the sense of understanding. But that surely is sufficient. If the artist can make us feel that human beings, whom we had previously regarded as we regard a pestilence or a volcano, are creatures like ourselves, he has achieved in at least one of two possible ways the greatest of consolations. He has revealed a measure of divinity in us that need be blindly shocked and dumbfounded by nothing, or he has shown us that none of our fellow-beings are unreasonable devils. Nothing is more refreshing in real life than the explanation, by intelligible if not very exalted motives, of opposition and dislike which had before seemed gratuitously malicious. And the poet has a genius for doing something of this kind. Badness understood, understood with the heart, has lost half its horror.

There is a similar ambiguity as to the real subject even when it contains no *prima facie* disagreeable element, though then the difficulty arises less obviously. If our theory be, roughly speaking, that art represents some valuable activity or mode of being, this must be taken to reside in self-conscious or at least conscious beings. In representations of human beings, no difficulty, so long as the subject be "pleasant," arises. The human body or the human mind is shown us as alive, active, efficient, successful, great, and satisfied. But with animals, and still more with inanimate nature, a question occurs as to which of two possible methods the artist is following, or whether he is combining both. A cloud, for instance, may be treated intrinsically or extrinsically (the terminology is arbitrary). In the first method, of which the extreme form is mythological personification, we imagine the cloud as endued with consciousness like ours, or ourselves with powers and activities like the cloud's, so that our experience, say of sailing, is enriched by a comparison to the voluminous course of those great galleons. Thus Shelley addresses the West Wind:—

"If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable."

Here the west wind is regarded intrinsically as the possessor of delightful activities. It is treated just as a human body might be. The joy we are shown in its life helps us to a joy in our own. Or the springing, swaying branches of a birch tree in a spring breeze may be shown us, like a dancing child, as a revelation of the joy in easy motion. This "pathetic fallacy" corresponds to Beauty in the antithesis of Beauty and Sublimity.

Or natural objects may be treated extrinsically—as stimulating or assisting valuable or pleasant activities in man.

"At segura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum ; at latis otia fundis,
Speluncae, vivique lacus ; at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni."
(VIRGIL, *Georg.* ii. 467.)

This corresponds to the sublime of our former antithesis, in that we, spectators of nature, not nature herself, are the possessors of the activities which are the artist's real "subject." The complication here is that in many cases (like that of "vivi lacus") nature stimulates us to imaginative activities because she is herself regarded as exercising activities. Objects favourable to human activities, but not capable of being regarded as themselves the possessors of activities, are possible, not favourable, subjects for art. The garden of Alcinous pleases us not only for the peaceful and unstinted life its possessor must lead, but by a sympathy with its own abundant flowering and fruitfulness. Of the aids to domestic well-being, fire is the most artistic, for surely, as to Keats, it has a life of its own. Wine, perhaps, is the great exception. But praise of wine passes almost immediately into praise of wit and sympathy.

Kant's sublime objects, at least those of power, have a glorious life in themselves. It is really that which reminds us of our own, and not their mere hostility. A fog, even at sea, is scarcely sublime, nor could a dead calm have been, even before the invention of steam.

The most obvious application of the distinction to painters would be in the contrast of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with modern landscape, though there are, of course, in both many exceptions. Poussin is apt to paint places and weather in which it would be good for man to be—fertile, sunny, shady, well-watered. He frequently subordinates landscape to figures. Constable gives us clouds which we should like to be, with which indeed we feel a spiritual affinity, and which, so personified, explain to us our own joy of motion. But the distinction can be made between different artists of every period. The classicists, like the classics themselves, were often only conscious of appreciating nature as a setting for man. They were able to rest in this because they unconsciously escaped from it by peopling trees and streams with another, quasi-human, race, in which all that nature-life which is neither serviceable nor comfortable to man came to its own consciousness, that is, to his.

This is perhaps enough to show how careful we have to be in distinguishing what is the true "subject" of a work of art, whether the thing represented or some reaction, often, though not always, by way of antagonism, which it is intended to stimulate in us.

The aim of art, then, is to reconcile the world, or some bit of the world, to our faculty of "feeling," our judgment of valuation, to show it as something worth living in or through: to show being (the kind of being men have) as worth while in a place so good, or even in a place so bad. It does this by making us imagine in particular situations the delightful and noble activities which the artistic creation expresses. So every new revelation—as we saw to be the case with scientific revelation—is doubly valuable; it makes us love a particular thing, before indifferent to us, and it thereby confirms our pre-supposition—without which the artistic process would never have begun—that the world is capable of being regarded as beautiful, as a place worth our while, if only we will regard it disinterestedly, free from the brute will to live on it.

Tragedy is the greatest poetry because it undertakes this task where it seems hardest, in a subject-matter at first sight merely hateful. It reduces the superficial or fragmentary badness of the world to goodness, as science its apparent contingency to systematic law; it shows, as Wordsworth says,—

“Sorrow that is not sorrow but delight;
And miserable love that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind and what we are.”

This is not to make the aim of art moral or instructive. The artist may not falsify his reading of the world, he has merely to give his impression. But if he had perceived nothing good, valuable, interesting, “beautiful,” as we say, he would never have had the poetic impulse at all. If he sets out to *prove* that the world is good, that is probably just because he does *not* feel it so; and certainly he will be even less able to make us *feel* it so than are those reasoned arguments designed to convert the pessimist. Ultimate valuation cannot be produced by argument. “The beautiful,” says Kant, “is what pleases apart from concepts.”

How is this view to be applied to the unrepresentative arts of design, formal music, and architecture? Much in these arts is, I think, less formal than is often supposed. The lift and spring of an arch, the flowing line of an arabesque, the swiftness of a rhythm, express the joy or grandeur of our bodily activities as well as does a fawn, a sea-gull, or a cataract; and that of our mental activities almost as well as may the mere music of Milton or Swinburne, though not so well as does music itself. Again, in the colour harmony, say, of a Persian rug, there must be much that expresses life, warmth, freshness, by associations with the colours of spring, the sky, flowers, sunlight. But there remains a formal element. This is not the sensuous pleasure in a colour as such, but a pleasure resulting from the consciousness of the satisfactory play of faculties in comprehending the combination, analogous to the pleasure of music. And this, again, may be purely formal, merely

satisfaction in the easy use of our most necessary faculties ; or the particular form our mental activity takes in the comprehension of the contrasts may, as in music, be formally analogous to other activities recognised as valuable. There may be not only certain rhythms, but certain colour-schemes, in whose perception the way in which our states succeed one another (though not the states themselves) is analogous to the way in which our states succeed one another, say, in triumph or in hope.

It may be asked whether the sensually pleasant does not show us the world as a good place to live in. Kant's answer is that it does not, for the pleasure here depends on our bodily sensibility, and is not necessary for rational being as such. This seems to mean that the pleasures of the senses arise from no reflection on the nature of objects or of ourselves, but simply from a relation of objects to a momentary state of our sensibility, that is, to our desire. That these states of desire should recur and should be temporarily allayed does not make the world any better ; even in their satisfaction we are aware of their insatiableness. We are usually too much occupied in grasping the satisfaction as our own to reflect on the goodness of its being there for all. Yet the ideal presentation of sensuous pleasures, such as bathing, is a recognisable, if slight, element of artistic beauty. It is indeed with brute pleasures as with brutal pains. Neither *can* be treated by art, for by treating them, art transforms them ; they become, through reflection, objects of emotion. The physical agony that masters a man is confessedly not a subject for direct artistic presentation, for, in so far as it is irresistible to the sufferer, we too are unable to stand outside it and find any good in it. So with the satisfaction of physical desires. So far as they leave men incapable of judging them, of saying that they are satisfying or good, they are inartistic. So far as they are artistic or beautiful, so far, that is, as they allow man to contemplate and judge them, they are not mere sensual pleasures or pains. Mere desires rather put us out of sympathy with our fellows than unite us to them. But that in our great

business of perception we should at times, by an unexpected facility, which we are aware can be shared by all men, be led to think of perceptible objects as designedly in harmony with our capacities, gives us a faith and a joy in their exercise, an earnest of success in apprehension and in communication. In any case it seems to be the fact that the pleasure of the palate does not demand or permit any explanation. It has its efficient causes, and is just what it is. But the simplest æsthetic pleasure, say of a blue sky, seems to mean so much more than it is that it demands some sort of explanation for that obscure and infinite meaning. Kant admits that a further and higher pleasure is added when the object that so satisfies us is natural rather than artistic. For then we can reflect that what has given us this appreciation of our faculties is not the work of another mind, but part of the world which often seems so unsympathetic and intractable. It is a hint that nature contains the ground for the agreement of its products with our disinterested satisfaction. Yet if we hold that the æsthetic apprehension of nature is itself rudimentary art, and that art's chief function is to show us unsuspected beauties in nature, we should find an equal value in both.

In all this argument we have been beset by the difficulty that we are explaining in analytical language an immediate appeal to the imagination. The world is shown us as good, the value of an activity is shown us, we are shown the supremacy of the human spirit over obstacles—such are the phrases we have been compelled to use. And the language suggests that the same thing might have been done by argument, that art is perhaps a sort of argument. But really argument cannot show us the intrinsic value of anything. Whenever it attempts to do so it passes over into rhetoric, which is a form of art. The paradox of art is that it is reasonable but not reasoning, sensuous but rational, an emotional judgment. It appeals to sense just so far as sense has an import for the spirit beyond itself, but an import that cannot be otherwise expressed.

Yet in thus emphasising that art does not appeal to the

abstract understanding, we run the risk of being misunderstood in a sense fatal to any conception of art as true. For plainly the view here put forward has something in common with that of Nietzsche in *Die Geburt der Tragödie*, or that given by Professor Stewart in *The Myths of Plato*, and it is important to draw a distinction. These theories are ultimately based upon Schopenhauer. On p. 55, Nietzsche speaks of "the metaphysical consolation with which every true Tragedy leaves us, that at the bottom of things, in spite of all the change of appearance, life is indestructibly powerful and joyful." This may be accepted, but he explains it on p. 116 in a sense which I think inconsistent with the truth of art:—"The hero of Greek tragedy is destroyed for our pleasure because he is still only a phenomenon, and the eternal life of the Will is not touched by his annihilation. 'I believe in eternal life,' cries Tragedy, while Music is the immediate idea of this life. Plastic art (and with this Nietzsche couples Epic) has quite a different end. Here Apollo overcomes suffering through the glorification of the eternality of phenomena, here beauty triumphs over the suffering inherent in life, and the pain in the features of Nature is dissimulated (*hinweggelogen*)."

There is a sense in which this seems true, for I shall show how I think art in Tragedy tends to pass over into something else which may be called religion, but both here and in Professor Stewart there is an implication which seems false. The view seems to be that on its lower levels art tries to deceive us by saying what reason tells us is plainly not true, and therefore here it is inferior to reason; while on its higher levels, by some sort of magical anodyne, it makes us cease to care for reason, appealing, as Professor Stewart says, to that vegetable soul which is the deepest, that is, I suppose, the lowest, part of our being. Its consolations are an appeal to another world than that of science, not to a higher faculty like reason, as opposed to understanding, but to a dream world. It is always contrary to reason, and therefore either it is false or reason is false.

But if poetry is true, if, as I have suggested, it is truth of

values, its reference is to the same world which is apprehended by knowledge, though its method is not the same method, nor its truth the same truth. It deals, as Wordsworth says, with

" the very world, which is the world
Of all of us, the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all."

(*Prelude*, xi, 142.)

Its truth claims, as Kant says, to be universally communicable, though not demonstrable.

What, then, do we mean by calling poetry false? Poetry that found nothing in any way valuable in the world could not, I think, even pretend to be poetry at all. What explanation can be offered of our delight in the artistic treatment of things repulsive if it does not arise from the implication of a value more important? The mere skill is equal in the representation of the agreeable. The devil in himself, as Hegel says, is for æsthetic purposes a thoroughly bad and useless figure, a completely prosaic person. Art may be false by suppressing obvious and general values in its research for those which are neglected and obscure. The satirist, intent on his own virtue, forgets that there are honest cakes and ale; the ecstatic worshipper sees only a maimed saint, and blots out heaven and earth with gilding; the psychological novelist, determined to show our brotherhood with the most morbidly vicious, forgets that there is a windy, out-door life where brotherhood is natural. "Pre-Raphaelite" art in general, though a perfectly permissible method, has this of falsehood in it, that its minute delineation presents a world other than that we can see.

But often, on the other hand, art is optimistic with facility; it asks us to attach to life an emotion which life will not bear, or will only bear in parts. False art is that which finds its beauty or value too easily, which has not dared to face the ugliness and misery of life, and so gives us a spurious romance, like much eighteenth-century pastoral or the sentimental novel. Science that makes no attempt to find order in the universe

should not be called science ; false science is that which finds its order too readily, which has not faced all the facts. Tragedy attempts to face the worst facts. Art shows us the world as good, not a dream world nor a fairy land, but the world we live in, or at least some part of it, as a fairy land.

The eternal antithesis between classical (or ideal) and realistic (or romantic) art, then, is that the first, by abstracting from or neglecting some of the facts, achieves, like mathematics, a complete success within a limited sphere,—makes the world quite beautiful or satisfactory,—but then it is not quite the world we live in. Realistic art has a more ambitious aim ; it takes the world exactly as we find it, and proposes to show us the value of that too. The consequence is, it never quite succeeds. But it wins surprising victories all the same. Art has absolutely made us love many things that to the barbarian and even the Greek were stumbling-blocks, or at best foolishness—rustics, mountains, fogs, deserts, storms, women, old men and children ; and it is going on to make us love cockneys, suburbs, and commonplace people just like ourselves. But ideal art always retains its value, for there the success is more complete and more inspiring, just as the abstract certainty of mathematics remains contrasted with the imperfect systematisation of physical science.

But it will be seen that by this description the truth of poetry is at least as much like to the truth of religion as to that of science. It is not the acquisition of new facts, but a new way of regarding facts, and an emotional way ; a re-valuation, and always, I think, an appreciative valuation. It is therefore necessary to ask how art and religion are to be distinguished ; for though it would be a mistake to suppose that a hard line can be drawn, or that the two spirits do not commonly mingle, yet both, I think, suffer by a mere confusion, and, at all events, theory demands the distinction. Religious apologetic is apt to seem unsatisfactory, not perhaps quite candid, when it leaves the impression that the truth of religion is purely of the nature of artistic truth, while artistic

criticism misses the mark when it accepts the religious significance or utility of a work of art as its essence. This is vulgarly expressed by the vulgar mind when it says that such apologetic has made religion out a very beautiful and consoling thing, but has not, after all, said much about its truth; or that, if it has said anything, it is to the effect that what is so beautiful and consoling must be true in the only sense in which truth can be sought in religion. Of course we should object to such a crude criticism on many grounds. In the first place, it implies an inadequate view of the truth of art—as if it were an arbitrary fiction, distracting our thoughts agreeably for an hour or two, and even casting a pleasant glamour over life itself, but still essentially untrue. And therefore, in the second place, it seems to identify the truth proper to religion with that of science or history, a truth about mere matters of fact, of the understanding. And yet this division of the common consciousness—that art is of this world, religion of another, or that art deals with the things of the body, religion with those of the spirit—contains, I think, a germ of truth. What this germ is I shall try to show, premising at present that, of course, it does not lie in the use of the word “body.” Arts like painting and sculpture can justly make it their aim to show us the goodness of having a body; ultimately, of course, only its goodness for the spirit which has it, but still the goodness of *having* it. Again, in dealing more exclusively with the mind, they may do so wholly through sensible media; or when this is not the case, as in poetry dealing with and addressed to the mind, they may still make use of sensible images to arouse feeling. But we cannot support the distinction of bodily and spiritual, for religion, too, makes its appeal often through the senses, though to the mind, and this is just what art does. “The outward shape,” says Hegel (*Æsth.*, i. p. 91), “by which the content is made perceptible, is merely there for the sake of the mind and spirit.” In saying that religion is of faith, again, art of perception, the unreflective mind puts the

former rather on the side of philosophy. For these two are not immediate, though religion perhaps is, as compared with philosophy. They reconcile the world to us, not as it appears and must continue to appear, but only by some additional range of vision—a noumenal as opposed to a phenomenal, which never replaces, but coexists with, our ordinary consciousness. Religion rather turns away from objects of perception, or only values them as a partial revelation of something that could never be itself perceived nor fully embodied in them or their behaviour. I mean, that if even we had a complete philosophy or a complete religion, though either might console us for and make us despise the painful, sordid, and base things of life, it would not actually remove our experience of them, or even quite change it. But if the whole of life could be shown us as beautiful, if we had a complete art, we should be immediately satisfied with everything. This is what happens in detail. Art has made much that was horrid lovable. Religion does not so make pain into something else, it only makes us regard it as a blessing *in disguise*. Of course the revenge for the apparent superiority of this immediacy in art is that it cannot possibly have the depth or range of religion or philosophy. It does not, as they say, so stand by you in your need. It cannot always, unless, as so often, it takes something of religion or philosophy into itself—as *In Memoriam* tries to do, as religious painting tries to do—reconcile us to our suffering, or the mere loss, waste, deformity of ourselves and others. It is in its forlorn hope to do this that tragedy comes so near religion, even when not formally religious. “The central thought of Religion,” says Caird, “is of a peace that is beyond the unrest of life, a harmony that transcends all its discords.” But art, as Hegel tells us (i. 323), “can never dispense with the finite, nor can it treat it as something merely bad, but must reconcile it and unite it with the true (wahrhaftig).” And again (p. 130), “Just the unity of the concept with the individual appearance is the essence of the

beautiful and its production in art." I would venture, then, a suggestion, the value of which would only lie in a metaphysical elaboration, that religion, like philosophy, reconciles us to the world by putting us into relation with the noumenal, but that art reconciles us, at a certain level, even to the phenomenalisation of the noumenal. This is the traditional scale: from art, through religion, to philosophy. But at no grade are the lower ones dispensed with.

And this seems confirmed by the common experience that, while the impulse to art springs from our naïve joy in life, or at least from a slightly sophisticated desire to strengthen our grasp of that joy when we feel it slipping from us, religion more often arises out of disillusion and despair. So long as men hope for a satisfaction, by no means necessarily selfish, in this world, a visible millennium for themselves and others, it is art to which they naturally turn. It is the necessity of death and compromise, the recurring failure of humanity to live on the high levels it has attained, the failure of morality itself to satisfy, that turn men away from the world, and to God.

An analogous distinction is drawn by Matthew Arnold in "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment" (*Essays in Criticism*, i.) between Theocritus' song of Adonis and St Francis' "Canticle of the Creatures." Here both are *religious poetry*. But, according as one element or other preponderates, it might be said, As Theocritus is to St Francis, so is Art to Religion. "The first takes the world by its outward sensible side, the second by its inward symbolical side. The first admits as much of the world as is pleasure-giving; the second admits the whole world, rough and smooth, painful and pleasure-giving, all alike, but all transfigured by the power of a spiritual emotion, all brought under a law of supersensual love, having its seat in the soul. It can thus even say: 'Praised be my Lord for *our sister, the death of the body.*'" Of course art beautifies pain and death, and turns them to favour and prettiness, or to the sublimest tragedy, but still

only as actually experienced and (not indeed as Arnold says, "pleasure," but) "satisfaction-giving." So it does not go so deep as religion.

I should say pure art deals mainly with "the delightful commerce of the world." So far as we see this ourselves and can point it out to others, we are artists. And perhaps, as Pater says, if the gods could have remained ever only fleet and fair, it would have been enough. But it is not: πάντες δὲ Θεῶν Χατέουσ, ἄνθρωποι.

Pure religion, on the other hand, I should say, heals the badness of the perceptible world by, in a sense, turning away from it, not, of course, leaving it, but seeing nothing but God in it—loving your brother only in God. And so religion always must have its ascetic, puritan side, forbidding us to make idols even of our affections, much more of our abilities; for God delighteth not in any man's legs. If this pure side of religion is alone emphasised, we fall, of course, into the error of conceiving God as purely transcendent—a being not in the world, not revealed by it, rather concealed by it, and in a sense opposed to it. But perhaps it really is the function of religion, as such, to show us God as transcendent, and of art, as such, to show Him as immanent. Art is the religion of the Pantheist.

And perhaps, best of all, is the blending of the two, as we get it in great works of art, especially tragedies like *Prometheus* or *King Lear*, or in great religious art like the hymn of St Francis.

And religion that has risen above the barbarous stage, where the God is conceived of as aloof from the world, and jealous of our joys and interests in it, as φθονερόν τε καὶ παραχῶδες, is bound to come very near art. Its God is both immanent and transcendent, able completely to spiritualise and redeem nature just because he is more than nature. Its spirit is both pantheistic and theistic like that of St Francis, and of all those who, going through this vale of misery, use it for a well, so that all the pools are filled with water.

This means, I suppose, no more than this: that poetry and religion being different forms of truth, can never take the place of one another. Both are needed; they can be combined, or either is good alone. But when one poses as the other, when, for instance, an artistic view of the world offers itself as a religion, we are rightly dissatisfied. For while art shows us the world as itself good from the æsthetic point of view, religion shows us that even that badness in the world which art never eliminates, though it may approach infinitely near to such a goal, itself points to another sphere, another point of view which is more completely satisfying. And in this sphere the badness of the world, as perceived in our ordinary life, and its goodness, as seen by the artist, are equally illusory or incomplete, or subjective; or rather the subject-matter of both these views is illusory. And though, since we have to deal with the subject-matter of the ordinary world, the artistic attitude of love and enjoyment is no doubt truer than the inartistic one of stolid indifference or dislike, yet from the narrowly religious point of view the artistic attitude is the more dangerous, as likely to rest satisfied with itself, and neglect the deeper and more fundamental reconciliation. So we find, as often as not, religion jealous of art, which is by nature its sister, and without which its work remains incomplete, because it is afraid that it will usurp its own supremacy. In its highest reaches, then, art, as both Professor Bradley and Nietzsche in their respective views of tragedy seem to indicate, is indistinguishable from religion. And even in its humbler achievement it is the necessary presupposition and completion of a perfect religion. For how could that whole, which is the secret of its parts, be loved if any part were incapable of being thought lovable? Or what would be the good of loving God if it did not make us, like St Francis, in love also with the meanest and the most awful creatures?

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CATHOLICISM AND HAPPINESS.

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THE question I wish to ask in this paper is, "Was the sum of human happiness increased or decreased by the substitution of Puritanism for Catholicism in the religious changes of the sixteenth century?" A generation ago the very question would have seemed absurd to the great majority of English people. It would have been answered with derision. The traditional view of Protestant orthodoxy was that all Protestant countries were rich and prosperous, all Catholic ones poor and unprogressive: that settled the matter. The question, however, which I am at present asking is not which countries have the greatest number of millionaires or the largest and most crowded towns, the most rigidly regulated lunatic asylums, or the most stringent methods of dealing with beggars, but in which countries is life brighter and pleasanter for the great mass of the people. If in some pre-natal state one could have chosen the scene of one's entrance into this planet, knowing only that one must be one of the toiling myriads, the "dim, common population," where would one have chosen one's lot, in Scotland or the Tyrol, in some forgotten corner of Brittany or Spain, or in some great manufacturing town like Leeds or Sheffield? For any one who has seen the benighted Popish countries, to ask the question is to answer it. The mass of the people everywhere are still sufferers; the time is not yet come when they have anything

like a fair share in the opportunity and plenty of the world. In the meantime, I do not think it can be denied that the Church gives them more than anything else. The Reformation did nothing to lighten their tangible burdens or ease their real sufferings (witness, for example, Luther's attitude to the Peasant Revolt), and it took away from them even that which they had. "*Panem et circenses*" is, after all, an admirable summing up of their real needs. They nowhere have a superfluity of bread, and in Protestant countries they have no circus at all.

By Catholicism I do not mean (at least necessarily) modern Ultramontanism or the pretensions of the Roman Curia, or indeed Romanism or mere clericalism of any kind. I mean simply Christianity in its historical form, as the whole Christian world received it for fifteen hundred years. The Russian people, in this sense, are profoundly Catholic. This historical Christianity in the last resort is altogether the affair of the people. It was they, as Michelet insists, who built the cathedrals. The carvings are theirs. They made the folk-songs and carols. It was the popular fancy which played with the Sacred Story and all that belonged to it, and ceaselessly embroidered it with myth and legend. It was they who, in all European tongues, gave Christian names to the wildflowers. But that on which their imagination played, and their thoughts rested, did not come out from among them, but came unto them, as St Paul says. The business of the ecclesiastics was largely to preserve this for them. For my own part I am very little concerned for the priests, but very much for that which they guard. However oppressive many of the workings of ecclesiasticism may at times have been, at however many points it may yet break down, its function has been, and still continues to be, to preserve for the people the one great and abiding treasure of humanity.

The abuses of ecclesiasticism have indeed, it appears to me, been greatly exaggerated, and its abiding benefits very little dwelt upon. If, for instance, in some tropical island, half

Spanish, half Indian, the archbishop is the only person who is allowed to ride in a coach, there is really nothing to call for the indignation and the tears the British public usually expends on such a fact. The sale of indulgences was, no doubt, not the ideally best way by which to raise money for the building of a church, but it is extremely improbable that it ever did any real harm to anybody in the world, and the building of St Peter's was incontestably an immense gain. To have built that great serene church, and, generation after generation, to have illuminated it on festal nights, is to have deserved well of mankind. Leo X., by the way, so often looked upon as a Pagan, issued a great bull against slavery. This fact, I think, shows how very Christian the Church was in her most Pagan days.

But to take some examples of the way in which Catholicism made and still makes for human happiness. It presented the great Christian verities in such a way that they became living realities to the great mass of the people. Many at the present day, I fear, will find it difficult to see any happiness in this. But the first annunciation of the Christian message was, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy." It is impossible to receive the Incarnation and not to delight in it. Icons and missals, Christmas carols and miracle plays, are so lovely just because the people who made them had such intense delight in them. The people who made these things could surely never have been unhappy, and they did not work, like modern artists, for a select few, but had with them in their work the intelligent sympathy of the whole people. The Faith is the one pure flower of joy that has sprung out of the dark earth.

It cannot be doubted, for example, that the "Easter joy" of our forefathers in old England, like that of the Russian moujicks at the present day, was a joy not so much in the festivities and merrymakings, as in the Event which they commemorated. In merchants' houses on old London Bridge the hearths were filled with flower-pots upon Easter Day.

It is a Russian proverb to say of anything, "It is fit for Easter," meaning that it is the best. "It is a dress to wear on Easter Day," they will say, or "It is a cake to eat at Easter." In our own time and country the masses of the people look upon Christmas and Easter merely as Bank Holidays, with very little, if any, higher reference. Many of their "betters" sincerely dislike Christmas. They associate it chiefly with bills and indigestion, and go away to avoid it. How much sheer pleasure is thus lost! Such cynicism would have been regarded as blasphemy in the Middle Ages. At Christmas all men went to Bethlehem with the shepherds; at Easter they stood with those who saw the Figure, pierced and glorious, stand erect and living in the Garden, in the crystal clearness of the morning air.

It is a fact which I notice continually that great numbers of our own people, even belonging to the educated classes, do not know what pictures of the simplest Gospel scenes represent. A public schoolboy could not tell what a picture of the Baptism of Our Lord was meant for. A clergyman's daughter, keeping an old curiosity shop, did not know the Flight into Egypt. An American lady novelist, describing a miracle play which she witnessed somewhere in the Midi, talks of a scene which was obviously the Annunciation as "Christ and the Woman of Samaria." "Christ was represented as a young man in a white garment," she says.

I do not think one can estimate how much human life is impoverished by this virtual loss of the Sacred Story. A country without an august presentation of religion is a country given over to banality, and banal surroundings make for depression and weariness in the highest degree. There are still countries where there are shrines by the wayside, and crucifixes in the fields; but their place has been taken by the advertisement boards of pills in England, of liqueurs in France. The liqueurs are, no doubt, pleasant and healthful, the pills hurtful and nauseous, but both disfigure the landscape alike, and are sorry substitutes for the ancient "finger-posts to heaven."

The kind of knowledge which in England has taken the place of the ancient lore is deplorable. I have seen a young girl on her first visit to the Continent, amid all the new scenes around her, holding her copy of *Tit Bits*, "clasped like a missal where swart paynims pray," and fixing her eyes on its pages at every possible moment. As an illustration of the kind of joy so common in Catholic countries, let me refer to a passage of the Spanish novelist Fernan Caballero (I have not the book by me) in which she describes a sacred dance performed by children before the image of the Divine Child, in some out-of-the-way place in Spain. At each rhythmic pause in the dance they turn to the Child and click the castanets, exclaiming at the same time, "Por Ti." The writer expands the phrase in this strain, "By Thee we are Christians—by Thee we are happy—by Thee we shall be saved."

There is one point so perfectly obvious about this continual presentation of the great Christian realities that I need only refer to it in passing, and that is that it must produce a sense of substantial human equality that nothing else can give. The people are shown continually a Mother with a little Child in a stable, a Man on a cross dying in pain. The motor cars may pass them on the road at lightning speed as they kneel before these rustic shrines, but here in their forsaken villages is all that is truly Divine, truly human, all that indeed is worthy and sacred in the world. Take away the Madonna and the Crucifix, and what can remain but the worship of wealth, the envy of it, the struggle for it? In England a great gulf is fixed between the rich and the poor, a gulf that constantly widens. In Russia it is not altogether a form that the universal style of address is "brother," and that on great festival days officers dine at the same table with their men, and masters with their servants.

In the countries of the Reformation the poetry of religion, the wealth of Christian magic, was clean swept away. The dogmas of Calvinism, indeed, are supposed, where they gained entire ascendancy, to have sharpened the argumentative

powers of the people. The Reformation created a vast popular ennui, and filled it with disputes about predestination. It is also said to have contributed to the gaining of what is known as political freedom. From the point of view of human happiness, which is all we are here concerned with, this is of very little real importance. The political "rights," gained amid such wearisome turmoil, never lightened the real sufferings of the mass of the people, or redressed their real wrongs. In the seventeenth-century struggle in England, who can doubt that the Church party were essentially the "liberal party"? They were the human party, the party who looked on human life with a kindly eye, and fought the battle of human reason and happiness against a blighting spiritual tyranny. It shows how little "liberal" in the modern sense the Puritans were, that among the many charges brought by them against Archbishop Laud these two were included—he had prevented the enclosure of the common lands, and he had taught that the heathen might possibly be saved.

Again, in the religion of the Middle Ages there was always a possible appeal, the validity of which was recognised by all men, against the tyranny of routine. The crushing force of circumstance, the merciless monotony and rigidity of law, were continually being broken in upon. A merciful interruption was continually taking place in human affairs. There were rights of sanctuary, there were festivals when prisoners were released. The boys in the great school were always having holidays, and being let off punishments, and granted indulgences of various kinds. The beggars asked alms "for God's sake," "for Christ's sake." Charles Lamb lamented the decay of beggars; there would be no decay of beggars in a truly Catholic country. The Church had the mind of Charles Lamb towards beggars; "their appeal is to our common nature." There is no decay of starving, death-struck misery in the lands pre-eminent of Reformation light; but, imagine, ye readers of the four Evangelists—in these countries it is a crime to ask alms. I quote the following from this morning's

paper : " The prisoners were charged with begging, and using their two children to induce almsgiving. The case was a pitiable one, both defendants being destitute and famished. The man, who had served in the South African War, said for them it was either begging or stealing. Nothing was known against the couple, who, however, were sentenced by the magistrate to a month's hard labour each." These poor wretches slink up to you in our English streets, glancing furtively round for a possible policeman, and, holding out some unwholesome-looking rubbish, deprecatingly whine out, " I'm not begging." Which is the happier, one of these free, enlightened English citizens, or a beggar of the old days in the Papal States, furnished with a cardinal's licence, sitting in the sun on the steps of some great basilica, stretching out his palm to the entering worshippers with the appeal, " *Per l'amore di Gesù—per l'amore di Maria Santissima* " ?

Another newspaper contains an account of an old man who has been deprived of his old-age pension because, when actually starving, he had taken a few plums from an orchard, for which he " did time." The starving Christian is permitted, I believe, by St Alphonso to steal sufficient to sustain life. It is difficult to see why Protestantism does not admit this right, since it admits the right of manslaughter in self-defence.

At a recent meeting of a Board of Guardians known to me a humane and kind-hearted member, a working-man, moved the following resolution : " That, in order to make the Christian poor as bright as possible, Sunday visitors should be allowed to the inmates of the Union." A ribald newspaper suggested " sand-paper." The wording of the motion may have been defective, but its spirit was beautiful. In the Middle Ages there were many ways of making the Christian poor as bright as possible. The world must have become duller, blanker, greyer everywhere as the Reformation passed over it, as shrines, processions, pilgrimages were swept away, and the arts of the glass-painter, the illuminator, the embroiderer were needed no more. The last little piece of the Middle Ages still left in

Europe is perhaps Lower Brittany. At a Breton "pardon" one may still see what a patronal feast was once like in every parish in Europe. In the morning the Christian poor are made bright by the procession (I speak of nothing deeper), they go round and round with their candles behind a forest of crosses hung with silver bells, and in the afternoon they listen to the ballad-singers, and play skittles, and ninepins, and holiday games. To see what the Reformation did for the brightness of the Christian poor one has only to reflect that in England their one idea of a festival is a funeral.

It does not trouble me at all that the origin of many of these festivals appears to modern enlightenment superstitious in the highest degree. There is, for instance, a dancing procession, held every year, I believe, somewhere near Grenoble. It commemorates a procession that some time in the sixteenth century started on its way singing litanies for the recovery of a certain invalid. It had not got far before news was brought that not only the invalid, but every other sick person in the town, had been healed, whereupon all the assistants spontaneously began to dance. This story gives one quite a number of pleasant things to think of. It is pleasant to think of so many sick people getting well, of so many others being glad of it, of so many people with so much vitality and gaiety of heart as to be able to dance spontaneously, and then it is pleasant to think of the bright procession moving its dancing way through the vines and chestnuts for three hundred years. As one thinks of it one's heart with pleasure fills, and dances with the procession.

I quote an illustration of the working of Puritanism from a recent book: "In some Scottish reminiscences lately published, the author speaks of a man, recently dead, who was master of a violin, and describes how attached he was to its dulcet notes. The minister pointed to him from the pulpit and said, 'Thou art there behind the door, thou miserable man with the grey hair, playing thine old fiddle with the cold hand without, and the devil's fire within.' His family

implored him to burn this violin, made by a pupil of Stradivarius. The instrument with the sweet tone was sold for five shillings. A minister in a neighbouring isle related how, on religious grounds, he had broken the only fiddle in the parish." This spiritual terrorism, it must be remembered, domineered not only over opinions, but over the whole of human life. As a contrast to this poor old man, robbed of his fiddle by a dark and cruel fanaticism, think of Stradivarius at Cremona, marking every violin he made with the Holy Name of Jesus, so that one of these glorious instruments is known to this day as a "Stradivarius del Gesù." Think of Mozart, writing on the score of his masses, "In Nomine Domini. Amen." If the Church gave no liberty to the populace to dispute endlessly on abstruse points about which all their disputations were obviously futile, she at least fostered all lovely human arts, all happy human things.

I can imagine no happier lot than to have lived as an artist or musician in some small South German state, in an entirely Catholic atmosphere, amid a people of neighbours untroubled by political ambition or religious doubt, and by the pursuit of some lovely art to have ministered to the happiness of men with the simple, unhesitating belief that at the same time one worked for the glory of God. Provençal poets have made these happy acts of faith, and Tyrolese musicians. So Van Eyck and Memling were at unity with themselves, and Mozart and Palestrina.

There is leisure for art and music and pleasant things when the mind of the whole people is in a state of religious repose, and rests upon a system absolutely accepted. This religious contentment makes for happiness and sanity in the highest degree. So far as I am aware, the awful spiritual anguish of those who imagined themselves reprobate, their despair of salvation, their terrible struggles to conjure up a sensible feeling of acceptance, so often in vain, were miseries inflicted on mankind by Puritanism alone, and were unknown before the Reformation. We read of Bunyan wishing that he had been

born a beast. All this "conviction of sin" had nothing whatever to do with Christian penitence and contrition for actual sin; it was simply a conviction that one had been born into a spiritual state of the most desperate wretchedness. If any actual sins are ever mentioned in Puritan biographies at all, they are purely fictitious offences, like bell-ringing, or playing at tip-cat on the village green. One has only to read the incredible books of Boston and Jonathan Edwards to see what was the horror of great darkness which Puritanism brought upon the world. The most ardent enthusiast for Reformation light could hardly describe these books as "glad tidings of great joy." The imagination is appalled at the thought of a society which was really dominated by these beliefs.

This teaching must have tortured and destroyed countless, unremembered victims, but the pathetic story of the poet Cowper is known to every one. John Newton shattered his delicate and sympathetic mind as though it had been a violin. What a happy life might have been his if a kindly fortune had cast his lot in Provence or Tuscany, or, say, in the Balearic Islands! How he would have delighted in the Palm Sunday procession with its palms and olives, the Christmas crib with its animals, the Yule log, the "zocco di ogni bene," "the trunk of all good" as Tuscans call it, which must be a fruit-tree, which is drawn in decked with coloured ribbons, and on which wheat and wine are poured with the words, "I am the Bread of Life and the Everlasting Hope." The last result of John Newton's "gospel sermons" was that his victim died with the words, "I feel unutterable despair."

Again, Catholicism taught submission, Puritanism set forth revolt as the highest human virtue. The contrast between the original Christianity and the sixteenth-century Protestantism is here most startling. The martyrs of the first three centuries turned the other cheek; the Puritans invariably assassinated their persecutors. I grant that the deeds of men like Cardinal Beaton or Archbishop Sharp were execrable; the natural man cannot help feeling a certain satisfaction

in their deaths, but it must be remembered that their murderers claimed to be the Christian saints *par excellence*. If the disruption of Christendom which had been brought about by such as they could have been justified at all it could only be by a more widespread growth of the spirit of the Beatitudes, a more plentiful bringing forth of the fruits of Calvary, than anything the old Church had to show. Imagine a band of early Christians, armed to the teeth, avenging the deaths of St Fabian and St Sebastian by the slaughter of a Roman prefect!

The Puritan character at its best has never been a lovable one. As seen in its greatest lights and saints it is not the character of the Beatitudes. Neither have its heroes been conspicuously happy people in the ordinary human sense. They are one and all quite devoid of that elusive but most real quality which we call "charm." Milton, for instance, was described during the late commemoration as a "radiant optimist." For my own part, I cannot discover the slightest trace of joy in anything he ever wrote. His young wife fled from the dull house where the silence was only broken by the crying of flagellated schoolboys. A writer in the *Spectator* has recently pointed out that in his great poem there is no trace of any love for animals, or of any real observation of them. He never mentions them except in the most conventional way. He has none of the Gothic love for birds and beasts that blossomed out in the portals of great cathedrals. "It is so awfully horrid at the 'Higher Thought,'" said a little girl often taken by her elders to that centre of light, "there's not a dog or a cat or anything that is nice," and so we may say of *Paradise Lost*. In his will he goes out of his way to speak of the "undutifulness" of his daughters. Such things are excusable, no doubt, to troubled mortals, but Milton is put before us as the shining example of the perfected Christianity. For my own part I confess the whole impression that he makes is unsympathetic. I do not think that anyone will assert that he was such a happy man as Sir Thomas More. Nor can one

ever think of Cromwell as a happy man. Thomas Carlyle is the Puritan brought up to date. His saying that there is something better than happiness, namely, blessedness, is an admirable example of the discord in which Puritanism delights. There is, of course, no distinction between the two things. Blessedness is the supreme degree of happiness. This is undoubtedly the promise of the Beatitudes. Blessed Francis of Assisi, for instance, had not a chimerical something "better than happiness," but the quintessence of happiness itself, "perfect gladness," as he says. As illustrating the effect produced by the two systems, it is instructive to compare two recent books, the autobiography of Mr Gosse in *Father and Son*, and that of the Provençal poet Féderi Mistral.

As an example of the Catholic character at its best, and the happiness which the Catholic religion can produce, even in the midst of terrible sufferings, I will refer to Silvio Pellico and his book *Le mie Prigioni*. "I prayed to God," he says, "to God made Man, and experienced in all human sorrow." This is the true note of the religion of the Incarnation, the faith of all Christian lands and ages, the faith of the future as of the past. In a lovely poem he describes the great vision which flooded with its light his prison cell. He sees the Lord who reigns in heaven in radiant glory, and whose delight is to be with man—"il picciol uomo in questa valle errante." He sees the bright face moving towards him across profound abysses—"io lo vidi, per baratri profondi, movermi incontro"—and come nearer and nearer until He clasps him to His heart. He calls the Saviour "il mio Diletto."

From this have come so many beautiful things; the spectacle which absorbs and fascinates the mind of the vast cathedrals built for Him who had not where to lay His head, and for the mother who bore Him in the stable, the unceasing praises which ascend daily and hourly to the Carpenter of Nazareth from every corner of the earth.

R. L. GALES.

SAVAGE SUPREME BEINGS AND THE BULL-ROARER.

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WHEN, in 1898, Mr Andrew Lang published *The Making of Religion*, he did a great service to the science of Man. He called attention to a class of facts to which those who interested themselves in the general theory of "primitive" religion had hitherto been blind. These facts were such as to show that many of the most savage of existing peoples—Bushmen, Andamanese, Australians, and so on—recognise Supreme Beings, who are, in Matthew Arnold's well-known phrase, "magnified non-natural men" rather than ghosts or spirits. It followed that the Tylorian animism would not do as an all-sufficient account of the essential nature of rudimentary religion.

To make this point of general theory clear was, unquestionably, Mr Lang's chief object in setting forth these unnoticed facts with all the literary skill of which he is master. And, considered in the light of pure theory, this point of his is, surely, one of the utmost importance. If there be those who harbour a suspicion that Mr Lang was moved by ulterior motives of a non-scientific kind—that, to employ a current vulgarism, he was "playing to the theological gallery"—they are much to be pitied. Every true anthropologist knows that Mr Lang has deserved well of the science—that no one has shown himself more ready to "follow the argument

whithersoever it leads." It might, however, be suggested with more appearance of reason that here and there he had incautiously made use of somewhat perfervid language, as notably when he attributed "omniscience" and "omnipotence" to certain Supreme Beings hailing from Australia. Yet he was herein but faithfully reproducing the very words of his authorities, at the head of whom stands A. W. Howitt, a cool and accurate observer.¹ And, like Howitt,² he has since taken pains to qualify his original presentation of the facts, so as expressly to guard against interpretations coloured by the belief in a primitive revelation—a hypothesis of which he does not avail himself,³ and one that, rightly or wrongly, is excluded from the present purview of the evolutionary science of Man.

In the first edition of his book Mr Lang was content to demonstrate the fact that many savage peoples are actually found to recognise such Supreme Beings. The origin of these Supreme Beings—in other words, the conditions under which the notion of them first arose—he did not attempt to explain. Where he thus, not unwisely, "refused to tread," the present writer ventured to "rush in" with a guess relating to Mr Lang's prerogative group of instances, namely, the Supreme Beings that preside over the initiation ceremonies of the South-Eastern region of Australia. A paper read before the British Association in 1899 contained a passage on the subject beginning with these words: "I have to confess to the opinion with regard to *Daramulun*, *Mungan-ngaua*, *Tundun*, and *Baiamai*, those divinities whom the Kurnai, Murrings, Kamilaroi, and other Australian groups address severally as

¹ See especially A. W. Howitt, *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, xiii. 458.

² Contrast, for instance, Howitt's tone in *The Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, 488 f., and note esp. 503.

³ See *Anthropos*, iii. 559 *sqq.*, where Father Schmidt, citing the passage in which Mr Lang rejects the postulate in question, takes his leader to task for this want of speculative courage. The idea goes back to the Rev. W. Ridley; see his *Kamilaroi and other Australian Languages* (N.S. Wales, 1875), 171.

'Our Father,' recognising in them the supernatural headmen and lawgivers of their respective tribes, that their prototype is nothing more or less than that well-known material and inanimate object, the bull-roarer."¹ That guess other calls upon his time have prevented the present writer from trying to make good until now.

In 1900, when Mr Lang brought out the second edition of his book, his theory of the origin of savage Supreme Beings was at length given to the world. Arguing from the fact that "it is notoriously the nature of man to attribute every institution to a primal inventor or legislator," he concluded that such Supreme Beings were conceived by way of answer to the question, "Why do we perform these rites?"² Now, of this hypothesis it must at least be admitted that it is thoroughly scientific, in the sense of being in complete harmony with the ordinarily accepted principles of anthropology. What the learned know as "ætiological myths," and juvenile readers of Mr Kipling as "Just-so Stories," undoubtedly tend to arise in connection with human institutions no less than in connection with the rest of the more perplexing or amazing facts and circumstances of life. It is "the nature of man" (as it is of the child, the father of the man) to ask "Why?" and, further, to accept any answer as at any rate more satisfactory than none at all. Again, it is sound method, in dealing with myth as associated with ritual at the stage of rudimentary religion, to assume that for the most part it is the ritual that generates the myth, and not the myth the ritual.³ And not only is Mr Lang's explanation constructed on scientific lines. It is probably a true explanation so far as it goes. Nay, more; perhaps it goes as far as any explanation can, that seeks to cover the whole miscellaneous assortment of

¹ The whole passage as it originally stood is reprinted in the writer's recent book, *The Threshold of Religion*, 17 f.

² See Preface, esp. xiv.

³ The *locus classicus* on this subject is Robertson Smith, *Lectures on the Religion of the Semites*, 17 f.

Supreme Beings, of whom mention is made in Mr Lang's pioneer chapters. It may be that their family resemblance amounts to no more than this, that ætiology working upon ritual, or upon anything else of which the why and wherefore is not obvious, has in every case evolved certain leading features appropriate to the "primal inventor or legislator."

Here, however, it is proposed simply to theorise about the origin of a single, since apparently more or less homogeneous, group of Supreme Beings, that are closely associated with a particular ritual. In this ritual the bull-roarer plays a leading part. Ætiology, therefore, in this case, was confronted by the specific question, "Why do we perform the bull-roarer rite?" If it can be shown that the bull-roarer was already on its way to become a Supreme Being on its own account, before ætiology could be there to provide its peculiar contribution, namely, the features of the primal inventor, then in the specific explanation of this Australian group of instances at least one other factor of first-rate importance must be reckoned with besides ætiology, namely, the tendency to elevate the bull-roarer into a personality dominating the rite. If the facts are forthcoming to establish the existence of such a tendency, Mr Lang is the last person likely to refuse to do it justice; for he is bound to keep a soft spot in his heart for that bull-roarer which he was the first, if not to christen, at all events to introduce to polite society.¹

Let it be fully admitted in passing that thus to reduce the number of the co-operating factors to a simple pair is to resort to a purely provisional simplification of the problem of origin. To anyone who glances at the available evidence, sadly fragmentary as it is, it will be plain that other influences have likewise left their mark on these Supreme Beings of South-Eastern Australia. It is for future investigation—for field-

¹ The reference is to Mr Lang's well-known essay in *Custom and Myth* (1884). The first to apply the English folk-word "bull-roarer" to the Australian instrument was Howitt; see his appendix on the subject in *Kamilaroi and Kurnai* (1880).

work, so far as it is any longer possible in this region,¹ and at any rate for the most minute and careful study-work—to decide how far any of these stands out as something more than a merely subordinate and secondary determinant. One of them has certainly all the appearance of a side-influence, namely, animism. Whatever else they may resemble, these Supreme Beings in their recorded traits bear little likeness to ghosts or spirits. Mr Lang has made this clear. Various analogies from the Central tribes might indeed afford some ground for the suspicion that what are now clearly defined individuals were once groups of reincarnating ancestors, spirits, or what not. Thus M. van Gennep thinks that *Baiamai* was at first a collective term.² Such conjectures, however, cannot be verified so long as Australian philology remains in its present scandalously backward state. There is more to be said for the part played by totemism in one or another of its forms. Unfortunately, this is to seek to explain the obscure by the more obscure. Amongst prominent tribes of the South-East region clan-totemism would seem to have been well on its way to disintegrate from natural causes that for the most part escape our analysis. The matrimonial class-system, on the other hand, was on the whole vigorous, and the animal names therewith connected undoubtedly find their way into the mythology which enwraps these Supreme Beings in a thick haze. Heaven help the inquirer who 'at this point branches off' into speculations concerning the famous theory of a supposed race-conflict

¹ Howitt's "last conscious effort was to dictate from his death-bed a message to anthropologists impressing on them the importance of caution in accepting information drawn from the Australian tribes in their present state of decay" (J. G. Frazer in *Folk-Lore*, xx. 171). The remark applies with peculiar force to the South-East region, though hardly at all to large portions of the North and West.

² A. van Gennep, *Mythes et Légendes d'Australie*, ix. The writer came to know this valuable book only after he had expounded his theory in its present form, only with further detail, in two public lectures delivered before the University of Oxford. He then found that M. van Gennep held similar views on several points, notably on the connection between the bull-roarer and thunder (see *ib.*, lxviii f.). He is glad to be in such close agreement with an author for whose working principles he has the greatest respect.

for the possession of the country under the rival banners—or perhaps “badges” would be nearer the mark—of Eaglehawk and Crow! He will discover incidentally that opinions differ as to whether Victoria has preserved through untold ages the racial type most nearly allied to the Tasmanian, or was occupied by man for the first time only some few centuries ago. Finally, in connection with the possible influence of totemism, it must not be forgotten that South-East Australia is the classic home of that most puzzling of institutions, the sex-totem. It would not be antecedently surprising, therefore, if the special supernatural protector of the male sex took some interest in the rite that brought the men as such together for the making of men as such. A third source of ideas that may have contributed to the character of these Supreme Beings remains to be noticed. It may be termed comprehensively sky-lore. Certain it is that these Supreme Beings, though in former days they are held to have walked the earth, dwell at present in the sky, and overlook the doings of men from that high place. Such and such a star will be pointed to by a native in proof of this watchfulness of theirs.¹ (The curious will observe that this association with the sky has no small effect in commending the Supreme Beings of Australia to the religious mind of Europe.) Here, of course, is an opportunity not to be neglected by the votaries of the sun-myth, a school a while ago ridiculed nearly out of existence, but of late given to asserting its claims in a reasonable form that ought to win them a hearing.² In this case the main difficulty is to conceive how mere sky-lore, unless a secondary development of totemism, could have moulded the character of Supreme Beings whose relation to a rite is apparently vital. If sky-myth is to count, it might be presumed, it must be associated with what for want of a better term might be called sky-magic. Later on, a suggestion will be made that proceeds on these very lines. In the meantime enough has perhaps

¹ Cf. Howitt, *N. T. of S.-E. A.*, 489, 492.

² See W. Foy, *Archiv für Religionswissenschaft*, viii. 526 f. Father Schmidt develops a similar line of thought with great learning in *Anthropos*, iv. 207 f.

been said to show how impossible it would be, in the present state of our knowledge, to take account of all the clues that might conceivably prove of service in this veritable maze, were they in working order. For simplicity's sake, then, let it be assumed that the prime factors are two only—Mr Lang's ætiology, and that tendency to ascribe personality to the bull-roarer which will be illustrated in what follows.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be expedient at this point to describe the precise nature of a bull-roarer. No student of the history of religion can afford to remain a stranger to it, seeing that it is, as Professor Haddon has well said, "perhaps the most ancient, widely spread, and sacred religious symbol in the world."¹ Natives of these Islands, if country-bred, may have had the opportunity in boyhood of cultivating a practical acquaintance with the bull-roarer under this, or some other, local designation of the toy, such as "roarer," or "bull," or "boomer," or "buzzer," or "whizzer," or "swish"—names one and all eloquently expressive of its function. That function is, of course, to make a noise, the peculiar quality of which is best described by some such epithet as "unearthly." The merest amateur who cuts a thin slab of wood to the shape of a laurel leaf, and ties to one end a good thick piece of string three or four feet long, has only to whirl the instrument on his forefinger, and he will at once get a taste of its windy note. Naturally, however, it is the privilege of the expert to command the full range of its music. At Cape York, for instance, where the native employs two sizes, a "male" that growls and a "female" that shrieks, and where, to get more purchase, he fastens the string to the end of a stick, "first they are swung round the head, which produces a buzzing noise, then the performer turns rapidly, and, facing the opposite direction, swings the bull-roarers horizontally with a sudden backward and forward movement

¹ A. C. Haddon, *The Study of Man*, 327. The word "symbol" may strike some as inappropriate, but there is much to be said for it, as will be shown presently.

of the hand which makes them give out a penetrating, yelping sound.”¹ So much for what the artist can do in the way of solo. The possibilities of a concerto are even more overwhelming. Amongst the Kurnai of Gippsland the initiation ceremonies culminate in the following performance. When the novices have been made to kneel down in a row, with their blankets drawn over their heads so that they are in complete darkness, suddenly there burst in upon them, to the number of sixteen, successive wielders of the bull-roarer, who, after adding each in turn his quota to “the roaring and screeching din,” wind up all together in a grand “finale of discordant sounds.”²

It is not, however, the volume or variety of the bull-roarer’s utterance that is noteworthy, so much as its fearsome quality. This may be judged from its effect on animals. Thus a Scotch herdboy was observed to “ca’ the cattle hame” by an ingenious, if somewhat violent, method. He swung a bull-roarer of his own making, and instantly the beasts were running frantically to the byre. They threw their tails up, we are told, and rushed with fury through the fields.³ The same device is employed in Galicia. As soon as the bull-roarer gets to work, first the calves stretch their tails into the air, and kick out their hind-legs as if they were dancing; and presently their seniors follow suit, so that there is a general stampede. Indeed, the cattle get into quite an idiotic condition; so much so that the Galician peasant will say of a man who is not quite right in the head, “He has a *bzik*” (whence, by the way, the title of the game *bezique*), the word being, of course, modelled on the bull-roarer’s buzz.⁴ Similarly, in the Malay Peninsula the little instrument sends the huge marauding elephants packing out of the plantations.⁵ Indeed, who knows whether its earliest use on the part of man was not to drive and stupefy the game, as the primæval Bushman does with it to this day.⁶

¹ *Reports of the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition to Torres Straits*, v. 220.

² Howitt, *N. T. of S.-E. A.*, 629.

³ Haddon, *l.c.*, 281.

⁴ *Ib.*, 286.

⁵ *Ib.*, 298.

⁶ *Ib.*, 290.

Be this as it may, it is more immediately in point here to inquire how and why the bull-roarer came to serve a mystic, or magico-religious, purpose. The "how" of the matter, indeed, will probably be different in different cases; but the "why" is within limits explicable in terms of general psychology. Whereas in the animal consciousness fear and curiosity are alternative, or at most combine momentarily, so as to produce a painful vacillation, it is otherwise with the human mind. Here, if the objective conditions are favourable, the two can unite to form a blend. Even if the fear predominate so as to rout, or else paralyse, the body, the curiosity is capable at the same time of arresting and exciting the imagination. Mystic fear, then, is a fear charged with an overtone of wonder. It has a haunting quality which, with the development of the speculative powers, provides the sympathetic nexus for whole systems of ideas and purposes. Thus, in particular, it is the hotbed of magic and religion—systems that, however we decide to delimit them, have this at least in common, that both alike participate in the occult.

This appears from the experience of those human beings whose feelings towards the bull-roarer must approach most nearly to pure fear. Good care is taken by those who conduct the initiation ceremonies of South-East Australia that the uninitiated, and, notably, the women and children, shall have the full benefit of the terrifying noise of the bull-roarer, without having a chance of discovering how that noise is produced. The fact that this part of the performance goes by the name of "Frightening the women"¹ affords an eloquent proof of an intention on their part which they are doubtless fully competent to render effective. In short, they see to it that the women "have the *bzik*." It is conducive to discipline. Just so at Abbeokuta, in West Africa, the dread god *Oro*, who speaks through the bull-roarer, punishes gadding wives

¹ Howitt, *J. A. I.*, xiv. 315; *cf.* *N. T. of S.-E. A.*, 631. It is noticeable that this took place even amongst the Kurnai, where "the emancipation of woman" had gone further than anywhere else in Australia.

with a thoroughness characteristic of that blood-stained corner of the world.¹ It remains to note that, if feminine nerves are weak, there is likewise a feminine curiosity which is strong, and must be satisfied. Hence myth is resorted to, if that be the proper name for a barefaced piece of "organised hypocrisy." The shuddering sound proceeding from the woods is explained to be the voice of Hobgoblin. No bloodless wraith is he, but an anthropomorphic being if ever there was one. Presently, when the women's heads have been duly smothered under their opossum rugs, he will come tearing into the camp to fetch the boys, and there will be heard not merely his thunderous voice, but the trample of his feet as he hales off the novices by main force, scattering the fire-brands as he goes.² And throughout the initial stages of the initiation rite the same farce is kept up for the benefit of the novices. It is held to be good policy, to daze and terrorise them. Society has got them in its grip, and wishes them to realise the fact. Therefore when a tooth is extracted, or filth has to be eaten, or something else of impressive unpleasantness takes place at the expense of the hapless youths, the voice of Hobgoblin proceeding from some hidden spot adds a dreadful sanction to the ordeal. At last, when the preliminary work of mortifying the "old Adam" is accomplished, the privileges of manhood are disclosed. What Howitt calls "the central mystery"³ is enacted. It takes the form of an ἀποκάλυψις. The bull-roarer is shown for what it is, and Hobgoblin is no more. "Here is *Twanyirika*, of whom you have heard so much," explain the blameless Arunta to the newly circumcised boys, adding (let it not be forgotten), "They are *Churinga*, and will

¹ See generally Mrs R. Braithwaite Batty in *J. A. I.*, xix. 160-3. Cf. Haddon, *Study of Man*, 289.

² See R. H. Mathews in *J. A. I.*, xxvi. 274. It might be worth while to inquire how far a universal source of anthropomorphic, as contrasted with animistic, that is, wraith-like, characters in supernatural beings is to be sought in personation. Thus there is reason to suspect that the *manitu*, whom the young American goes out into the woods to find, appears to him more often than not in the shape of a masked man.

³ Howitt, *N. T. of S.-E. A.*, 628.

help to heal you quickly.”¹ The esoteric cult of the *Churinga* now begins, say they in effect; but, as for that exoteric name of fear, *Twanyirika*, 'tis but a means of keeping little boys, and our female relatives, in order. In the South-East these methods may be less direct than in the centre of the continent, but the transition from exoteric to esoteric doctrine is just as sharp; nor is the confession of pious fraud less refreshingly explicit. It is solemnly declared that *Daramulun*, the Hobgoblin of the women's camp, behaved in days gone by so badly, making away with the boys and so on, just as Hobgoblin is even now reputed to do, that *Baiamai* killed him. Then *Baiamai* put *Daramulun's* voice into the trees, and told mankind that they might cut bull-roarers from the wood of the trees in order to “represent” *Daramulun*, but that they must not on any account communicate the “imposition” to uninitiated womankind.²

So much for the attitude towards the bull-roarer of those human beings who merely hear its sound. Like the animals they are thoroughly frightened. With the animals, however, the process reaches its end here. It is probably quite incorrect to say that the Scotch cattle “think” it is the “bot-fly” or “cleg”; or that the elephants of Malaya “mistake” it for a tiger. It is more likely that they merely hear danger in its note, just as the burnt child, or burnt puppy, comes to “see” that the fire is hot. The human beings, on the other hand, can “think,” and insist on doing so. Hence, with a friendly jog from the masculine quarter, the female imagination creates Hobgoblin. But what is the psychological result of the ἀποκάλυψις? That is the next question. When every mother's son of them has been shown the piece of wood that makes the noise, and further has had the instrument in his hands and learnt how to whirl it round, is mystic fear at an end, and the magico-religious character of the bull-roarer as such abolished?

It would be easier to reply to this question, did we know with approximate certainty how the bull-roarer first came to

¹ Spencer and Gillen, *The Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, 497.

² R. H. Mathews, *J. A. I.*, xxv. 298.

be used in these rites, or even what precise function it is supposed to fulfil in regard to them now. There is, indeed, evidence enough to show that its use is somehow vital to the initiation ceremony. This might truly be termed the bull-roarer rite. The messenger who summons the meeting carries a bull-roarer. The possession of one constitutes a passport, as Howitt found when he sought entry into the inner circle. In the revelation of its nature the "central mystery" consists. Or again, whereas in other respects Australian initiations are of divergent type (so that, for instance, in the West there prevails circumcision, but in the East the knocking out of a tooth), the use of the bull-roarer is more or less strictly common to all.

What, then, is the secret of this intimate and widely distributed connection of the bull-roarer with the making of men? In a valuable but perhaps little-known paper entitled *On some Ceremonies of the Central Australian Tribes*,¹ Dr J. G. Frazer puts forward an interesting theory bearing on this subject. "When we remember," he says, "that the great change which takes place at puberty both in men and women consists in the newly acquired power of reproducing their kind, and that the initiatory rites of savages are apparently intended to celebrate, if not to bring about that change, and to confirm and establish that power, we are tempted to conjecture that the bull-roarer may be the implement by which the power in question is supposed to be imparted, at least to males."² In support of this view he quotes from Ridley a statement conveyed to the latter as a great favour by a native elder. This was to the effect that the sight of the bull-roarer "inspires the initiated with manhood," or, in other words, "imparts manly qualities."³ Dr Frazer goes on to cite

¹ *Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science*, Melbourne, 1901, No. 7.

² *Ib.*, 319.

³ *Ib.*, 320. Ridley's native informant actually referred to the instrument itself as *Dhurumbulum* (presumably a variant for *Daramulun*), just as amongst the Kurnai of Gippsland *Tundun* is the name both of the bull-roarer and of the eponymous hero therewith connected.

evidence from Australia, and from the adjoining region of Torres Straits and New Guinea, showing that the bull-roarer is used to promote fertility in general, as represented by an abundance of game-animals, or snakes, or lizards, or fish, or yams, as the case may be; so much so that Professor Haddon has conjectured that, in the Torres Straits at least, the initiation ceremony "is primarily a fertility ceremony, perhaps originally agricultural and then social."¹ Dr Frazer, however, would reverse the assumed order of development, conjecturing for his own part that processes originally directed to the multiplication of the species were afterwards extended, on the principle of sympathetic magic, to the promotion of the fertility of the earth.²

Now this hypothesis of Dr Frazer is, unfortunately, in direct conflict with another theory with which his name and authority are associated, namely, the view that many Australian tribes are wholly unaware of the part played by the male in the reproduction of the race. On the other hand, Professor Haddon's attribution of an agricultural origin to the initiation ceremonies will scarcely bear to be transferred from Torres Straits to Australia, where agriculture is unknown to the aborigines. The truth not improbably lies somewhere midway between these rival doctrines. Savages ignorant of agriculture have nevertheless enough sense to perceive that, for things to grow, there must be sun or rain—sun in a rainy land, rain in a parched land like Australia, where a thunderstorm causes the desert to blossom as the rose, truly as if by magic.³ And in Australia the bull-roarer is, as they call it to this day in Scotland,⁴ a "thunner-spell." Its roaring, says Howitt, "represents the muttering of thunder, and the thunder is the voice of *Daramulun*." In the words of Umbara, headman and bard of the Yuin tribe, "Thunder is the voice of Him (and he pointed

¹ *Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science*, 321, the reference being to Haddon, *The Study of Man*, 305.

² *Ib.*, 321.

³ Compare Spencer and Gillen, *The Native Tribes of Central Australia*, 4.

⁴ Haddon, *Study of Man*, 281. In Scotland, by a not uncommon inversion, it is used to keep the thunder away.

upwards to the sky) calling on the rain to fall and make everything grow up new.”¹ Surely Umbara here puts the whole truth of the matter into a nutshell. The entire object of the initiation rite is to make the youths not merely grow but “grow up new.” It is, as M. van Gennep would say, a *rite de passage*,² a carrying-over from an old life to a new life which is better and stronger. Hence that *leit-motif* of “dying to live” which, as MM. Hubert and Mauss have abundantly proved, runs right through the initiation ceremonies of Australia.³ The idea is not merely that the boys may be specifically invested with the “power of reproducing their kind,” not merely that they shall acquire deep voices as the bull-roarer’s voice is deep.⁴ It is something far more universal, something, it might almost be said, of cosmic import. “What renews, replenishes, reinvigorates, reproduces everywhere and always? The power in the sky. What sets the sky-power in motion? The power in the bull-roarer.” Such is the Shorter Catechism implicit in the initiation rite of Australia, unless the hypothesis err.

We are now in a better position to estimate the psychological effect on the novice of that ἀποκάλυψις which is at the same time no small disillusionment. When he is told, nay, sees with his own eyes, that Hobgoblin is a simple cheat, does he thereupon adopt as the religion that is to serve him in his new and better life the enlightened cult of the great god Humbug? By no means. To begin with, the bull-roarer taken in itself is a sufficiently mysterious instrument. Howitt notes the curious fact that, for the Australian, his club and his spear have no “virtue” in themselves. Hence, to render them mystically potent, he anoints them with “medicine.” His spear-thrower, on the other hand, which for no palpable reason lengthens his cast to a hundred and fifty yards, or the bull-

¹ Howitt, *N. T. of S.-E. A.*, 538.

² A. van Gennep, *Les Rites de Passage*, Paris, 1909.

³ H. Hubert et M. Mauss, *Mélanges d'Histoire des Religions*, Paris, 1909, 131 f., who are, however, primarily concerned with the further initiation of the medicine-man.

⁴ Compare Frazer, *ib.*, 320.

roarer which produces the noise of thunder out of a chip of wood, is magical in its own right. And that, adds Howitt reflectively, is a very good example of how the native mind works.¹ At the same time swinging the bull-roarer is rude exercise, and brings a man into too close quarters with the thunder-maker to afford entire satisfaction to the spirit of awe. Hence the Central Australian, whilst thoroughly believing in the fortifying² virtue of the bull-roarer that he actually swings,³ would seem to reserve the best of his reverence for bull-roarers of wood or stone that are not swung at all, nor perhaps could be swung with any effect;⁴ just as the pastoral Toda venerates sacred cattle-bells which are invariably found to lack, or have lost, their tongues.⁵ Meanwhile, this want of functional significance does not in the least impair the mystic efficacy of the *Churinga*. Mere contact with it, as for instance by rubbing it against the stomach, will make a man "good." The act "softens the stomach";⁶ whilst, conversely, to rub the instrument with red ochre (probably a substitute for blood) "softens" the *Churinga*, that is, soothes it as if it had feelings.⁷ Or again, the bull-roarer may be regarded as instinct with an immaterial force more or less detachable from it, a man being said to be "full of *Churinga*," that is, of the magic power derived therefrom.⁸

¹ Howitt in *J. A. I.*, xvi, 29 n.

² One way of describing the magic power of the bull-roarer is to say that it is "very strong" (Howitt, *N. T. of S.-E. A.*, 557).

³ See, for instance, Spencer and Gillen, *Northern T. of C. A.*, 342, 373, 497, etc. Compare Howitt in *J. A. I.*, xx, 23.

⁴ The writer was able to extract a certain amount of sound from a stone bull-roarer made by an assistant at the Pitt Rivers Museum, but it fell a long way short of the real thing.

⁵ W. H. R. Rivers, *The Todas*, 424.

⁶ On a similar development in modern religion see E. Towne, *Just How to Make the Solar Plexus*, 1904. Cf. HIBBERT JOURNAL, January 1908. This reference is due to the kindness of the Editor.

⁷ Spencer and Gillen, *ib.* 265. Outside Australia we find the bull-roarer carved into the human form, e.g. in New Guinea (see specimens in Pitt Rivers Museum; also figs. 100-103 in Haddon, *Royal Irish Academy, Cunningham Memoirs*, No. X., 1894), or in North America (Haddon, *Study of Man*, 293).

⁸ Spencer and Gillen, *ib.*, 293.

These instances will suffice to show that in Central Australia the spirit of awe—not to say the religious spirit—is by no means utterly discomfited by the discovery that the bull-roarer, in its outward and visible form, is a thing of wood and string. On the other hand, the native mind struggles hard against materialism, seeking to distinguish the inward grace from its external vehicle, though all uncertain whether to ascribe to this indwelling vitalising force a personal or quasi-impersonal nature.

Now in the South-East they would appear to have felt the same difficulty concerning outwardness and inwardness, but to have cast about for a solution in a different direction. All true magic is aware of the symbolic character of its procedure—in other words, that make-believe thunder is not real thunder, even if the appearance can represent the reality so effectively as somehow to set the sky rumbling.¹ There is always a tendency, therefore, for means and end to fall apart in thought, and religious interest will sometimes concentrate on the one (as in Central Australia, where the instrument, as has been shown, is all in all) and sometimes on the other.² In the South-East, then, *Daramulun*, the bull-roarer, gave way to *Daramulun*, the thunder-god of the heavens. Real thunder is awe-inspiring enough in all conscience, for mystic fear to provide the ground-work of the conception. Anthropomorphism supervenes, one, if not the sole, cause of this being doubtless ætiology, which, as the story-telling habit of mind, has recourse to forms that fill the eye. And since, for the initiated at least, *Daramulun* himself abides above, an image of him recalling his human shape has to do duty for him on earth. Round this the old men dance, shouting his name, and with gestures drawing magic influence from him to themselves;³ just as with similar gestures they hand on the influence to the novices to make them “good.”⁴

¹ See the writer's argument in *The Threshold of Religion*, 47 f.

² For examples of the deification of the end, as contrasted with the instrument or means, see *ib.*, 79.

³ See R. H. Mathews in *American Anthropologist*, ix. 336.

⁴ Howitt, *N. T. of S.-E. A.*, 535.

Meanwhile, *Daramulun*, the Supreme Being on high, has trouble to preserve his dignity, because of his association with two discredited aliases of his own, namely, the material bull-roarer and again Hobgoblin, the women's bugbear. Hence, although amongst some tribes he retains his high position as best he can, amongst others he is found to yield to a superior. *Ætiology* provides *Daramulun*, or his homologue *Tundun*, with an anthropomorphic double, who in the first instance is probably no more than a circumlocution used in order to avoid mention of his secret name, so magically potent as this is, and hence so dangerous; and with abundant play of fancy a myth explains how *Daramulun* was killed by *Baiamai*,¹ or how *Tundun* was obliged to turn into a porpoise because *Mungan-ngaua* sent a great flood.² The type of the Supreme Being, however, remains unaltered. He is always the personified power that is manifested in the initiation rite. This power causes everything, including man, to "grow up new." It is a power of making "good," that is, full of vitality and manly qualities, and luck and magical gifts, and whatever else the heart of man craves from a Universe, of which the "central mystery" perhaps is that those who seek shall find.

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¹ R. H. Mathews in *J. A. I.*, xxv. 298. The derivation of the word *Baiamai* is uncertain. In Kamilaroi there is a word *baia*, "cut," hence "make" (Ridley, *Kamilaroi*, 34); so that *Baiamai* has become the missionary term for "the Creator." In Euahlayi, according to Mrs K. L. Parker, *Byamee* means literally "great one" (*The Euahlayi Tribe*, 4). In the *Australian Legendary Tales*, 94, of the same authoress, *Byamee's* tribe are the *Byahmul*, "black swans." Is this the source of M. van Gennep's supposed "collective term"? Compare *Mythes et Légendes d'Australie*, ix. and 164.

² Howitt, *N. T. of S.-E. A.*, 493. *Mungan-ngaua* means "father-our." It was not a secret name (N. W. Thomas, *Natives of Australia*, 219, makes a slip on this point), but known to the women (Howitt, *ib.*, 492), and hence comparable to *Papang*, "father," and *Wehntwin*, "grandfather," circumlocutions applied to *Daramulun* and *Tundun* respectively (*ib.*, 493, 628-30). One and all are terms of group-relationship; these founders of the mysteries are naturally "Elders," just as they are "Grand Masters" (*Biamban*, *ib.*, 507), and "Worshipful Brethren" (*Muk-brogan*, *ib.*, 628).

SELF-ASSERTION IN NIETZSCHE AND SELF-SURRENDER IN BOEHME:

A CONTRAST AND AN IDENTITY.

W. A. ROSS AND THE REV. G. W. ALLEN.

I. NIETZSCHE.

THE student of London life who cares to visit in the evening those clubs and societies where intellectual young men and women debate, and evermore debate, life, literature, philosophy, politics, will be struck by a curious phenomenon. Alarming and dangerous theories of conduct are propounded by pensive youths and studious maidens, who lead the most innocent and inoffensive lives. The frequent recurrence of such words and phrases as "superman," "the virtue of egoism," "the sin of self-sacrifice," "the transvaluation of moral values," points to the influence of Nietzsche, whose works, *Thus spake Zarathustra*, *Beyond Good and Evil*, *The Genealogy of Morals*, *The Antichrist*, are beginning to be read in translations by the cultured few in England, though not yet by the general public.

It is almost impossible to overestimate the influence of philosophy in all ages as a force operating in a practical way upon human life. The thinker in his study produces and shapes the idea; the idea, through various media, and after an interval of time, reaches the brain of the man of action, who gives effect to it. If Nietzsche has produced an original and well-conceived system of ideas, his ideas will be appre-

hended in the first place by those who think much and do not act; they will reach the minds of those who act as well as think, and they will, ultimately, have a powerful influence upon large masses who have never heard his name. The present is, therefore, a suitable time for considering what is the theoretical value of these ideas, and what practical effect they are likely to have.

Friedrich Nietzsche was born in 1844 at Rocken, near Lutzen, in Saxony. His father, a Pole, was a minister of religion. He was educated at the Universities of Bonn and Leipzig, and in 1869 he was appointed professor of classical philology at Basel. He performed medical and ambulance work in the Franco-German war of 1870. In 1880 he was obliged to resign his professorship owing to an illness of which the first serious outbreak is said to have been occasioned by his experiences in the war. He spent the years 1880-89 in various health resorts in Italy and Switzerland, and during this period composed his principal philosophical works. In 1889 he became insane, and never recovered sanity before his death in 1900. His mental breakdown was probably the result of weak health and overwork. The last work composed by him, *The Antichrist*, conveys the impression that the intensity of thought which characterises all his writings, the feverish concentration upon a few leading ideas, which is especially characteristic of his later works, were becoming more and more accentuated, and gradually overpowering sense, judgment, and mental sanity.

There is little that is absolutely new in Nietzsche's doctrine. His originality consists in the boldness, the sincerity, and the strength with which he maintains a certain mental and moral attitude, the antithesis of what he conceives to be the Christian attitude towards life. Whereas Christianity, in his view, teaches men to look to a world beyond this world for ultimate happiness, and to worship supernatural beings, Nietzsche's teaching is to concentrate effort upon the improvement of life upon this earth, and to make the superman the goal; or, in

other words, to aim at the mental, moral, and physical development of mankind until a race of supermen is evolved, a race superior to the present race of men in the degree in which the present race is superior to the apes. Whereas Christianity, looking to worlds beyond, regards with suspicion the pride of this world, physical beauty, exuberance of health and spirits, worldly ambition, worldly power, worldly success, Nietzsche is an ardent Pagan, a worshipper of Dionysus and Aphrodite, a worshipper of beauty, strength, power, of everything that manifests an abounding vitality, a fierce opponent of asceticism.

Christianity, as viewed by Nietzsche, had its origin in the successful uprising of the weak, the timid, the sinful, the despairing, the poor in heart, the ignorant, against the proud, the well-constituted, the learned, the beautiful, the noble. The lower types gained the ascendancy. Slave morality took the place of master morality. Pride, magnificence, honour, mental capacity ceased to be regarded as the essential qualities of a man, and their place was taken by humility, self-sacrifice, and self-abasement, consciousness of sin, sympathy with suffering, submission. Christianity, from this point of view, by arresting the development of the stronger types, and fostering sympathy with, and encouraging the development of, the weaker types, interposed an obstacle to evolution and set back the tide of progress. As Christianity forms the basis of the principles which, in theory at least, govern conduct in most civilised countries, as our standards of good and evil are determined, or largely influenced, by Christianity, Nietzsche violently attacks established morality. We ought to go beyond good and evil, *i.e.* go beyond conventional standards of good and evil, and create new values. He was engaged in a work which was to be entitled *The Transvaluation of all Values*, when his mind gave way.

Nietzsche's attack upon Christianity may be met by a very obvious reply. It may be said that Christianity does not teach us to turn from this world to beyond worlds, but

teaches us to turn from the more fleeting, the more material aspects of this world, to the more permanent, the more ideal aspects. Christianity, it may be said, at a time when human nature rioted in an exuberance of passion, lust, cruelty, succeeded in impressing upon men's minds the image of the cross, the image of self-sacrifice, self-renunciation. By imposing a severe discipline the Church made men not weaker and baser, but stronger and more courageous, and so did not retard but hastened the coming of the superman. Asceticism, within reasonable limits, is a necessary condition of the highest mental and moral development, and this Nietzsche himself admits, in spite of his attack upon ascetic ideals, for he states in his *Genealogy of Morals* that the true philosopher must be an ascetic, and he himself, according to such information about his life as we possess, was an ascetic of an extreme type.

Allowing, however, for the bitterness and the prejudice which characterises Nietzsche's attitude, and for the violence and exaggeration so often found in the effective preacher, as distinguished from the calm and clear-thinking philosopher, Nietzsche's attack upon religion and morality is well worthy of serious consideration. We must endeavour to appreciate his point of view. He looked out upon the world, and did not, like St Paul and the Fathers of the Church, find human beings rioting in an exuberance of wantonness, but found them for the most part tame, mediocre, undeveloped, without passion, without initiative, incapable even of strenuous wickedness. The modern European is, he says, a tame house animal. It is from this point of view that he attacks those who preach self-sacrifice, repression, ascetic ideals; who constantly harp upon sin and its consequences, and who encourage feelings of remorse, guilty conscience, self-laceration. Our moralists impose additional chains upon those who are already slaves. As opposed to these nihilists, these preachers of destruction, of the negation of life, he teaches that men, while in this world, should live as fully and abundantly as possible, feel every thrill and ecstasy, discharge their strength, that life is

power and the will to power, everything is good that makes for power, everything that makes for weakness is bad. As the crowd seek comfort and a safe and vegetable existence, the strong man or noble man, who aims at fulness and intensity of life and whose goal is beyond man, must scorn the virtues of the crowd and strike out his own plan of life. The crowd will look upon him as a wicked person, a disturber of social order, and will endeavour to suppress him. He will, therefore, be a warrior revelling in danger and opposition, welcoming hardships, rebuffs, misfortunes, as they give him the mastery over himself and over circumstances; fond of adventures, temptations, thrilling experiences, because life is short and he must live to the utmost; viewing life as an æsthetic spectacle; fond of good company and equally fond of bad company, but more a lover of solitude, concealing beneath a gay wantonness an intense seriousness; in the sphere of action a leader of men; in the realm of thought, not a scholar, an interpreter of other men's ideas, but a courageous critic, a free lance, a writer at first hand, a creator. The picture so far is a fascinating one; but it must at the same time be pointed out that Nietzsche's strong man is an egoist, with a lofty contempt for the crowd, without pity for the weak, who treats women, not as companions, but as dangerous toys, and who is lacking in a sufficient sense of reverence, of duty, and of discipline (though some isolated passages, particularly in *Beyond Good and Evil*, may be quoted in opposition to the last statement). In other words, there is in his strong man a good deal of blatant weakness. His strong man will be able neither to command nor to obey, he will become a criminal or a lunatic, unless his supermorality comprehends, while it rises beyond, the morality of the crowd. Fulness and intensity of life are good, but there must be barriers and limitations, the life must flow in well-regulated channels. The more intense each passion and desire, and the more intense the "will-to-power," the more intense must be the feelings of duty and discipline. Love of danger and adventure is excellent if balanced by a

corresponding prudence. An enlightened egoism must include some degree of self-sacrifice and submission to the will of the community. Nietzsche's own overweening egoism was probably one of the contributory causes of his madness. One cannot with impunity attack what men have hitherto held sacred ; rules and conventions that have been evolved through centuries of experience must be revered, though they must be modified with changing circumstances.

It is time, however, to emphasise what is essentially valuable and true in this system of ideas, if we can call it a system. Let us for the moment leave Nietzsche and his philosophy, and take an independent survey. If we leave out of account the very rich and the very poor, it is perhaps not too much to say that amongst the majority of people there is quite enough goodness in the ordinary sense, perhaps more than enough, but there is not sufficient fulness of life. Most men and women lead comparatively spotless lives, paradoxical as such a statement may appear to the readers of sensational novels, and of certain newspapers, which accurately report the most abnormal and the most horrible incidents that happen throughout the civilised world. But, spotless as their lives may be, they do not think, they do not feel, they do not live with sufficient strength and depth. If this statement is considered to be too general, it must at any rate be admitted that it applies to very large masses. This mental and moral apathy may be attributed partly to the blighting effect of commercialism, to the mechanical complexity of social life, to long hours of labour, generally monotonous labour, partly perhaps to the prevalence of bookish culture which lures multitudes into a beyond-world or underworld, where it is not necessary to think, feel, or act, but only to dream, or listen to dreams. The Church, and the code of ethics based on the teaching of the Church, by emphasising the deadly nature of sin, by over-emphasising the dangers incident to abundance of life, accentuate the evil described. It is folly to preach a sermon on the evils of excessive drinking to a thirsty band of travellers

in the Sahara. The recurring emphasis on the negative aspect of things, on the necessity of not doing something or other, tends to produce one of the most widespread of all the vices, the vice of negativeness, the vice of being nothing at all. If a clerk entering a business house were solemnly warned that to avoid mistakes is of all things most important, that even a trivial error can only be expiated by prayer and humiliation, he might conceivably develop into a good routine clerk, but never into a good man of business. So in the larger sphere, our conventional morality tends to foster a routine respectability, a mental and moral apathy which is constantly identified with goodness and virtue. Those who revolt against this morality and refuse to obey its precepts, while they often sink below, sometimes also rise above its standards, and for this reason an occasional association with publicans and sinners is an essential part of a sound moral education.

The founder of Christianity, who, like Nietzsche, was thoroughly dissatisfied with the moral standards of his day, and preached a "transvaluation of all values," was himself a friend of publicans and sinners.

If, therefore, we find that our conventional morality exaggerates the importance of negation and repression; if we find, moreover, that much of it is not a genuine morality but a sham morality, the articulate expression of a desire to stamp out what is picturesque, gay, vital, exuberant, to reduce genius to the level of mediocrity, to extinguish pleasure *dux vite diu voluptas*, a shallow Puritanism quite distinct from the Puritanism of those who, pursuing a lofty aim with a desperate seriousness, have no time to gather roses by the way; and if we find that this sham morality is constantly made the excuse for shirking both the pleasures and the responsibilities of life,—we reach a point of view from which we are enabled to sympathise with Nietzsche's passionate desire to escape from it all, to get beyond good and evil, and create new values. The sturdy individualism, the self-reliant dare-devil spirit of Nietzsche, makes an excellent counter-

irritant to this sham morality ; it is precisely the tonic or stimulant that is required to rouse men from this goodness and virtue, or rather apathy, dulness, negativeness. Admitting that his ideas are dangerous, that he preaches a liberty which may degenerate into licence, that he does not sufficiently recognise duty and discipline, it may be said that as the scheme of modern life makes greater and greater demands upon the energies of all who are not economically independent, as each individual tends to become more and more a wheel of a complex machine, external necessity emphasises with sufficient force the ideas of discipline, self-repression, self-subordination ; and such a gospel as that of Nietzsche can only have the effect of intensifying the desire to jealously guard the margin of freedom that still remains.

Nietzsche nowhere explains fully what precisely he means by his superman, and in what characteristics, mental, moral, and physical, he will be superior to the present generation of men. This is part of the constructive scheme which he had set before himself, and the details of which he never filled in. The general meaning, however, of the conception appears to be as follows :—The human race has advanced far, but it must advance much further. Man is, at present, imperfect, a being in a state of transition ; man must be surpassed. We ought to hasten the process of evolution by helping the weak to go to the wall, and by encouraging the development of the physically and mentally strong. This, it may be said, is vague and shadowy language. What steps are to be taken in the immediate future to attain this end ? Nietzsche in truth indicates what mental and moral attitude we are to adopt, and what attitude not to adopt, when we set out to attain the end, but he does not clearly indicate by what practical methods we are to endeavour to attain it. This must be left to his disciples. Among those disciples we should, perhaps, include the exponents of the gospel of Eugenics, who hold that the moral conscience of the community should be educated so that the production in marriage, or out of marriage, of children suffering

from hereditary weakness and disease, should be regarded as a moral offence, and as far as possible prevented by legislative action, while the development under the best possible conditions of a healthy race should be the chief consideration in all questions relative to marriage and the family. Marriage from this point of view is not a sacrament, an institution whose form has once for all been determined by divine authority, but an institution whose form may properly be varied if such variations are found to be conducive to the end above indicated. If practical effect were given to this idea, the result would probably be greater liberty in some directions, and in other directions much greater repression and sacrifice of the individual for the general good, than at present prevails.

If this is a legitimate deduction from Nietzsche's principles, his individualism, when pursued to its logical conclusions, is quite compatible with an enlightened socialism.

Superman includes superwoman. If there must be development in man, there must be development in woman as the mother of the superman. The supporters of the movement for the emancipation of women will, however, find little encouragement in Nietzsche. He heartily disliked this movement as part of the modern levelling or democratic tendency. His remarks on the subject of women are interesting because they represent what many men think but few have the candour to express. They are often shrewd, conveying the impression that his experience was wider than current biographical sketches would lead us to believe; they are often brutal. "Two things are necessary to the true man, danger and play; therefore the true man seeks woman as the most dangerous toy." "When thou goest among women, remember thy whip." The followers of Nietzsche, true to the spirit while departing widely from the letter, will imagine a woman, as well as a man, who rises beyond good and evil, who seeks not virtue but *ἀρετή* (excellence), who transcends present-day standards while comprehending all that is best in them. She will be modelled not only upon the good women of history and

romance but upon the bad women also, for to the latter class belong many of the most brilliant and interesting women, from Helen of Troy and Cleopatra, to Becky Sharpe and Valérie Marneffe. This woman of the future will combine the fascination of a siren with an intelligence which cannot possibly admit of anything base and vicious, beautiful with the beauty of a well-developed physique and an active mind seeking physical expression, often showing greater mental quickness and a more lively intuition than the man, with more rapidly changing moods and a greater power of living in the present, making life a drama exquisitely staged, sometimes producing that chaos of which is born a star, constantly inspiring and thrilling the man, who will nevertheless retain supremacy by reason of superior discipline and judgment and staying power. That movement which Nietzsche disliked, the modern woman's desire for greater freedom and wider opportunities, might be described as a movement to rise beyond old notions of good and evil and create new values. It is possible that the next step in the progress of the race will be a remarkable development in women, producing by reaction a corresponding development in men.

To sum up, while Nietzsche cannot be ranked amongst the great philosophers, he deserves to be ranked amongst the great reformers, who appear in our midst from time to time, to attack shams, hypocrisies, outworn creeds, and to preach a spiritual awakening. Though he comes in a questionable shape bearing the titles of immoralist, antichrist, the sincere Christian, like the sincere Pagan, will penetrate the disguise and see him in his true character as a strenuous worker and indomitable warrior in the cause of humanity.

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II.—BOEHME.¹

Boehme begins by stating that if the hidden in nature had not already been opened by man—by which act sin entered into the world—it had been better not to inquire into the way in which manifestation arose: but now that it is opened, it has become necessary for man to know as much as may be of this mystery; for, without this knowledge, he cannot understand the nature of sin, nor how it arose, nor how to fight his way back out of it into that second principle of meekness, light, and love from which, through having opened the hidden, he fell. This high knowledge, he says, can only be gained by the illumination of the Holy Spirit, which is freely given to all who desire it earnestly enough to be willing to give all—yea, even their own life—to gain it, and who with purpose of heart set themselves to become what even the most ignorant must feel to be in accordance with the mind of God—humble, loving, and serviceable. On these terms the Spirit will “teach us all things,” yea, even “the deep things of God.” Short of this, no learning or intellectual ability will avail to open the hidden ground and discover the mystic truth.

Then he proceeds to define the system opened to his own inner apprehension in a way that—when it is grasped—is seen to be truly methodical and logical; though by no means trying to save his readers the necessity of heedful and earnest collaboration. God’s faculty being infinite, and man’s finite, there must needs be a difference between divine and human thoughts and apprehension that amounts even to reversal. We are compelled to think in terms of time and space; but we cannot believe that the infinite is thus limited. Therefore

¹ Jacob Boehme was born at Old Seidenburg, near Görlitz, in Upper Lusatia, in the year 1675; lived most of his life at Görlitz, and died there in 1724, at the early age of forty-nine. His works will be found in the catalogue of David Nutt (*Werke*, Heraus. von K. W. Schiebler. 7 vols., 45s. Leipzig, 1840–47). The English translation is in four quarto volumes, now very rare. A reprint of this has been recently advertised. The first volume is now issued. There are signs of a revival of interest in his wonderful philosophy.

we must be content to think of the divine—as alone we can—under these conditions; expressing them—as we are compelled to do—but in thought afterwards striving to eliminate them: much as the mathematician uses expressions which he afterwards eliminates. Had he not used them, the solution would not have been reached; but as soon as possible he gets rid of them.

In all nature we can see that contraries exist, and that it is through them that consciousness, recognition, appreciation is possible. For “to Be” only one will is necessary, but for “becoming” two are necessary. “Ex-istence” is not perfectly synonymous with “being”; it means, what has come forth out of Being into “becoming.” No doubt the two are really one, and the twofoldness is for us rather than for God. We must either be silent, or speak—as alone we can speak—in terms of distinctions which probably do not exist for the divine.

For “becoming” therefore a contrary will was necessary, and, in the arising of this, a new element, not there practically before, arises, which ought never to be brought out of the hiddenness, but can be. This new element is the contrary itself, and its manifestation is called theologically “sin.” Sin arises from limitation, and is itself a coming “short of the glory of God.” Thus in origin it is purely negative, not something positively wrong actually there, but something not there which ought to be.

For if that view which I am advocating—that error is not so much what we do see, as what we do not—is true, it must follow that the attitude we should take up to what we see as error is not to scoff or scold or wish to put it down, but to try to understand it. This does not mean that we should give up our previous view and adopt the views of our opponents; for this would be simply to exchange the thesis for the antithesis, and would leave us just as one-sided as before. What we ought to do is to say to ourselves, “That which seems to me so erroneous probably has, at its base, some

perception which has escaped me. Let me examine it carefully and try to find what this perception is." When found, it will never be exactly what our opponents have affirmed, but rather that which—in their dogmatic expression of faith—they have tried to affirm. Even when I find it, it would be no use to me in itself alone; but it becomes of high use when added to, treated as the complementary of, the truth I already have perceived. But the whole result is not complete so long as I but hold them as two complementary truths. I must find the divine spark that can combine them so that they are no more twain but one; just as oxygen and hydrogen disappear before the spark, and in place of the two appears their combination, water.

Now if these things are so, it must be because there is an essential principle in all things of which these particulars are the particular expression. For there can be nothing in particulars which does not arise from, represent something in, the universal; and the saying attributed to our Lord (in 2 Clement v. 1), "When two shall be one, and that which is without as that which is within"; and the very similar saying attributed to Hermes, "That which is above is as that which is below"—express a necessary and universal truth.

I know of no philosophy more to the point and purpose in the search for that universal truth than Boehme's. To every manifestation it is in the nature of the case necessary that there should be two elements or sides: a something seen (or else there is no *manifestation*), and a something unseen (or there would be *nothing there for it to be the manifestation of*). The something seen is a particular quality; the something unseen is a spiritual force, the basis, the "promise and potency" of the quality. In Boehme's system these two are two Principles; one of Fire, the other of Light. Either of the two can be manifested; but whichever is manifested, the other must be hidden. The Fire he calls the first Principle; the Light, the second.

What many readers fail to notice, and thereby involve

themselves in perplexity and a sense of being unable to follow, is this: When the first Principle remains in the hiddenness it has no name; it is only then called Fire when it is manifested. It is the power of Fire without the manifestation; and remains the unseen, basal power of what does manifest.

In Boehme's concept Fire represents visible might or power, and Light represents invisible might or power. Fire is ostensibly consuming, raging; Light is rather sweet, pleasant, grateful. Boehme might possibly say that the basis of Fire is Light, and the basis of Light is Fire. But what he would mean would be that that is the basis of Light which, when manifested, manifests as Fire; and that is the basis of Fire which, when manifested, manifests as Light. The names Fire and Light apply to the two Principles only when they are manifested. When Fire remains hidden, what appears is its contrary quality, gentleness, self-surrender; its appearance is weak, but its hiddenness is strong: therefore it is actually—though not ostensibly—strong. Hate and rage appear stronger than love; but love is always actually far stronger than these; and is so just because it is willing to let its strength remain in a hiddenness, and does not want it to appear and be recognised. But when Fire is manifested, then the might and power are on the surface, ever claiming recognition, and seeking to be respected as such; and the basal meekness of Light is in the hiddenness, and therefore the ostensibly strong is the actually weak. For what is in the hiddenness determines, and is, the power-side of the manifestation; and what is on the surface is necessarily the contrary of what is in the hiddenness, for the hidden is the contrary of the manifested. Thus if "*x*" is in the hiddenness, "not *x*" is on the surface, ostensible and visible; but while its *quality* is "not *x*," its *power* is "*x*." It must be so, for "*x*" and "not *x*" are the two sides of the divine "whole." Therefore what *seems* to be weak will *be* strong; and what *seems* to be strong will *be* weak. Take the case of love. Here the manifested quality is rather weakness than strength; a great sweetness, meekness, and self-surrender.

But because this is on the surface, we know that the contrary of this is in the hiddenness, and this contrary is might, force, power of the most irresistible kind. And so love is the one omnipotent thing. It gives way, yet overcomes; it submits, yet gains its end.

Now suppose that someone should say, "If love is strong, let it show its strength. I am resolved to bring the hidden strength out of the hiddenness. I will not be content to wait for a spontaneous response to love. If they will not love me, I will compel them." Here a complete reversal of the right conditions is brought about. The power is brought out of the hiddenness and becomes seen and recognised on the surface; and the sweetness, meekness, and self-surrender go into the hiddenness. What is the result? Love is changed into wrath which becomes the manifested quality; and the hidden power is weakness. Thus the strongest thing has become the weakest; for the tyrant who thus proposes to "subdue all creatures to his will" never succeeds in the end. To human sight he may appear to do so for a time; but in the sight of Heaven he is all the time an utter failure; and even to human sight his failure is apparent in the end. This truth has been recognised by the clear-seeing of all ages and nations. Thor forges mighty chains to bind Fenrir; but only the tiny, weak-looking, threadlike chain of the Dwarfs really restrains him. The simple bond of bread and salt avails to restrain the most violent impulse to revenge. The rose leaves of love burn and sting the Satans so strongly that, to avoid them, they leap back into the flames of Hell. The sweetness of Una makes the fierce lion mild. The Cross of Christ becomes the Throne of the Universe.

According to Boehme, the right order is that the might, the Fire, the first Principle, the first three Forms of Nature, should be hidden, and the meekness, the Light, the second Principle, the last three Forms of Nature, should be the manifested quality. When this order is observed, the result is Heaven. But should any creature reverse this order, through

curiosity to see what would happen, or through preferring the apparent glory of might and domination to the meekness of love, then the result is Hell.

Here the philosophy connects with Boehme's teaching as to the seven Forms of Nature and the three Principles ; into which, in an article already sufficiently long, it is impossible to go. If the editor permits, I may deal with these on a future occasion.

Philosophy does not exist for its own sake, but for the sake of producing right conditions, and setting men on the right road. We should seek the true only to attain the good. Boehme's philosophy—apparently the most abstract of all—is of all the most practical. From it I learn to avoid mistakes into which ignorance and inexperience naturally fall ; and not only to know that they are mistakes, but also to see exactly why they are such. Righteousness and sin remain as much as before the eternal choice for man ; but no longer because of the arbitrary command of a Being who can punish me if I do not obey. I am shown the inward reason from a point as near to the divine as is possible to a creature of imperfect faculty. I see the grand, divine Order, that things should *be* rather than *seem* ; and understand the natural temptation to a limited creature to prefer above all things to seem, to get credit for his little gifts and graces among those—his fellows—who for the present see only the surface, whereby we feel inclined to have whatever we pride ourselves on, upon the surface, and think it of small value if it is not seen of all men. I see that the nature thus qualified must be a surface nature, two-dimensional instead of three ; and that it gives rise to a world where surface considerations weigh alone, and men prefer to be reputed to have without having, rather than to have without being reputed to have. Thus I understand the false glory of this world, and its cure. This is not so much to give up the desire to be great, as to give up the desire for an inferior sort of greatness which stands in pretence rather than in actuality. I see that sin is only the will of a being hostile to God because it is the will of a being who preferred the false to the true, the

apparent to the real, the being thought great to actually being great in the sight of those who can see all that is there. I see that this pretentious greatness is a thin surface over a hollow void, a bubble that must sooner or later burst, and—having no solidity—vanish. It is this love of estimation rather than reality that I must straightway put into the hiddenness; and that the way to do this is to bring out of the hiddenness in myself its contrary, the feeling that virtue is its own reward, that to be really great from centre to circumference is far greater than to be applauded by all the blind of this world for what I only seem to be on the circumference.

And this is a most helpful perception. For often I am perplexed how to operate to my self-amendment. *Now* I know that I have the right thing in me, only it is yet hidden. I have no need to go far and wide—up to Heaven, or over the sea—to find what I ought to have, for it is nigh, *in* my heart, and only needs to be discovered and brought to the surface. What benefit to the beggar to dream that he is a king and surrounded by applauding crowds? It only makes him “cry to dream again”; which means that he does not believe that he can be equally happy in real life. Yet this is a delusion: real life must have greater possibilities than any delusive dream; only the good things of the real cannot be gained by lying down and going to sleep, but only by effort and earnestness as real as the things desired.

Many could give us the conclusions here reached. The value of Boehme is not in the conclusions he sets forth, which are not so very different from those of ordinary Christianity. It is rather that he sees and indicates the premises on which the conclusions rest, and shows the connection between the dogmatic, moral commandment, “Thou shalt,” “Thou shalt not,” with the nature of God and the eternal constitution of things.

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DISCUSSIONS

N.B.—The contributions under this heading refer to matters previously treated in the "Hibbert Journal." Reviews of books are not open to discussion. Criticism of any article will, as a rule, be limited to a single issue of the *Journal*. The discussion ends with a reply from the original writer.—*Ed.*

PTOLEMAIC AND COPERNICAN VIEWS OF THE PLACE OF MIND IN THE UNIVERSE.

(*Hibbert Journal*, October 1909, p. 47.)

I.

REFERRING to Professor Alexander's article in the October number, on "The Place of Mind in the Universe," I am prompted to offer the criticism that the rather peculiar theory of mind he advances is no more Copernican in its general aspect than are the views he contends against. On the contrary, his theory will impress many readers as being decidedly Ptolemaic. He confines the possession of mind to human beings, even making consciousness a property of the motions of the bodily organs and the brain (pp. 53-54). He appears to recognise no elements of mind in the inorganic world; by implication he denies the existence of any rudiments of mind in the lower animals, and there are no clearly defined mental features in his conception of God. On the other hand, both the absolutists and the pragmatists will rightfully complain that he misinterprets them. There may be absolutists such as those he criticises, but a good many of them regard the human mind as being included and elaborated within a cosmic mind. This, unless I greatly err, is the view of Royce, who is probably the leading absolutist; and James, probably the leading pragmatist, in a very recent work, also appears to recognise the existence of higher soul combinations that transcend the souls of individuals, although he opposes a monistic conception at all stages of the synthesis.

Professor Alexander's philosophy, as expressed in his article, is radically materialistic, and many readers will therefore regard it as being out of line with recent philosophical tendencies. For, while few philosophers nowadays entertain the extreme idealistic views of Berkeley, and while there is also a disposition to modify the views of Hegel, the rejection of a radical materialism is no less pronounced. The general tendency, it would seem, is toward a compromise between idealism and materialism,

and toward a conception of the universe which views it as being pervaded throughout by mind and matter, both of which are fundamental and organic in their nature, and not strictly parallel although closely related.

Professor Alexander says "it is clearly illegitimate to describe the universe as a mind," because it would have nothing outside itself to react upon (p. 60). Now, according to the compromise view I have referred to, the cosmic mind has at least the cosmic matter to react upon—that is, figuratively, its own body. Even the absolute idealistic philosophy need not be cornered by this argument, although it is probable that Professor Alexander's ideas of mind would be heartily approved by the functional psychologists, who in recent years have been predominant. But is not the present tendency of psychological thought toward the acceptance of a psychical ego as fundamental as the body, and with an inherent development that is only partially occasioned but not primarily evoked by external stimuli; an ego not entirely homogeneous and harmonious throughout, which comprehends all the particular experiences, however mutually attractive or repellent, and however uniform or diverse, in one organism, which possesses a consciousness that is more than a consciousness of its separate experiences?

If, in the synthesis of cosmic soul life, we begin with such an ego, many of the difficulties Professor Alexander sees will be avoided. As in the individual soul, so in the final combination, we would have the contending forces of good and evil, with the good in the main triumphant. All the traits of the individual would be infinitely magnified and elevated. This is a conception that is monistic in some respects, and yet the pluralistic features are not entirely eliminated, for in the integration the social elements must be included with the rest. In the final synthesis, therefore, will there be one God controlling the whole universe, or a society of gods, each controlling a part of it? As for me, I am instinctively monistic; I believe that most men are. Even were there many gods, would they not choose a ruler? Nevertheless, I suppose the pluralists would contend that the real power resides in the members. To this the monists would reply that there must have been a natural hierarchy from the beginning. So there is no end to the argument; but, while neither side can with justice be designated Ptolemaic, the monists are, of the two schools, the more decidedly Copernican.

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II.

To criticise Professor Alexander's interesting article as a whole would require more time and thought than I can easily devote to it; but there is one short portion of it on which I may be allowed to say a few words, as it touches on the question of infinity, discussed by Professor Keyser and myself in the July and October issues of the *Hibbert Journal*. Professor Alexander illustrates his argument by taking three infinite systems: (1)

the natural numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.; (2) the system obtained by adding 1 to each of these numbers, namely, the system 2, 3, 4, 5, etc.; and (3) the system 2, 4, 6, 8, etc., obtained by doubling each number in the first system. He says that the systems (2) and (3) are each a *part* of the system (1). But the real fact is this, and this only: the first n terms of the series (1), for all values of n (finite or infinite), contain the first $n-1$ terms of the series (2), and contain the first $\frac{n}{2}$ or $\frac{n-1}{2}$ (according as n is even or odd) of the series (3). By the word *infinite* (see the *Hibbert Journal* for July) I mean *too large for exact or approximate expression in the decimal or any other system of arithmetical notation*. The word *part* implies a *whole*. We cannot well have a class C (fixed or variable) consisting of the members C_1, C_2, C_3 , etc., without also having, *at any given moment*, some *last* term C_n (in which n may be finite or infinite) as well as a *first* term C_1 . If we assume the whole material universe, *at any given moment*, to consist of atoms, and name these atoms A_1, A_2, A_3 , etc., linguistic consistency requires that, *at that given moment*, there must be some *last* atom A_n as well as a *first* atom A_1 , and also that beyond or except these n atoms the material universe is non-existent. Whether this n be finite or infinite science can never ascertain.

This seems to me to be the true mathematical sense of the word *infinite*, the only one available in practical scientific researches. But there is another common meaning of the word more in accordance with its primary signification. When we say that any series, such as 1, 2, 3, etc., is *infinite*, we usually mean, and mean only, that the last term n of the series is *arbitrary*, that we can assign to it any value we choose—a value which may or may not be *infinite* in the other and more scientific sense of the word.

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BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

“JESUS OR CHRIST?”

(*Hibbert Journal*, October 1909.)

IN so momentous an inquiry as this, would it not be well first so ask *in what sense* the alternative, the “or,” can here be maintained? Would it, for instance, correspond broadly to the difference between man’s body and his mind, between the manly and the human, between a man and Man—that is, between his personal character and his racial characteristics as inherited through a thousand generations?

Mr Roberts and his critics alike assume a “real” Jesus, in the sense of One whose actuality could be and was tested during his life *by the senses*. In postulating an “ideal” Christ, we inevitably admit unreality, *in the context of the sense-world*. But what if we are here suffering from an

unrecognised reversal of thought which vitiates the whole issue as between the "real" Jesus and the "ideal" Christ?

I am glad to be allowed to draw attention to this question, since in my book *What Is Meaning?*, published some years ago, I ventured to urge the injurious effect on all discussion of the geocentric position which is unconsciously held in all modern thinking, and which tells especially on theological controversy. This unrealised Ptolemaic survival in thought has now been pointed out by Professor Alexander in the *Hibbert Journal* itself. It inevitably more or less invalidates this whole discussion. We seem to make a distinction (not an alternative) between earth and sun, not wholly unlike that which many, perhaps most of us, vaguely make between Jesus and Christ. The first is solid and central, the second is its "luminary" source of moral light and heat. Now, of course, we can do without neither. But in fact the earth is derivative, and so presumably are all the existences upon it. Whereas for us the sun is originative, even though itself secondary in a cosmic sense.

Let us provisionally assume that vitality and its mental crown in some form or degree, not necessarily ours, exists or is potential throughout our solar system. Some obscure instincts which we call spiritual, but which many of our ablest minds suspect to be illusory or merely emotional, may thus ultimately be solar and even sidereal. For there are no "impassable gulfs" in Nature as discovered by science. There are only distinctions and differences: everywhere the gaps are in our own present knowledge. The difficulty which Mr Roberts raised, and the various writers of the Supplement attempt to meet, thus takes on a wholly different aspect.

Beyond this, however, there is a supreme though unrecognised reason for beginning, not only here but in all questions, higher up. It can be shown that we are everywhere adulterating our expressive resources, and thus the conceptions and conclusions which can only be verbally discussed. Volumes might be written on the incredible recklessness with which we waste our main means of communication, as of revelation, in expression, especially in its crowning, its articulate, form—a recklessness which can now for the first time be easily proved to the challenging critic.

The ether, as science is revealing, is the unfailling way, the medium, whereon and whereby the light itself reaches us. Now "Self," again, is properly a Way, a Medium through which we energise and act, though alas, with our unconscious selfishness, we turn it into an End and identify Man with that. Yet, even as it is, we do not praise a man when we call him selfish. One who knows his self not as end but as means alone understands the highest form of identity. For the true Man is first and last the way through truth to life in a mentally Copernican sense, and through consciousness and tested observation, to knowledge. In such a way there must be no flaw, no slit, no gap or chasm. In this sense Man as a way is individual, that is, not divided or broken.

Let no one confound this mode of thought with fancy, still less with mysticism, that consecration of mystifying and deceptive shadows.

Imagination? Yes; but image like that in a still or at most a faintly rippled pool; more truly, *image on a mental retina*, which must become as loyal and unfailing as the healthy physical one, clearly seeing mystery as ignorance to disperse and as obstacle to overcome. True imagination *reflects* in creation; it is the highest type of reactive work. Fancy, on the other hand, deflects and distorts reactive response: at best it is the merest play, claiming no kind of authority or assured validity. Now, as long as we ignore and neglect the study of Natural Significance—which at once classes the super-natural with the super-real and the super-true—any such attempt as this Symposium to break the nets which entangle and imprison our ideas, or to clear the issues in expression now choked with the detritus of the ages and the refuse or overgrowths of our own times, must seem futile. But through the mastery of Natural Significance—for which in one form only, the experimentally scientific, we are yet adequately or consistently working—we earn the right to speak, as of Mother Nature, so of the Divine Nature; so and no otherwise. In truth, the method we call experimentally scientific has more than a merely physical or mechanical value. It is the lack of this *in translated form*, which has brought the penalty of enslavement to fossilising dogma. A provable statement cannot be too strongly asserted. A probable one cannot be too severely tested. Let us anyhow see, in using such phrases as “Mother Nature” or “Divine Nature,” that the analogy involved is a question of reflected reality or at least of relevant image, and not of errant or ambiguous fancy.

To take one instance of what we are unconsciously but most really sacrificing by our toleration of unworthy expression in the supreme sanctuaries of life, let us think of the historical parentage, and, even in present usage, the common associations of the name “God.” We are content to use it for the Essentially Perfect Being, the Highest Identity, the Purest and Fullest of Energies; for the Central Significance of all we rightly see as real, as true; as blessing and consecrating a cosmos of which we are but beginning verily to grasp the simplest elements. And that name “God,” be it noted, is the same name that we give to the most grotesque image of stone or wood, even the grossest or basest idol—the symbol, it may be, of lust and infernal cruelty. If we really knew the Perfect (by contrast only, of course), we could never again without a shiver use that name. Theos or Deus are, of course, for us on a different and higher plane. We do not, *e.g.*, call Juggernaut divine (though divinity is often meanly used). But god is hopeless; even man is higher.

Such discussions as this, called “Jesus or Christ?” touching the very heart, the very nexus of man’s life, will, I venture to suggest, take on a higher value among all men of goodwill when we begin by recognising the initial condition of all fruitful controversy, that our means of expression should, mainly through a regenerated education, be freed from much that quite avoidably hampers and defeats us. Without this we may fear that we shall end only in supplying one more learned and eloquent repetition of the well-worn solutions given in a deceptive freshness of phrase, but in

some cases involving an unintended throw-back, a recrudescence of forms of thought once apposite, but to which we no longer have the right. We cannot vindicate such a procedure, any more than we can now be justified in translating into the mental sphere the Ptolemaic explanation of the relation of our world to its sun, as though this were still valid.

I therefore venture to put the present need thus :—

1. To make sure that the symbolical forms of expression used have the same value for all the Essayists, and presumably for all their readers ; and that such value is the highest available for us and for our day.

2. To be as faithful and therefore fearless as the men of old whom we venerate as inspired, in creating the phrases which we now call “Sayings” or “Texts.”

3. To see thus that these phrases are as pregnantly living and fresh as those which we call inspired, and therefore are not dependent on any crystallised form.

4. To understand and allow for the drag of a necessary reaction which an often deserved disappointment causes ; a disappointment which is the natural source of our distrust of hopes often conventionalised if not literalised, but demanding translation and worthier expression ; hopes which, lacking this, become dangerously like those of the fanatical visionary who misinterprets and misuses his own power to heal, comfort, strengthen his fellows out of really illimitable, though scarcely tapped, sources.

5. To understand the nature of the insight we call spiritual (*i.e.* the analogue of the advent of sunlight through the medium of atmosphere and optical mechanism) ; and fully to recognise the real fount of scientific method, which was in a true sense the needed and divine message of the nineteenth century.

Choice and alternative will always, of course, be, on their own level, inexorable. But that level will be seen, not as ultimate, not as the highest Way to the supreme goal of Man, but provisional and at best embryonic. Scepticism and agnosticism must always have their necessary function in guarding us against the dangers of passionate consciousness of illumination—all the more perilous because in a true sense valid. The study of the conditions of fully significant intercourse reveals at once that we can, if we will, learn to clear our dust-laden windows of expression, and perceive with *couched* eyes the realms of unexplored but waiting significance. But such eyes must be as inexorable as the scientific method which rends its disloyal user, and as simply penetrative as those of the little child, before whose spontaneous insight our sophistication may well wince, but from whom we may learn much which makes for the drawing together of all candid minds on the highest of human grounds.

VICTORIA WELBY.

REVIEWS

Christianity at the Cross-Roads.—By George Tyrrell.—Longmans, 1909.—Pp. xxiii + 282.

A PATHETIC interest attaches to this book, for it contains the last written words of its gifted author. He was a dying man when he wrote it; his never-failing courage and sense of duty alone enabled him to finish it in the intervals of weakness and suffering. There is no sign of failure in mental power. It is the book which Father Tyrrell's friends hoped that he would write to complete the statement of his case; the *apologia pro vita sua* of the chief English Modernist has here found its final expression. As we read *Christianity at the Cross-Roads*, we are reminded more strongly than ever of Cardinal Newman. The resemblance appears not only in the limpid beauty of the style, but in the chivalrous candour which disdains any cover, exposing itself freely to attack from all sides. Father Tyrrell no more shrinks from the logical consequences of his theory than Newman did when, in a famous passage, he preferred the dishonest Irish beggar, "who is chaste and goes to Mass," to the upright English gentleman.

One point is made absolutely clear by this volume. Father Tyrrell will have neither part nor lot in the Liberalism of the Reformed Churches. His swan-song is no *eirenicon* with Anglicanism, though in conversation he sometimes spoke affectionately of the Church of England; rather it is a declaration of war against the whole theology of Northern Europe. 'To Rome, and Rome alone, he turns, for the reconstruction of Christianity which he no longer expects to see. The Catholic Church, he says, is in the grip of selfish exploiters, who will never willingly abandon their prey; but Rome alone is Catholic, and if reformation, or rather revolution (for of reformation there is no hope) ever comes, it must be by an uprising within the Roman Church. "Though she slay me, yet will I trust in her," is the farewell of the dying Modernist to the Church which called him a heretic. Happy, and yet unhappy, the Church which can afford, and endure, to trample upon such devotion!

In view of the sympathy which religious Liberalism in this country is disposed to extend to the Modernists, it is somewhat surprising that Father Tyrrell should turn upon Protestant theology with so unqualified a defiance. But it was well to clear the air. Henceforth there will be no excuse for not recognising that Modernism, while it remains loyal to Rome, is as far removed from sympathy with the Reformed Churches as is Pius X.

himself. Father Tyrrell has set himself to demonstrate this by his treatment of the historical figure which is the centre of all Protestant devotion.

The argument lays an unexpected emphasis on the "ideas" of Jesus Himself, and the continuity of these ideas in the Catholic Church. M. Loisy and the Italian group of Modernists are willing to admit the chasm between the authentic preaching of Jesus and the later developments of Catholicism. The link between them is only that of historical continuity; the Church is a Proteus who takes different shapes according to circumstances. Elsewhere, Father Tyrrell has emphasised the same view; but in this volume his main object seems to be to strike at the heart of Protestantism by stripping the historic Christ of those attributes for which in the Reformed Churches He is honoured and adored. Father Tyrrell presents us with a sad and saddening picture of the Founder of Christianity—a picture which will give great pain to nearly all Christian readers. Happily, it is, I think, easy to prove that, as a matter of history, it is radically untrue.

The "results of criticism," according to Father Tyrrell, may be summed up as follows. Jesus was "a mystic and a seer," who from an early period in His career believed Himself to be the Messiah. But the Messiah whom He believed Himself to be was not the Messiah of the prophets, the expected deliverer of the Jewish people from their oppressors and the restorer of the Davidic theocracy. He believed Himself to be "the Son of Man," a mysterious supernatural and apocalyptic being, whose destiny it was suddenly to come down from the clouds, attended by an army of angels, and thereupon to inaugurate an entirely new order of things, in which, Father Tyrrell assures us again and again, "ethics would be superseded." At present, to be sure, He was living incognito—the Messiahship was His secret; but He fully believed Himself to be identical with the central figure of His own apocalyptic teaching. This teaching constituted His message. The object of His earthly mission was to warn His countrymen of the imminence of the celestial cataclysm. It is true that He also desired them to reform their characters; but His moral teaching was of secondary importance, and not His own; "there is nothing original in the righteousness preached by Jesus" (p. 51). Even the Lord's Prayer can only be rightly understood if we take "thy will be done on earth" to refer to the new earth, not our present abode, and "lead us not into temptation" to refer to the fiery tribulation which was to precede the final conflict between the powers of light and the demons (p. 54). The Messianic secret, shared only with the apostles until the last days of His life, was deliberately revealed at Jerusalem in order to "provoke the ministers of evil to a final assault" (p. 56). For the rest, the whole "idea" of Christ was essentially other-worldly. He had no hopes for human society. His revelation of the apocalyptic kingdom of heaven was a gospel of good news for those who despaired of the world (p. 119), as our author appears to think we ought all to despair of it. (Compare the very gloomy views of the fruitlessness of human efforts on pp. 122, 127, 162.)

Meanwhile, His teaching was distinguished by the great importance which He attached to rites and sacraments. Every man before baptism is possessed by Satan. "This is the teaching of Jesus" (p. 71). "A life of very average morality, with frequent sacraments, is more pleasing to God than a life of heroic morality without sacraments. . . . Uncongenial as this dualism is to modern ears, is it possible to deny that it is common to Jesus and Catholicism?" (p. 73).

Thus the Jesus of criticism (and, Father Tyrrell seems inclined to think, the Jesus of history) was a man who believed Himself to be a demigod, though there are no demigods; who lived in the expectation of taking the chief part in a dramatic transformation scene, which never occurred; who, although He occupied Himself at times in retailing a second-hand morality, preferred the sacerdotal type of religion to the prophetic; and who bade His disciples transfer all their hopes from the world in which they lived to a millennium which existed only in His imagination.

It is indeed a strange kind of criticism which can produce these results. Putting aside all dogmatic presuppositions, and interrogating without prejudice the Synoptic record, we can hardly, I think, have any doubt that Jesus appeared before His countrymen as a prophet, and deliberately placed Himself at the end of the prophetic line; that His teaching was lay and ethical, and on that account most offensive to the hierarchy; that it excited surprise as "a new doctrine" (Mark i. 27); and lastly, in spite of M. Loisy, that neither at the beginning nor the end had it the slightest connection with political revolution. As for the alleged other-worldliness of Jesus, no Jew ever despaired of this world; and so far from the hope of a national triumph having been abandoned by the disciples of Christ, there is evidence that this is exactly what they expected the Parousia to bring them (Matt. xix. 28; Acts i. 6).

The Messianic consciousness of Jesus Christ is still an unsolved problem. Father Tyrrell rightly rejects M. Loisy's political theory, which would make of Jesus a very unpractical predecessor of Theudas; but his own view surely involves a psychological impossibility. Can we conceive the possibility of any sane man believing himself to *be* the vaguely imagined supernatural being—neither God, man, nor angel, apparently—whom many of the Jews supposed would shortly descend from the clouds? A fatal objection to this theory is the fact, admitted by our author himself (p. 51), that no one expected "the Son of Man" to visit the earth first in human form. That the human Christ should feel Himself "a prophet new inspired," and much more than a prophet, is easily credible, especially if it was true; that He should have fancied Himself an apocalyptic demigod walking the earth incognito, is incredible, unless indeed He was mad.

We shall probably hear more of the suggestion that our documents are coloured by the unanimous belief of the Jewish Christians, that Jesus was their national Messiah. It is by no means certain that He ever said so, or that He thought so. His conduct and manner of teaching are as unlike what might be expected of the Jewish Messiah as they are inappropriate

to an apocalyptic figure living incognito. In the interval between the triumphal entry and the arrest His conduct would have been very strange in one who had just been acclaimed, with His own consent, a supernatural deliverer. We do not know how far we can trust the reports of the trial. Is it not possible that the post-resurrection appearances, which were certainly objectively real to those who saw them, suggested an identification which would thrill every Jewish heart? The disciples already believed, most of them, that the Messiah was waiting behind the clouds till His hour should come. And now they had reason to think that their Master, who had risen from the dead, was He! Was not this a belief which was certain to throw its shadow back on the past, creating stories of avowals which the whole conduct of the apostles shows not to have been heard or heeded at the time? However this may be, it is impossible to make the Messianic idea the centre of Christ's teaching. That teaching, as soon as it was systematised, shattered Messianism, which even in St Paul is spiritualised and universalised, and in the Fourth Gospel is respectfully dismissed. The Messiah was a dream of the Jewish nationalists, a hope which was never fulfilled. It is only by completely changing its content that we can connect it with Jesus Christ.

The teaching of Jesus about the Parousia was probably much less definite than our documents suggest. He believed that the time was coming when the Spirit should be poured out upon all flesh, and when there would be a great cleavage and a great conflict. That He contemplated the kingdom of God as a blessed community *on earth* is quite clear; that He ever thought of it as a state in which "ethics would be superseded" is most unlikely; that He confessed complete ignorance of the date and manner of its coming is certain. As to the alleged "Catholic" and sacramental teaching of Jesus, the author has given us a more than usually striking instance of the tendency to dress up the figure of Christ in the draperies most acceptable to the critic. It does not follow, because Jesus attended Passover and paid his didrachma, that he was a sacerdotalist at heart. And in spite of Father Tyrrell's desire to discredit St Paul, and bring back the Church once more under the weak and beggarly elements of legalism, he cannot justly attribute to Jesus, or any Jew, the dubious credit of starting the *ex opere operato* theory of sacramental grace. Ovid puts the saddle on the right horse:

*Graecia principium moris fuit; illa nocentes
Impia lustratos ponere facta putat.
A! nimium faciles, qui tristia crimina caedis
Fluminea tolli posse putetis aqua! (Fasti, ii. 35.)*

Protestant theology is surely right in holding that Catholicism is Hellenised and Romanised Christianity. Nothing that is distinctive of Catholicism is Palestinian in origin, except its fanatical intolerance, and that was not inherited from the Founder. The persistent element in Christianity is precisely that moral teaching—that standard of values and

view of life—to which Father Tyrrell attaches so little importance, but which was felt from the first to be profoundly original and infinitely significant. “The mind of Christ” is the golden thread which links modern Christianity with the Galilean idyll. And happily, when the critics have done their worst, we can say with Professor Weinel (in *Jesus or Christ?*), “We know Jesus right well”; as well, for example, as the author of Rom. xii. and 1 Cor. xiii. knew Him.

The attempt to kill Protestant Christianity by striking at its Lord has failed, and must fail, completely. We turn gladly to the other part of Father Tyrrell’s book—his vision of a reformed Catholicism. With our eyes on the Vatican, we ask, Can these bones live?

Father Tyrrell bases his hopes on the elasticity of Roman Catholicism, and its numerous points of attachment to all grades of human character, from the highest to the lowest. Other Churches may represent certain aspects of the Christian faith better than Rome; but what other Church can compare with her in richness of tradition, doctrine, and cultus? What other Church does not seem provincial beside Rome? It is a good argument; and if some external force were to compel all Christian bodies to federate to-morrow, it is perhaps more likely that they would make Rome their capital than that they would create a new city in the wilds, like the Australian Commonwealth. No other existing ecclesiastical centre could be seriously considered. But the universal Church is a pleasant dream like the universal state. When “the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World,” holds its first sittings, it will be time to draw up a constitution for the true Catholic Church. For the present, nothing seems less likely than that the spiritual Latin empire, which has become too decrepit to retain the allegiance of the majority of its own subjects, will ever extend its sway over Teutonic Europe and America. The abuses which to Father Tyrrell seem the accidental consequences of “exploitation” may be symptoms of senile decay. The fate of the earlier Roman empire, strangled to death by over-centralisation, is a warning of what may come to the Roman Church. And a religion, after all, does not live by adapting itself to every kind of character, from the highest to the lowest, but by contributing, in some ascertainable way, to human progress and welfare.

Father Tyrrell’s latest book is not pleasant reading for Protestants, but their devotion to their Master is too deep and too securely grounded to be harmed by it; and they will not refuse their tribute of respect to the memory of one of the ablest and most candid theologians of our day, whose devotional writings will be read long after the controversies in which he was engaged have passed into a new phase.

W. R. INGE.

Christian Ideas and Ideals: An Outline of Christian Ethical Theory.—By R. L. Ottley, Canon of Christ Church, Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology, Oxford. — London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.—Pp. xiv+400.

"THIS book," the author tells us, "contains the substance of lectures on 'The Outlines of Christian Ethics' addressed to candidates for the ministry (chaps. i.-xvi.), together with three supplementary chapters on various points of social morality." The scope of the subject is so large that he has "found it advisable to touch only upon topics of primary importance, with the aim of exhibiting the point of view from which Christian thinkers of every period have approached ethical questions, and so illustrating the vital connection that subsists between the moral *ideals* of Christianity and its characteristic *ideas*" (Preface). It is thus professedly a theological rather than a philosophical work, and its scope and interest are accordingly seriously minimised for the philosophical reader, who can hardly help feeling the lack of comprehensive grasp of principles which it betrays, in spite of its great theological learning and its wealth of apposite quotation from the early Fathers and later theological writers. Another grievous fault which must strike such a reader is the amount of sheer commonplace which its pages contain, and of which a single example may suffice:

"Christianity, then, takes due account of the discipline involved in the common life and pursuits of men. It is a discipline manifold in its forms and consequences. Different classes of men have, as we say, their virtues or the defects of their qualities. The habits of the scholar or man of science will tend to foster in him the temper of patience, candour, modesty and self-control. Artisans as a class derive from the circumstances of their life a certain strength of character and no small measure of practical sympathy. We look particularly for large-hearted sympathy in the priest; for patient self-sacrifice and devotion to duty in the physician; for exactness of thought and a strong sense of justice in the lawyer; for integrity, fidelity and industry in the man of business. Nor, on the whole, are we disappointed. Indeed, the serviceableness of any class depends on its maintaining a general level of character corresponding to the special function it fulfils in the community. And the vicissitudes of life, as well as the constant claims of a profession, tend to develop the qualities needed for promoting the welfare of society and holding it together. On a broad survey of history, we cannot overlook the action of a providential discipline which has raised, and still is raising, the average level of character. The process of improvement is doubtless slow, fitful, and liable to disappointing lapses and interruptions; but it would be faithless to deny that the social life of mankind is not only intended (as Butler would say) to be a moral discipline, but, in the long run, has actually proved to be so" (pp. 212, 213).

There is a notable absence of really illuminating discussion of the great principles of Christian ethics in their relation either to other

ethical principles or to the problems of contemporary conduct. And liberal and progressive as the author's theology strives to be, it always turns out in the end to be disappointingly conventional and incoherent when judged by philosophical or critical standards. We may take, as examples, his views of miracles and prayer. "In a morally disordered universe God can work freely for its restoration, and the question which is preliminary to any investigation of the evidence for miracle is whether there be in the moral condition of humanity a *nodus vindice dignus*; and whether, in a world which is controlled by spiritual forces and tends towards a spiritual consummation, it is not antecedently credible that God should use extraordinary means to remedy moral disorder and to vindicate His moral purpose" (p. 122). Yet it is admitted that "nevertheless it remains true that to the modern mind the natural is more divine than the contra-natural; for the advance of science has brought home to us more and more forcibly the reality of the divine immanence—in other words, the essential *spirituality* of the cosmic process. We have learned that the supernatural is only the truer and higher natural, the restoration rather than the negation of nature, as Augustine insists" [(p. 123). Similarly ambiguous is his account of prayer. "The function of prayer is to *train* and sanctify desire; to direct it to its proper objects, and so to enable him who prays to receive what God intends to bestow. Temporal needs may legitimately be made the subject of prayer, like everything else that intimately concerns us; the children of God are free to lay before Him their hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, yearnings, aspirations. But the mere petition for temporal gifts and blessings yields, as we advance in the life of prayer, to the consideration, first, that the very name 'Father' implies a wise and watchful providence which understands all our needs before we ask; secondly, that our own ignorance of what is really best for us must needs temper our anxiety to obtain earthly blessings. Moreover, recent tendencies in science and speculation have modified our notions of prayer. We are learning to think *less* of specific answers to prayer and *more* of the active identification of our will with the divine purpose" (pp. 217, 218). But perhaps the most remarkable case of this survival of older alongside of "modernist" views is found in the statement that "one leading purpose of the Old Testament is to teach us the sanctity of the natural order of the world, and to illustrate the way in which great public calamities, like pestilence, earthquake, famine, war and persecution, are at once instruments of the divine vengeance [*sic*] on sin and disciplinary means intended to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind" (p. 127). There is not even a suggestion of the unsatisfactoriness, from an ethical point of view, of such "teaching."

So far as ethical questions proper are concerned, the author's interpretation of Christian teaching is, in the main, on modern lines. The following characteristic passage may be taken as an illustration of his method and point of view:—"It is obvious that under modern conditions the duty of the property-holder tends to become merged in that of the

good citizen. In ancient ethics the prominence of civic duty was for various reasons very marked. It has not always held a place of parallel importance in Christian ethics. There have been reasons for this which need not be particularly considered here. It must be remembered, however, that in its endeavour to leaven the tone of society by raising the standard of individual character, early Christianity was paving the way for those modern political conditions which have opened so many avenues for Christian enterprise and self-devotion. The attitude of a Christian in a free country, enjoying representative institutions, constitutional government and a large measure of local autonomy, can no longer be one of passive submission to conditions which are capable of being abolished or modified. He is no longer merely the dutiful subject of a despotic government, but the responsible citizen of a free State; and for him indifference to the moral interests of the community as a whole is plainly impossible. He realises that the fulfilment of Christian obligations involves not only personal and private effort, but zeal for public reforms, municipal and political. Legislation has its part to play in the moral education of mankind. It embodies the judgment of the average conscience. It at least enforces a minimum standard of right conduct; hence the importance of loyally supporting the existing law so far as it is in any way apt to secure any measure of social justice. But an immense field is open for legislation which definitely aims at protecting weak and helpless classes, at restricting the tyranny of capital and correcting its indifference to the physical and moral well-being of great masses of workers. The sense of public responsibility will consequently impel the Christian citizen to take a personal share in fostering an enlightened public opinion on questions of social policy" (pp. 273, 274).

The recognition of the claims of social justice implies, in the judgment of Professor Ottley, the acceptance of the ideal of "Christian socialism." "Thus the Church naturally finds itself in line with the Hebrew prophets as the champion, and not merely the consoler, of the oppressed. It necessarily favours those forms of social order, those legislative enactments, which make for real equality of opportunity, which tend to distribute as widely as possible social benefits and the products of industry. Wherever it is true to its mission, the Church will be deeply concerned to secure for the toiling and 'unprivileged' classes reasonable opportunities of family life, sufficient leisure, decent housing, adequate remuneration. It will be keenly alive to the moral dangers involved in the mechanical toil, the precarious employment, the insufficient wage, which fall to the lot of such multitudes in the industrial state as at present organised" (pp. 338, 339). The socialistic theory of the state is explicitly accepted, as against the individualistic theory. "The notion that government is a mere system of machinery humanly invented and maintained to protect individual 'rights,' in the narrower sense, may be dismissed as a prejudice of the 'old' Political Economy, not altogether unserviceable in its day, but characteristic of a period when the meaning and real claims of personality

were quite inadequately understood. The State, in fact, has begun to realise that its duty is to protect the inalienable right of each individual to attain to the perfection, and to fulfil the social function, of which he is capable" (pp. 329, 330). The condemnation of individualism is unflinching. "It has been discovered that freedom to pursue their own interests is absolutely denied to multitudes of men. The unfettered individualism of the few has practically resulted in the exploitation of the many. The idea of private ownership and of the 'rights' of property has been mischievously exaggerated, with the result that the general welfare has been sacrificed. The accumulation of wealth has been regarded as the one sufficient aim of individual effort; the practical consequence of which has been a fearful misdirection of energy, a great impoverishment of character, and an immeasurable waste of human life. And far more dangerous to the well-being of nations than the 'State-blindness' which habitually subordinates the interests of the community to the private acquisition of wealth, has been the 'God-blindness' which regards commercial transactions as lying outside the control of religion; which treats human nature as a mere means; which, in the absorbing pursuit of material wealth, has lost the sense of accountability to a *living God*" (p. 262).

But it is only the "exaggerations" of individualism that the author rejects; he still defends private property, so long as it is inspired by the obligations of "the law of stewardship" and informed by a sense of its social origin. It may be defended, he thinks, chiefly on two grounds—as "an essential condition for the development of the country's resources" and "a stimulus to human effort," and as a necessary "condition of individual well-being." "It is the material on which human personality exerts its energies; it is an instrument by which character is trained; it tends to develop great moral qualities." Its obligations, however, are determined by its origin. "Since property is in a sense created by the community, it is indefensible, except on the condition that it renders service to the community, and the holder of it is under obligation to take a proportionate part in the tasks laid upon society" (pp. 270, 271). But here, as elsewhere, we are disappointed by other statements which seem to be written from a different and even opposite point of view, and which express a comfortable optimism and a tendency to conservatism which it would be difficult, if at all possible, to reconcile with the critical and socialistic utterances which I have quoted above. Take such a passage as the following:—"Experience teaches unmistakeably that character is the chief social force, and that success in industrial enterprise depends, in the long run, upon the extent to which honesty, veracity, sobriety, diligence and mutual good will prevail in the business world, that is, in society organised for the production and exchange of wealth. The moral transformation of the industrial order can only come about through the gradual extension of the Christian spirit, controlling and purifying the instincts and tendencies which have created that order. The problem involved in social contrasts and inequalities will not be solved by heroic remedies of

a political kind, but by that spirit of hopefulness and patience which presses for immediate and practicable reforms. Hence arises the obvious duty of helping forward any movement designed to rouse or quicken public conscience in regard to such matters as temperance, proper housing, sanitation, and other physical conditions of modern industry. Apathy is inexcusable in a Christian. Meanwhile we are bound to recognise the special virtues that are usually characteristic of an industrial people, and to make much of any elements in the present order which are tending to develop Christian self-reliance, fidelity, thoroughness and veracity" (pp. 265, 266).

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Man and the Bible: A Review of the Place of the Bible in Human History.
—By J. Allanson Picton, M.A. (Lond.).—8vo, pp. 334.—London:
Williams & Norgate, 1909.

THE veteran teacher has given us here a massive book, timely, rich in reasoned propositions, all based on fine historical knowledge; in the whole of which are breathed the manly freedom of spirit and the deep fervour that are characteristic of the author.

Our function of fault-finding is almost a sinecure. There are perhaps half a dozen misprints (see pp. 145, 196, 206, 219, 252, 271, 279). The style is curious, given to parenthetical modifications, which are meant evidently to relieve the writer's quick and conscientious mind, but which are often needless or even a fret for the reader; however, it is all so genuine a feature of the author's personality, that one is glad of the rugged and autographic lines. Mr Picton is a little behind the times in his outline of Hebrew religious history, as based on its literature; possibly, were he to appreciate fully, say, Duhm's *Psalms*, he might prove to be beyond the range of comprehension of those, both old and new, who still smile fatuously at Wellhausen, Schmiedel, and the rest.

The title of the book is hardly clear; yet it may coin fairly well the purpose to see and say what "Man," in all the history of him, has done with the Bible. The book seeks especially to estimate the nature, on the one hand, of that apparently high valuation of the "Scriptures" which marked the nineteenth century, and on the other hand of the disappearance of that peculiar treatment which is giving way to something better. In tracing these matters, the author does not begin at the fountain-head and come down to the present; he rather takes the unusual but fruitful plan of starting from the final outcome in the nineteenth century and running up the stream to the springs of it. So he sets out with a striking picture of Bible-habits during the last three generations, when many a truly devout man used the Volume, not, indeed, as a fetish, but as a sort of palladium. The volume was regarded as an other-worldly *vade-mecum*, or as a *viaticum*

such as the Host is to the Catholic, something sure to bless if only possessed. If it were only read, said many, even though it were misunderstood, or were misadapted by the reader to his own circumstances in unreasonable ways, yet it would somehow save.

The next stage in the tracing up-stream is to watch the generations back to Wycliffe's time; and the devotion to the Book proves to have been ever less and less as we recede, which is no wonder, for there were few Bibles then, and, moreover, few persons could read. Besides, there were men like George Fox, who cried out, two hundred and fifty years ago, "The Bible is not the Word of God; only the Divine Spirit speaking in every man is that Word." The third chapter considers the Middle Ages, when indeed the Waldensians appealed from archbishops to the Scriptures, but they possessed actually only the Psalms and the Gospels. Like Fox, these trusted in the ever-present God who had certainly taught the primitive saints to write the New Testament, but who taught the mediæval souls as well. The champion churchmen, too, Dominican or Franciscan, who fought those "poor men of Lyons," believed firmly in the Scriptures, but counted these not the cause, but a product of the Church, which God's Spirit always inspired directly. And they held the written treasure to be above the comprehension of any save the Church speaking through its trained and ordained expounders. In the Darkest Ages, again, Charlemagne and his English minister of education, Alcuin, honoured the Scriptures exceedingly, but wished them to be known by the priests and the court alone, and not at all by the masses. It was in those years between 600 and 700 A.D. that a body, or church, of Manichæan Christians in Armenia, called Paulicians, read eagerly such Scriptures as they had, to wit, a few parts of the Gospels and of the Epistles; but they claimed freedom to approach God without any priestly mediator. Mr Picton holds that these, being driven hither and thither, became ultimately the beginners of the Waldensian life in Southern France.

Now reaching the "Silver Age" of Augustine and Chrysostom, we find that both these Fathers took their texts from the Scriptures and exalted the Writings; and although the Latin teacher was sadly superficial, the Greek was keenly honest as well as eloquent. But it has again to be owned that both of them honoured the sacred collection as a sort of Ark of the Covenant, to be visited and consulted by the priests alone.

Finally, in the primitive "Golden" Age, there was of course for generations no New Testament for any one to read. It is well known also that the Old Testament was handled and altered most freely by Jesus; while Paul used it, reverently perhaps, but with an allegorising method that was really a denial of any plain straightforward meaning in any word of its writings. This wrought its own nemesis, for ere long others allegorised Paul's own words, completely wresting their sense. Then a Polycarp, seeking to prove certain ritual to be original, called in evidence the traditions from the Fathers whom he had known, never at all quoting any Scripture as proof. The Scriptures were prized, yet not

as a palladium. Mr Picton calls attention to the remarkable fact that nearly all of the works of those first days that were Commentaries on Scriptures have been lost; and he believes that this could not have happened had there been a wide practice of Bible study.

Following this historical sketch, come three chapters, essays rather, on the Relation of the Bible—1, to Religion; 2, to Morals; and 3, to Social Evolution. The account given of Hebrew religion is insufficient, as we have said; but it is truly pointed out that the Bible furnishes material for the study of only a small part of the story of that religion; while the people who wrought out the religion have been only a very small part of the religious society of the world. In the New Testament Mr Picton sees a great difference between the Synoptics' conception of a religion that saves, and the conception given by the Epistles; for the former preach trust toward God as the loving and saving Father of every soul, whilst the latter plead for belief in certain theories concerning Jesus as the condition of salvation. This alteration, says our author, has caused vast mischief throughout the ages. Dr Bacon has illustrated this finely of late.

The relation of the Old Testament's narratives to morals has been hurtful, and so has been much else in that collection. Either a cruel spirit has been fostered by them or the moral judgment of the reader has been dulled and blunted, by thoughtless contentment with, say, Joshua's ferocity. Our author proceeds to show that similar evil must come from indiscriminate use of the New Testament's "Acts," where the treatment of Ananias and Sapphira or the dissimulation of Paul in the temple are described. And the hardness of "John" and the theodicy of "Romans" are quite as hurtful. Yet a historical use of all is possible.

All the while, Mr Picton claims, there has persisted wonderfully throughout the centuries past in Christianity a devotion to "veracity" in the larger sense of the term, which is in effect a oneness with God's management. This "veracity" the author holds to have been the kernel characteristic of the Founder and his first followers. Then the great value of the collection of Scriptures proves to lie in furnishing us the material for understanding that kernel veracity, as it existed amid all the moral evolution which has been and always must be. This is the coming way of use.

As Mr Picton turns to think of the Bible and Social Evolution, he makes some mistakes. He speaks of the "fanatical devotion of Hebrews to their Old Testament"; but the fanaticism never existed until the real Hebrews had been gone for six hundred years. And even the very late Jews, a few generations before Jesus, were quite ready to make alterations even in the Pentateuch. Mr Picton attributes, indeed, too much to Bibliolatry; for that unpleasant thing has been the prerogative of only the few, let us thank God. We find clearly, from the author's exposition, that the masses never knew the Bible, and therefore could not worship it, until at least the eighteenth century was closing. It has been rather the aristocratic and sacerdotal repression of the thoughtful and very largely veracious individual soul that has hindered science, and literature, and art,

and national and social freedom. Where the masses have hindered such activity, it has been through their subservience to the aristocratic and sacerdotal few; and these latter have used the Scripture as a hidden and terrifying mystery. Of course the old, world-old, lack of individuality has had to be slowly outgrown by permeation of it with that veracity which shone in Christianity at its outset, and shone afresh again in the Renaissance, and in the Reformation, and in the Revolutions, and in the philosophical culmination of a hundred years ago. Quite possibly Mr Picton has overlooked some features and causes of the nineteenth century's Bible-use. As do the trees, so does all life fashion to itself a surrounding bark; which bark is necessary, although at once it becomes a fetter, and must be broken again by the next newer life. At the Reformation, to go no farther back, there grew about the new life the necessary form of Bible translation; and then at once that became a fetter. So too with the Pilgrims, and the Puritans, and the men of the Revival. These latter broke indeed in Methodism the form and fetters of establishment, and in Nonconformity the fetters of the high election faith; but at once, as they all went out to the hitherto uncovenanted heathen, they forged new fetters of Bible-use. None the less, all through the century just past, as we used to read our chapter, or the apportioned ten verses a day, we were gazing on *literature*; and the sight of *that* always compels questioning, comparison, analysis, criticism. The Bible Society has made the world full of critics, whose souls all know that Colenso and Wellhausen and the like are their true pastors. Nay, more, that inevitable questioning and criticising has been the essential way of the soul, the real and true way of best Man; and in such soul-life alone can God be manifest. God has worked in the Bible-habits of the nineteenth century. Strangely, yet not strangely after all, the prevention of criticism by many a pulpit, and by most ecclesiastical organisations, has been felt by the genuine spirit in the mass of men to be a hindering of God, a contradiction of His Spirit's whisperings within them; and so the churches have emptied. But they will fill again; for the fetters are breaking fast, and souls are hungry, and the evidence of this is in the new and widespread and intense study of the Bible as the material for knowledge of a great religious experience, namely, the dawning of Christianity, the religion of veracity. Mr Picton's investigation is a timely sign and aid in all this.

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Æsthetic, as Science of Expression and General Linguistic. Translated from the Italian of Benedetto Croce, by Douglas Ainslie, B.A. (Oxon.).—London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1909.

SINCE the failure of "objective formalism," Æsthetics has shifted its problems more and more from speculation to observation, from absolute beauty to the "æsthetic experience," in both its productive and apprecia-

tive aspects. The result has been the development of "psychological Æsthetics." Simultaneously the endeavour to link this experience as subjective datum with the objective condition of its occurrence has drawn art-forms and technique, their evolution and their filiation with cultural and social conditions, into the scope of Æsthetics. Supported by the researches of Anthropology, Ethnology, and Sociology, this aspect of Æsthetics, with its emphasis upon the social determination of Art and the social import of the æsthetic experience, has developed into what is now coming to be called "sociological Æsthetics." So that Æsthetics seems at present to stand at a parting of the ways, the one leading to psychological, the other to sociological theories. Its true line of advance lies, however, in neither of these directions exclusively, but rather in the co-ordination of both.

Benedetto Croce's *Æsthetic* represents the former of these tendencies in its extreme form—subjectivism—and there is thus indicated from the outset its chief shortcoming. It is only fair, however, to remark that the present volume, forming part of a whole system of Philosophy, may show such a limitation in an exaggerated degree. Perhaps rather the general point of view of his philosophical system than his special æsthetic standpoint is responsible for this particular bias. Still the limitation is marked in his æsthetic teaching and betrays itself, in spite of the striking justness of many of his specific statements, in a certain remoteness from concrete experience and in the unsatisfactory adjustment between different aspects of the æsthetic experience, as well as between Art and other human manifestations. A mingled impression of admirable clearness of parts and of a, so to speak, distorted perspective of the whole makes an appreciation of the work a difficult and embarrassing task.

The central point of the æsthetic experience lies, so Croce maintains, in the "intuition-expression." Intuition is "knowledge obtained through the Imagination," as distinct from concepts, which are "knowledge obtained through the intellect" (p. 1). Intuition is not sensation, since it possesses "form" as opposed to the mere "matter" of sensation (p. 8); nor is it perception, for it is independent of the reality or unreality of its object (p. 5). The author would least object to its identification with images or representations, provided the latter are not taken as "complexes of sensation," but as "something detached and standing out from the psychic base of sensations" (p. 62). Intuition would seem to be, in fact, a mental image sufficiently fully developed and elaborated to become a detached object of apperception to the person forming it. As thus formulated, it is for Croce also "expression." "To have an intuition is to express" (p. 19). He uses the term "expression," therefore, in an enlarged sense, and applies it to any—verbal, visual, musical, etc.—formulation of the image, while at the same time he restricts its meaning to the *mentally* elaborated image, and not to its *outward* expression by sounds, colours, words, forms, etc. This latter expression he holds to be something entirely distinct and different from the "intuition-expression."

From the conception of the "intuition-expression" he develops all his æsthetic theories. Thus "Beauty is successful expression, or, better, expression and nothing more, because expression when it is not successful, is not expression"; consequently, "the ugly is unsuccessful expression" (p. 129). Hence Beauty has no degrees, but is unique and absolute, "for there is no conceiving a more beautiful—that is, an expressive that is more expressive" (p. 130)—while the ugly has many degrees, according to the varying unsuccessfulness of the expression. Again, the expression being, by definition, whole and complete, Beauty is individual and indivisible. This is for Croce the explanation of the old "unity-in-variety" principle, translated by him into subjective terms. For the same reason he rejects the establishment of artistic or literary classes, as well as the "Modifications of the Beautiful" which have so long haunted æsthetic speculation. They are distinctions of pure convenience and utility, having only empirical validity, but no value as basis for æsthetic principles. These are conceptions of importance and actual usefulness, helping to clear Æsthetics of many traditional but mostly quite sterile problems. In a similar manner he applies his theory of "Intuition" to most of the standing questions of modern Æsthetics, such as Associationism, Hedonism, æsthetic sympathy, the lower senses, appreciation and judgment, æsthetic standards, Art and Nature, etc.—hardly ever, however, with either justness or suggestiveness, though with a certain airiness and an occasionally irritating dogmatism of argument.

With the identification of Intuition and art-activity Croce is in a position to attempt a vast systematisation of all provinces of human activity, which, as expounded in chaps. iii., vi., and vii. of this book, provides the link between the volume before us and the other volumes of his *Philosophy of the Spirit*. Such a comprehensive construction he reaches by "the double grade relation of the theoretic and practical activities." The former comprise Intuition (Art) and Logic (or conceptual thought, Science), the latter the "economic" (utilitarian) and moral will. Again, Intuition represents the first, and Logic the second grade of the theoretic activities; economic the first, and moral will the second grade of the practical activities. He thus obtains the scheme: Theoretic: Practical activity = Intuition: Logic = economic: moral will. "The four moments imply each other regressively. The concept cannot be without expression (intuition), the useful without the one and the other, and morality without the three preceding grades" (p. 99). In this manner he succeeds in providing a correlation of the human activities, and—more particularly from the point of view of Æsthetics—a continuity of Art with other human endeavours and ideals. "Among the principal reasons," he says, "which have prevented Æsthetics from revealing the true nature of art, its real roots in human nature, has been its separation from general spiritual life" (p. 23)—a statement true, no doubt, of Æsthetics in its former aspects, but hardly applicable to it in its latest phases, which aim, at least implicitly, precisely at some fitting-in of Art with Life, in either its

individual or its social expression. Croce's systematisation is certainly the most sweeping scheme yet attempted; but it rests on neither a genetic nor even a distinctly psychological basis, and this unfortunately cuts the ground of experience from under his feet, and consequently leaves a distinct impression of the inadequacy and artificiality of his correlation.

The criticisms directed against his "intuition-expression" by Italian and German critics seem to a large extent either exaggerated or based upon misunderstandings. What he appears to mean by "intuition" is fairly clear, and appears to be analogous to Witasek's "*Vorstellung*" or Külpe's "*Contemplationswert*," though neither of these authors has laid so much stress upon this conception. The exclusive emphasis laid by Croce upon it, as the central fact of æsthetic experience, giving an incomplete and therefore psychologically false view of it, is no doubt the cause of many unsatisfactory conclusions. Similarly the subordination of Intuition to Logic, as the latter's first grade, would seem, in point of psychological genesis, invalid. To say that concepts are based upon intuitions as their perceptual material, is a confusion between representations, such as artistic "intuitions," and the abbreviated images of our perceptions, which Croce distinguishes as "labels" or "indexes," from the fully elaborated, detailed visions of the artist. However valuable the double grade relation between the economic and moral will may be—and Mr Ainslie considers it very valuable—a similar relation between Intuition and Logic is certainly highly contestable.

In the same way his distinction between theoretic and practical activities must provoke doubts on particularly æsthetic no less than on general grounds. As regards the former, it produces misconceptions in the relation of production to technique (invalidating thereby also his correlation of Æsthetics and Ethics), to which the limitation of his subjective standpoint contributes by a confusion of production and appreciation.

Croce extends his theory—primarily of production—to appreciation by identifying the latter with the former—"taste" with "genius." Appreciation is reproduction, by the recipient, of the artist's intuition: hence the recipient's intuition is the same as that of the artist. This, of course, is true in a sense; but it obscures the actual difference between production and appreciation, leading to the view that "we are all artists," which, in any but a metaphorical sense, is essentially false. For Croce, production is ultimately distinguishable from appreciation only by the priority of the artist's vision, for even "clearness" of vision cannot be denied, though posterior, to positive appreciation. Yet the mere priority of vision is no intrinsic characteristic of artistic production. Ultimately the difference rests on what is commonly supposed to constitute the artist, viz., his faculty of objectively realising his intuition. And that is a matter of technique.

Technique is defined as the artist's knowledge of how to realise his vision in material form. The "externalisation" is for Croce a practical activity, entirely separate from the theoretic activity of intuition. By

means of this distinction Croce succeeds in eliminating objective realisation from the strictly æsthetic sphere, leaving nothing but bare intuition, which then presents no obstacle to identification with the intuition of appreciation. The author's subjectivism makes this elimination all the more desirable, as the transition from the artist's mind to his objective work is a special difficulty for subjective æsthetic theories. Yet technique is not thus external to the intuition. A painter requires not merely a *prior*, or *clearer* vision, but a *pictorial* vision; and this quality, whether pictorial or sculptural or poetical, etc., is an additional quality of the artist's, as opposed to the simply visual, or plastic or verbal nature of the non-artist's, vision. So that technique is actually a factor modifying and concretising the intuition. It becomes part of the individual "expression," and a vision elaborated in accordance with, and with a view to, its objective execution constitutes precisely artistic production as distinct from the intuition of the non-artist.

The unwarranted simplification of the facts has led Croce to a treatment of the objective work as a mere "aid to memory" or "stimulus to reproduction," instead of the objective "realisation" of the intuition. Even "externalisation" is an inaccurate description of it. And similarly one would account for his view that the dividing line between intuition and externalisation marks the limits between Art and Morality. The actual relation between Art and Morality is neither so simple, nor their division so sharp, as the intellectualistic bias of Croce would represent them. Here as elsewhere his theory suffers from his subjectivism and from his disregard of the fullness of experience, on pretence of offering a theory of "pure Æsthetic."

Every recognition is due to Mr Ainslie for having made the volume, full, when all is said, of the most suggestive and original views, accessible to English readers. One regrets only that both an index and the valuable bibliography of the Italian edition, which would have been of the greatest service to students of Æsthetics, should have been omitted. For the latter omission, however, the excellent historical section, filling the second half of the book, may to some extent make amends.

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George Meredith: A Primer to the Novels.—By James Moffatt.—
Hodder & Stoughton, 1909.

DR MOFFATT informs us that the object of his primer is to help some readers of Meredith over the fence by telling the exact course of the story and the precise facts of the narrative underlying each novel. As a matter of fact, he does rather more than this. He adds much by way of commentary on the incidents and characters; and there is a wealth of cross-references, both in the text and numerous footnotes, from one novel to

another. No doubt there are many readers who will not disdain the help Dr Moffatt has to offer them, and they will appreciate his pleasantly written abstracts. There are others—we may hope a larger class—who may feel themselves capable of taking all the fences, even that which blocks the way to *One of Our Conquerors*, but who will yet like to hear what he has to say. Unfortunately, the book is overloaded with much which strikes us as unimportant or irrelevant; and there is a good deal, it must be added, which might well have been expressed more happily. In the introduction, for instance, Dr Moffatt makes the very modest claim for Meredith that, “however it may be rated, his work must be allowed to possess distinction,” and then goes on to burst out into what may be described as half-apologetic raptures, when he says that “a dozen times at least in almost every one of the novels we stop to say, ‘This is literature,’” and, “We forget the author, we forget the book; the word springs to our lips, ‘This, this is life.’”

And why does he tell us of *The Egoist* that it is stronger in dialogue and analysis than in epigrams, and then, on the next page, that “the dialogue flashes with crisp repartee and brilliant epigram”? For the unimportant we may quote this, from the account of *Sandra Belloni*:

“There is more about music than about poetry, however, from the passage on the drum (ch. ix.) to the eulogy of Beethoven and the description of Emilia playing on the harp in the booth (ch. xi.). The operatic stars appear in ch. xxii., as they do later in *One of Our Conquerors* (ch. xx.). Sir Purcell is an organist, but it was not till the twelfth chapter of *Beauchamp’s Career* that Meredith elaborated his philosophy of the organ as a symbol of monarchism.”

This, as much to the same effect, is rather of the nature of catalogue-making, and does not bring us much nearer to Meredith; nor, indeed, do most of the footnotes, which, besides, have often but the faintest bearing on the text they are meant to illustrate. This may be taken as an example. He says of Lucy (in *Richard Feverel*), “Whenever she is with Richard the sheer loveliness of her nature breaks through”*: footnote, “* *She has French blood in her veins, though her father was an English naval officer.*” Dr Moffatt tells us in the preface that from his descriptive report the reader can pass on to enjoy the bright and bracing philosophy inside the story or to apply the principles of literary criticism. This strikes us as rather a quaint choice; but the impression we get, an impression which is strengthened by a glance at the index, is that the reader is rather being prepared to face a “general” paper of the type which the “love of learning overdone” has made only too familiar to us in the case of classical authors. We may protest against Meredith being thus swamped with himself.

It is not so much the fault of Dr Moffatt as of the analytic method he has adopted that, while he says much that is just, he does not really do justice to the total impression which the novels make upon us, and which, we are inclined to believe, they make upon himself also. It is not that the things he says are wrong, but that they are so often the things that

don't matter. If Meredith's characters are to be viewed fairly, they must be seen in the light of the ideas which inspire the novels. When Dr Moffatt disclaims all intention of dealing with the "cardinal ideas" of Meredith, he cuts himself off from attempting to express the real meaning of that with which he deals. We get a sense of false values, of false perspective. Thus no one would gather from his account of *Evan Harrington* how good a comedy, or farce, the story is. We appear to be asked to view the Countess mainly from a moral standpoint, as an exposure of sentimentalism. We are not allowed to see that she is almost wholly a joke, and an excellent one. In his chapter on *Harry Richmond* he gives no adequate impression of the overwhelming personality of Richmond Roy or of the war of opposing wills which make a prey of Harry. More attention is given to a summing up of the merits and defects of the father and the son, which, like several other classifications of points made by Dr Moffatt, rather irritates us; because, while they may be supported by isolated passages, we feel they do not represent the way in which Meredith himself regarded them. Dr Moffatt is too often pointing little lessons, which call before us a Meredith who seems constantly to say, like the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*, "And the moral of that is——"

There are other points on which we could wish that Dr Moffatt had been more generous than his promise, and had given us more reasons for the opinions he expresses. Thus he comments on Beauchamp's death as being extremely inartistic, a gratuitous tragedy. We cannot argue it out with him, but can only say that we think he wrongs Meredith. It is the lesser Beauchamp who gets into and ultimately gets out of his matrimonial tangles, who marries Jenny Denham and might be expected to live happily ever after. But it is the larger, the more real Beauchamp who fights for the people and fittingly gives his own life to save the "insignificant bit of mudbank life" that was to remain in the world in place of him. It is the same sort of life and service that Meredith expresses in *The Thrush in February*. Indeed, the poem is truly a hymn of social service, and Beauchamp's career, or all of it that is really significant, is a concrete working-out of the message conveyed therein. He is one of "the sons of strength" prompted to sacrifice. And in thinking of his end, we may recall the lines:

" Full lasting is the song, though he,
The singer, passes : lasting too,
For souls not lent in usury,
The rapture of the forward view.

" With that I bear my senses fraught
Till what I am fast shoreward drives,
They are the vessel of the Thought,
The vessel splits, the Thought survives."

And equally do we differ from Dr Moffatt in his condemnation of Lucy's death and Diana's betrayal of the secret. We think that a wider survey

would have led him, if not to change his views, at least to see the necessity of giving more grounds for those he has adopted.

But if we have been so ill-natured as to quarrel with Dr Moffatt on so many points, it is that we think that he, and indeed most of those who have written on Meredith, have failed to do justice not only to his genius, but, even more, to their own impression of it. Like the Dean of Westminster, they wrong themselves more than him. They probably feel, as do most of his readers, that his was a master-mind, that he was a great man, to be classed with the great men of this or any age, with "the good seers who have spoken worthily of Phæbus." But when it comes to expressing an appreciation they are afraid to speak out. His faults are, indeed, dignified by a comparison with those of great writers, and he is charged with the obscurity of Browning and a waywardness or grotesqueness of expression reminiscent of Carlyle. But his merits are mostly judged on a lower scale, and we are asked to compare him with Mr Thomas Hardy; a comparison which, we are sure, Mr Hardy would be the first to deprecate. He is thought of as a great man, but written of as a middling one. We may think that the Dean of Westminster, to return to our feud, (if he read Meredith) thought that he should be buried in the Abbey, but would not have him buried there, which would have been to give the thought expression. It may be suggested that what has stood most in the way of a just appreciation of Meredith, is that he has been too narrowly considered in the light of the ethical doctrines which may be drawn from his work. He is presented to us as a didactic writer, and too much attention is given to an exposition of the theories that may be drawn from his work. Meredith, no doubt, like other writers, allows us an insight into his mind. We may probe him for his philosophy. But it is another thing to wrench his philosophy piecemeal from its content, and then re-work it into a scheme of practical ethics. We lose Meredith in the process, to find him again with the inspiration gone. It is true that Meredith himself gives some ground for this treatment of his work; but it is when he is at his weakest that he is most didactic. The comment which Professor Henry Jones so justly makes in his book on Browning, is equally applicable to Meredith: "It is not when he argues that he proves, it is when he writes as a poet writes. The spiritual experience is far richer than the theory which professes to explain it." Meredith is at his best when he does what Aristotle praises in Homer, brings his characters on the scene and makes them do the work; or, when he appears on the scene himself, appears as a chorus in tune with the theme of the whole. But when the warmth of his inspiration leaves him, he preaches at us what he cannot reveal. His poetry gives the best evidence of the two Merediths. *Modern Love*, surely one of the great poems of our language, tells its own story, and makes us appreciate Meredith's greatness of mind, his feeling for the sanity of things. But in much, indeed in most, of his poetry of Nature, we feel that there is all the material for inspiration, but the inspiration doesn't come. He con-

stantly calls our attention to the sane and healing aspects of Nature, but he cannot make Nature reveal herself to us. Rather he lectures on the theme. And where he lectures he affords the easiest material for others to lecture on him. Hence we get the Meredith of the watered-down philosophy, the Meredith from whom we are to glean maxims, the Meredith we may get up for an examination.

Dr Moffatt himself warns us against regarding Meredith as a pamphleteer, but some observations he makes in his introduction on the lines on which we might study him point dangerously in that direction. And in his account of the novels, his presentation of incidents and characters, dissected or standing ready for dissection, gives us somewhat the same impression. But we think that the impression actually made by Meredith on the readers of his novels is that of the spirit which informs the whole. In this sense he is at once a most artistic and philosophical novelist. If he is not consistently inspired, what is less inspired or poor in his work detracts wonderfully little from the effect of the whole. What is good falls into line, and what is not so good mostly falls out. His admirers might perhaps most justly express their sense of his greatness by saying that the most lasting impression he leaves with them is that of the central purpose. It animates the whole story, if sometimes half suspected. The value is often more in what is suggested than in what is described, and the reader finds his interest sustained in long chapters which, on their face-value, are not interesting. "All hope abandon ye who enter here" is probably the language in which all but his most enthusiastic admirers would address those about to attempt *One of Our Conquerors*. But we might, at the least, say of that novel that, if almost every part of it is bad, the whole is impressive. The feeling that remains is that of the power with which Meredith expresses the tragedy of the man who will eat his cake and have it, defy the moral code and set himself to win recognition by it in spite of his defiance. It is in virtue of this power that the author carries us along with him, and it is essentially a dramatic power. We may think that Aristotle himself (even if he had felt obliged to censure other things in Meredith, "which he does not order well") would have commended this faculty in him, a faculty which is most fully revealed in his *peripeteiai*, or "surprises"—when we are ourselves surprised to find how strongly we are moved. So with Meredith the plot becomes the soul of his tragedies or comedies. It is to the power which he shares with the great dramatists that we pay tribute, when we feel a shock, as of personal outrage, on hearing of Sir Lukin's insult to Diana, or Everard Romfrey's attack on Dr Shrapnel.

LAWRENCE SOLOMON.

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Man's Origin, Destiny, and Duty.—By Hugh MacColl.—Pp. viii + 201.—
London: Williams & Norgate, 1909.

IN the present volume Mr MacColl develops more fully the views already expressed in some articles which have appeared in this Journal. The subjects discussed in the several chapters of the book are: the soul and the body, the superhuman, the foundation of ethics, scientific fallacies, miracles, evolution and design, man and the lower animals, pseudo-evolution, the fallacies of Haeckel, morality and religion. In an appendix are two articles on "Chance or Purpose?" and "What and Where is the Soul?" reprinted from the *Hibbert Journal* for 1907.

The author is evidently prompted by a laudable desire to help the cause of religion against the sceptical tendencies of the age. He seeks to defend what appear to him to be the essentials of Christianity, and of theistic religions generally, against the destructive criticisms of men of science. And he undertakes to do so on purely scientific grounds. As usual, such an attempt involves both give and take; and if the author has many hard things to say against Haeckel and other opponents of Christianity, yet, on the other hand, the Christianity which he defends, and seeks to justify, will probably be regarded by many as a very much attenuated Christianity. Indeed, Mr MacColl seems to plead for a Christianity divorced from "miracles," especially the miracle of the Resurrection of Jesus. The main object of this book, he says, is to show that the fundamental and essential doctrines of the Christian religion can be established independently of, and without any appeal to, miracles. And the essential doctrines of Christianity, according to him, are these three: (i.) the existence of a world of intelligent superhuman beings, imperceptible to man's bodily senses in the present stage of his development; (ii.) the survival of the soul after the death of the body; (iii.) the existence of one supreme, infinitely powerful Being whose will, as shown in the so-called "laws of nature," it is man's duty and interest to study and to obey. To these three doctrines a fourth is added, apparently because it is required by the second, namely, (iv.) that the soul and the body are different entities. And, "basing his arguments upon facts admitted by nearly all scientists," Mr MacColl attempts to "establish" the four doctrines just enumerated.

The soul, according to our author, is possibly composed of some kind of substance (having a spatial form) on which a record of its whole past is automatically registered; and this register may be continued through successive metamorphoses after the death of the body and other "instruments." Whether or not the past will be remembered in our future form of existence is of no moment—the winged life of the butterfly would scarcely be helped by the memory of its caterpillar existence. Mr MacColl admits that this is a mere hypothesis resting on insufficient data; but some may find consolation in his assurance that many "scientific hypotheses" have no better foundation. He seems quite convinced, however, that he has proved mind and body to be quite distinct entities.

Physiologists, he says, maintain that no part of the body is conscious except the brain; but the brain is really no exception—in fact, the *whole body* is nothing but an unconscious mechanism at the service of a soul whose habitation (or possibly only periodical lodging-place) it is. The argument is scarcely conclusive. Surely our (psycho-physical) organism *as a whole* may be capable of doing what no *part* of it can do *alone*. And in what way, pray, is the soul ennobled by being made of some other substance than “ordinary matter” or “ether”? Once the soul is conceived to occupy space, it seems simpler to maintain that the substance of the body is not quite so “ordinary” as it appears to be, than to impregnate it with some additional substance drawn from the infinite possibilities of nature. If it is objected that the “simpler” supposition makes it difficult to prove immortality, the answer is that scientifically our business is to find out first what we are, and to argue about immortality afterwards, and not to suppose ourselves to be what can most easily be proved to be immortal.

Mr MacColl has sometimes a way of using language which is much more orthodox than is the underlying thought. He begins, for instance, with what looks like a vindication of “miracles,” and, while in that humour, he speaks of “the superstitious dogma called the uniformity of nature,” and of “the will of God” as “the one condition without which no law of nature is valid.” On closer scrutiny, however, it turns out that the “miracles” which he vindicates are no miracles, and the “uniformity of nature” which he condemns is indeed a “superstitious dogma,” but not what scientific men generally understand by that expression. It turns out, in short, that he no more believes in “miracles” or disbelieves in “the uniformity of nature” than does, say, Haeckel, notwithstanding the latter’s “wild speculations” and “coarse mockery.” The laws of nature, says Mr MacColl, are inexorable, for, what is “Nature” but another name for God?

This kind of specious orthodoxy is most marked in Mr MacColl’s treatment of morality. Apparently, the belief in God is the only real basis of moral conduct. An “atheistic” system of morals founded on avowedly human authority alone will never command the respect of the average man. The final authority must be *superhuman*. In fact, the author actually defines the “right” as that which the Supreme Ruler approves, and the “wrong” as that which He disapproves. With such definitions it seems easy enough to “prove” that morality must have a religious basis. But then there is the inevitable question: How do we know what God approves or disapproves? And lo! it turns out that God’s revelation of His will is best seen in the actual development of man’s moral and social instincts. So, after all, it is not *God’s* known approval or disapproval that makes human conduct “good” or “bad,” but rather it is because *we* consider certain acts and pursuits to be good or bad that Mr MacColl feels confident that God approves or disapproves them, as the case may be! This kind of language is apt to turn out mischievous; it plays so easily into the hands of bigots. The history of religion is too full of awful

examples of what happens when morality is made to depend on religion, instead of religion being made to depend on morality. Religion is a fine coping-stone of morality, but an insecure foundation-stone. No doubt, the *ideal* religion is both ; but not every man's religion is that ideal religion, and yet every man inevitably believes his religion to be the ideal religion. There the danger lurks. Does not Mr MacColl himself admit that the efficiency of a moral code depends less upon its religious basis than upon the code itself? No, one cannot insist too much or too often on the absolute primacy of moral rights and duties as the *sine quâ non* of even the slightest pretensions to religion ; and the whole trend of civilisation is certainly in this direction. It seems, therefore, greatly to be deplored that enlightened men should stoop to use language that lends itself so easily to be misconstrued in favour of retrograde tendencies.

Perhaps the best thing in Mr MacColl's book is his treatment of Evolution and Design. "To speak of the principle of *evolution* as a sufficient explanation of plant and animal development is like speaking of the principle of *revolution* as a sufficient explanation of calico weaving in a cotton factory." As soon as we attempt to explain why the wheels go round, we are inevitably led up to the designer of the machine and the purpose for which it was designed. Yet what is a spinning machine compared with the infinitely grander mechanism of nature? "Which [asks Mr MacColl] indicates the higher intelligence, the construction of complicated machines which produce automatically—or in a large measure automatically—certain results required of them, or the construction of infinitely more complicated machines, which not only produce automatically the results required of them, but also combine to produce other similar machines of equal complexity and often superior to themselves? The machines constructed by nature, namely, living animals, do this and more. Yet the extreme and bigoted evolutionist infers a high intelligence as the cause of the inferior machines, and no intelligence at all of the naturally evolved and infinitely superior machines!"

There are other good things in the book. What one is inclined to find fault with is a too great readiness to consider speculations "established," and a certain appearance of playing to the gallery. But there is an air of religious enlightenment or enlightened religiousness throughout the book which is sure to win sympathy.

A. WOLF.

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Kant's Theory of Knowledge.—By H. A. Prichard, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.—Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1909.—Pp. iv + 324.

EVEN with the help of his all too brief preface, it is difficult to discover the general aim of Mr Prichard's ingenious treatise on Kant's Theory of Knowledge. "This book," he tells us, "is an attempt to think out the

nature and tenability of Kant's Transcendental Idealism, an attempt animated by the conviction that even the elucidation of Kant's meaning, apart from any criticism, is impossible without a discussion on their own merits of the main issues which he raises." After such a statement it is matter of surprise to find Mr Prichard's survey strictly limited to the *Æsthetic* and *Analytic* only, which together form but one-third of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, as if Kant's theory of knowledge were completely stated in these preliminary portions of his work, and as if it could be adequately understood and fairly criticised apart from the rest of his great book, or, indeed, apart from his philosophy as a whole. Granting what seems to us the perverse limitation of this point of view, we cannot but admire the intellectual acumen with which Mr Prichard attacks his self-appointed task and the logical lucidity with which he marshals his arguments to demonstrate the fallaciousness of the German philosopher's reasoning; but through it all we cannot help feeling that it is not the philosophy of Kant which he is expounding or refuting, but that he is writing a hostile review of a couple of articles written by a contemporary for a philosophical magazine.

In fact, for the modern student of the Kantian philosophy Mr Prichard's pungent criticisms, although he may acknowledge their force on the particular points attacked, will, we venture to think, have but little permanent interest. What really gives the book its interest is Mr Prichard's attack upon Idealism in general and his constructive effort, which underlies the whole, to state in intelligible terms a counter theory of Realism or Natural Dualism; and it is to this theory that the remainder of the short space available for this review will be devoted. "The standpoint," he tells us (p. 115), "is that of the plain man. It is the view that the mind comes by a temporal process to apprehend or to know a spatial world which exists independently of it or of any other mind, and that the mind knows it as it exists in the independence"—[i.e., knows the thing as it is in itself]. But how, we ask, is this consistent with Mr Prichard's firm belief, declared in a previous passage (pp. 80-88), in the distinction between primary and secondary qualities? For of secondary qualities he admits (p. 86) "that these supposed real qualities [of a body] do presuppose a percipient, and therefore cannot be qualities of things, since the qualities of a thing must exist independently of the perception of the thing." Mr Prichard therefore agrees with Locke that the primary qualities really exist in bodies, whether any one's senses perceive them or no; or, to quote his own words (p. 91), "the spatial characteristics of things, and therefore space itself, must belong to what they are in themselves, apart from a percipient." On the same page, however, in a footnote, Mr Prichard makes an admission that seems to us fatal to his doctrine. "Of course," he says, "it must be admitted that some sensuous elements are involved in the apprehension of the primary qualities." Unfortunately, he nowhere explains what these sensuous elements are, nor what difference, if any, they make to the primary qualities of bodies as perceived. But if,

as we have seen, the presence of sensuous elements in the apprehension of secondary qualities forces him to admit that these qualities do presuppose a percipient, and therefore cannot be qualities of things, since the qualities of a thing must exist independently of the perception of a thing, surely by parity of reasoning it must follow that the presence of sensuous elements in our apprehension of primary qualities similarly presupposes a percipient, and that they therefore in just the same way cannot be qualities of things—at any rate, of things as they are in themselves. If, then, this criticism be fair, Mr Prichard's admissions in detail would seem to be quite inconsistent with his general theory that the mind attains a knowledge of a spatial world as it exists in independence of it or any other mind.

In fact, Mr Prichard's own position seems ultimately to be indistinguishable from that moderate form of idealism which on the whole he himself describes so lucidly on pp. 117–122. For an idealist of this description can and does posit, just as much as Mr Prichard, a reality existing independently of his own or any other finite mind. But he denies, just as we have seen that Mr Prichard in his doctrine of primary and secondary qualities denies, that the qualities of this reality can be known as they are in themselves independently of the knowing mind. And for the same reason, again, he would agree with Mr Prichard in his favourite doctrine of the impossibility of any theory of knowledge in the sense of elucidating the nature of knowledge by means of something other than itself. Only he would not simply assert, as does Mr Prichard (p. 245; cp. p. 124), that “knowledge is simply knowledge,” and that “any attempt to state it in terms of something else must end in describing something which is not knowledge.” Rather he would, with Ferrier and Professor Ward, point to the fundamental fact of knowledge as involving the duality of subject and object in the unity of experience, and from that deduce the impossibility of knowing what is the activity of the subject apart from the object, or of the object apart from the subject. This fact Mr Prichard admits cheerfully in the case of secondary qualities, and reluctantly in the case of primary qualities. Again, he seems dimly to recognise it when he says (p. 99): “Our apprehension of what things *are* is essentially a matter of thought or judgment, and not of perception. We do not *perceive*, but *think* a thing as it is.” And yet he is never weary of reiterating that our apprehension or knowledge is of things as they are independently of our own or any other mind. Throughout his book, in all his pertinent and trenchant criticisms of Kant's theory of knowledge his arguments consist in showing that its chief fallacy lies in transferring, in the inseparable unity of subject-object, what belongs to the object-side of the relation to the subject-side of the relation, and so in failing to reach any real object of knowledge at all. In other words, he accuses Kant—and rightly accuses him—of making a false abstraction. What, in our opinion, he never sees is that his own theory involves just the obverse of this same fallacy, and implies an equally false abstraction. For, while his doctrine of the qualities of bodies, both primary and secondary, clearly recognises the

inseparable relation of subject-object in knowledge, yet he is always attaching predicates to the object as the thing in itself, just as if its inseparable connection with the subject made no difference to it as an object of knowledge. The idealist may, Mr Prichard allows (p. 120), consistently believe in the existence of a reality independent of knowledge. But such an independent reality admits of no predicates. Only reality as known admits of predicates; and known reality, *ipso facto*, involves the inseparable relation of subject-object. In a passage on the nature of relation (pp. 128-132) Mr Prichard struggles in vain to evade this conclusion. Here he maintains that, whereas some terms in relation, *e.g.* father and son, are inseparable, other terms in relation, *e.g.* doctor and patient, are separable, because a man may be sick and yet have no doctor. The knowing mind and reality, he argues, are terms of this sort. Surely the idealist may reply: "Quite true, but the moment that this reality becomes the object of knowledge (and Mr Prichard asserts that knowledge is always knowledge of objects, never of mere appearances) it ceases to be an independent reality and has entered into a relation with a subject. Just, therefore, as sick man *qua* patient of a doctor differs from sick man out of this relation, so reality *qua* object of knowledge differs from reality out of relation to subject of knowledge."

While, therefore, we fully agree with the cogency of Mr Prichard's arguments against the various positions which Kant takes up in his *Æsthetic* and *Analytic*, and have nothing but praise for the lucidity with which he elucidates their meaning and for the brilliancy of the criticisms which he passes upon them, we have most serious doubts both as to the tenability and as to the consistency of his own particular form of Realism.

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God with Us: A Study in Religious Idealism.—By W. R. Boyce Gibson, M.A.—London: A. & C. Black, 1909.—Pp. xix + 229.

In his excellent little work, *Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy of Life*, Mr Gibson expounded in a helpful way the main features of Eucken's philosophy. The present volume is a continuation of the former, and is conceived in the same spirit. But the author adopts a different method here, and seeks to bring out in some detail the points of affinity and contrast between Eucken's system and other contemporary forms of thought. In the execution of this task, Mr Gibson shows, as one would expect, sound knowledge and clear insight, though I think he has tried to put too much into a limited space. The book is rather overburdened with quotations; and the reader, led rapidly from point to point in a wide field, is in danger of carrying away a confused impression of the whole.

Eucken, it is well known, is the foe of naturalism and the placid acceptance of mere facts. His message is the supremacy of the Indepen-

dent Spiritual Life, of renewal by it and freedom in its service. "*God with Us*, interpreted in a sense which challenges our devoted co-operation, is the very essence of Professor Eucken's philosophy of the Spiritual Life." Eucken gives us little in the way of logical deduction; but he everywhere reveals his faith in the reality of the Eternal Life and its self-verifying power. His place is among the prophets rather than the dialecticians. "Perhaps the most distinctive feature of Professor Eucken's philosophical work is what we may venture to call its prophetic character. I say 'prophetic,' not so much because I believe—as, indeed, I firmly do—that its main motive will dominate the deeper philosophical thought of the future, but because it has the supremely vital quality of creating the very insight which is needed for appreciating it." Our author acknowledges, however, a disinclination on the part of many "to admit the relevance of prophetic inspiration for speculative inquiry"; and I fancy there will always be those who think there is something elusive and unconvincing about Eucken's writings. But the sympathetic disciple, breathing the requisite atmosphere, is full of confidence in the philosophic message of his master, and finds meaning where the outsider finds obscurity.

In the space at my disposal I can only try to indicate the general scope and character of the book. Readers of Mr Boyce Gibson's earlier work will remember that he criticises Eucken for his neglect of psychology, a neglect partly due to a defective conception of the science. And Mr Gibson is certainly right in believing that, if the Life-Philosophy could be brought into intimate and vital relation with modern psychological analysis, its position would be made more secure and its appeal more convincing. Accordingly he tries to show that Activism—as Eucken's philosophy may be termed—finds a support in certain psychological facts, and can offer a satisfactory interpretation of them. The writer first discusses the phenomena of adolescence, and the theory of it elaborated by Stanley Hall. Mediated by physiological changes, new depths of life come to birth at this critical epoch: and even the inspiration of after days, it is argued, has its source in this "springtime of the soul." Professor Hall's theory of adolescence is biological, and he regards self-consciousness as subordinate and derivative. Mr Gibson, on the other hand, thinks the facts of adolescence are an appropriate starting-point for Activism, and believes the idea of the Independent Spiritual Life supplies a better theory of the phenomena. But if it be granted that adolescence is ultimately to be explained from above—by an influx of Spiritual Life—rather than from beneath, the fact remains that the process is concentrated into a definite period of human development and is based on physiological changes. How Activism ultimately construes these changes is not clear. Two important chapters on "Fruition and Action" and "The Passion of Love" attempt to establish further points of connection between Activism and Modern Psychology, and more especially in some of its developments at the hands of Mr Shand and Dr Stout. Recent psychology lays stress on the conative character of mental life; and conation springs from a need

and embodies a felt tendency to an object which can satisfy the need. From a religious point of view this conative aspect of experience is the expression of belief or spiritual conviction. This trust at root means loyalty to the life that works with God. Conation tends to pass into fixed habits which become mechanised, and the zest of endeavour is lost. Different is the fruition which is the outcome of loyalty to the Supreme Life. Here the continuous presence of the Divine endows a man with an inner stability, which makes him steady in stress and strong to fulfil his task. In dealing with love as a religious passion, Mr Gibson founds on Mr Shand's theory that love is more than mere emotion or desire, and is "an organised system of emotions and desires." On the whole subject it may suffice to say that Mr Gibson shows suggestive points of contact between Activism and Modern Psychology. But that Psychology finds its necessary completion in Activism will only be held by those who are independently convinced of the truth of the latter.

Mr Gibson believes—and here he is too optimistic, I am afraid—that Eucken's system may become a rallying-point where different schools of idealists can meet in peace. In this volume he is sympathetic to a certain extent both with Hegelianism and Pragmatism. "My own conviction is that the alliance of a Logical Idealism with a relevant Psychology would, without any prejudice to its logical vitality, involve its transformation into some form of Moral, Personal, or Religious Idealism." But Activism is a philosophy of spiritual Freedom, and our author agrees with the pragmatists that all possibilities are not foreclosed. Some of his remarks on this point in the chapter on the "Problem of Evil" seem to me excellent. He parts company with the pragmatists, however, when he insists that Religious Idealism must be *anthropotheistic*, not *anthropocentric*, and, if pluralism is its starting-point, monism is its goal. God is potentially all-inclusive: He will be all in all when evil is overcome.

The reader who is not already a disciple of Eucken will find some things in this exposition perplexing. For instance, there is the question of the relation of the temporal to the eternal. The obscurity is not dissipated when we are told that "time transcendence does not imply the annihilation, but rather the spiritualisation of time," and "in transcending the time-sense we raise it into the freedom of the eternal." There is a similar obscurity in the matter of the divine immanence and transcendence. Here, of course, the difficulty attaches to the system, and is not the fault of the expositor. This is an able and suggestive book, but it would perhaps have gained if certain excrescences had been pruned and some of the discussions made fuller and more systematic.

G. GALLOWAY.

CASTLE-DOUGLAS, N.B.

Le Divin. Expériences et Hypothèses: Études Psychologiques.—Par Marcel Hébert, Professeur à l'Institut des Hautes-Études (Université nouvelle de Bruxelles).—Paris: Félix Alcan, 108 Boulevard Saint-Germain, 1907.

La Forme idéaliste du Sentiment religieux.—Par Marcel Hébert.—Paris: Émile Nourry, 1909.

WHEN mysticism is considered apart from its intellectual scaffolding, it is found to consist of a root which is common to all religions, even those which are most divergent in their philosophical expression. That root is the recognition of the subconscious as the element through which the mind finds its relation to unseen powers superior to its normal self. In Christianity this relation takes the form of a personal God, a God of love; in Buddhism, of a universal law. And mysticism anticipates analytical psychological science in showing that the religious sentiment is independent of all the forms of thought and particular emotions, with some of which it is commonly associated, including the idea of a personal God. Historically, that idea seems to have been occasioned by man's early exercise of the reasoning faculty, by which he uncritically ascribed like effects to like causes. Or the belief had its origin in the divinisation of chiefs, or in both these, combined with other, sources. And M. Hébert asks (p. 123): "Is this representation of personality essential to the religious consciousness?" In answering this question, he furnishes interesting concrete examples both of the acceptance of the Divine personality, and of the gradual stages of its rejection by those still actively conscious of the force of the religious sentiment. The first are classed under the headings of sentimental, metaphysical, and moral reasons for its acceptance. Of these, the moral argument of Newman is the strongest, that the sense of responsibility in the conscience implies a Lawgiver and Judge to whom the individual is responsible. Its weakness consists in the fact that, like Kant's "Categorical Imperative," it takes no account of the origin of this moral sense, its transformations and differences of content under various conditions. Besides, as the author observes, "if it is possible to have the notion of 'good' independently of the image of Divine personality; that of evil, of failure, of remorse, can also be independently entertained. If the reality of the lower, empirical self, and of the superior, ideal self, be admitted, one would be responsible towards oneself, the empirical to the ideal self."

Perhaps the strongest practical argument for the necessity to the religious sentiment of belief in the Divine personality is that advanced by Rénan: "If we make God impersonal, the religious consciousness revolts, for we can only conceive existence under the form of personality, and to say that God is impersonal is as good as saying that, for our thought, He has no existence." On this M. Hébert comments: "It is more than half a century since these words were written, and Rénan could not write them over again at the present time without many reserves."

For the whole of modern psychology makes for the recognition of the primacy of tendency over intelligence, of the subconscious over the conscious."

He concludes, from his examination of the relation of the religious sense to metaphysics, that it is not necessarily allied to any intellectual notion, but that the various forms of its expression are so many hypotheses by which it gives account of itself.

He proceeds (chap. x. p. 177) to examine its relations to the moral sense. It is even more necessary than in the case of metaphysics that an effort should be made to disentangle the confusion in which this question seems involved, because it has never hitherto received adequate or systematic treatment. Some assume the identity of the religious and moral senses and their ideals: others separate them just as arbitrarily, without taking into account their close and intimate connection. Be it noted that the question is not between metaphysical ideas and moral ideals, but between the religious sense, as such, and those ideals. It is because the religious sense is so indefinite that it has usually been identified with either or both: with the first, by hard-and-fast Intellectualists; with the latter, by those who represent the ordinary "Undogmatic" type of Christianity. M. Hébert rightly seeks "to distinguish carefully between the moral and religious sentiments." Such distinction is justified, he says, by the fact that they are found apart. There are, on the one hand, professed atheists who possess high moral ideals, and there are religious devotees, such as Louis XI. or worse, who live lives of debauch. Yet it must be pointed out that this does not solve the question. The first case does no more than show that metaphysical dogmas are not essential to the moral sense, which, so far as it is ideal and not confined to its utilitarian, conventional, and social aspects, partakes of the nature of the religious sense. And of the other case it must be said that the moral *ideal* was surely recognised, however much the *practice* fell short of it.

In order to disentangle the religious sentiment, *per se*, from the moral, we must go back to its obscure origins in primitive man, as illustrated by the present-day savage, where, though much is vague and purely hypothetical, yet it can be seen that the religious sense is strong; while the moral sense, except in some of its social aspects, is very rudimentary. Might, at present, is right, and morality, enforced by fear of temporal punishment, no more than such as is strictly necessary to the preservation of the tribe. Here is seen the crude worship of force, or, rather, of unknown "forces," "the hosts of heaven," the powers of nature, the ghost of the dead chieftain. It is difficult to determine the boundaries between magic and religion, for both have a common origin in the subconscious. It is much later that this idea of force becomes idealised and moralised, and the conception of the Perfect God results; that the notion of more powerful beings than man gives place to that of One, not only All-powerful but All-holy, the metaphysical and moral Absolutes becoming fused, or closely interconnected. The chapter which the author has devoted to this

historico-psychological side of the question is the least satisfactory part of the work. Here, as elsewhere, he seems to imply that the idea of Perfection entered abruptly on the scene and effected the great change. Nor has he attempted to analyse the various component elements of the religious consciousness, and determine their relation to each other and to the ideal of Perfection, but contents himself with a quotation, in a note, from *The Descent of Man*, in which Darwin enumerates some of them as constituting the "very complex" synthesis of the religious sentiment. And that this sentiment is very complex, and consists largely of the elements mentioned by the great scientist, is revealed both by self-analysis and by the study of primitive religions.

The root of that sentiment is, as Hébert says, in the subconscious region of the human mind. In other words, it is instinctive. But this root is, at its base, non-moral. In Judaism and Christianity its natural growth has not been allowed to flourish in the wild and tropical luxuriance of Paganism. A selection has been made: the ideal tendencies have been promoted and fostered. The ideals of perfection, intellectual and moral, have found expression in the personal God of Christianity. It is to the synthesis of Platonism and Judaism that the West, in the main, owes a conception of Deity which has never been able to overcome its inherent contradictions, combining, as it does, the idea of the Creator of an imperfect creation, which depends more on force than love, with that of a Perfect Being.

Is the conclusion of all this, then, that the idea of a personal God must be rejected altogether? By no means; but that we must carefully distinguish between God as a theological conception and God as representing the ideal of Perfect Goodness, between the metaphysical and moral Absolutes. The discrepancies and the difficulties, such as the unsolved riddle of evil, must be squarely faced, and no longer burked in order to meet theological exigencies.

Whether the religious instinct can survive in this rarefied, if purer, atmosphere, the future will show. M. Hébert believes that it will survive in the form of "the sentiment of the Perfect," having dropped its grosser elements; a sentiment which he believes to be as essential to the human mind, and as necessary to the apprehension of reality, as the fundamental categories of thought.

In his later volume he considers the religious sentiment more particularly in the form of this "sentiment of Perfection," taking St Augustine as the example of its metaphysical, and St Francis de Sales of its emotional, aspect. And though he necessarily assumes, throughout both these works, a certain permanence in the religious sense, he comes perilously near, here as elsewhere, to denying all continuity and so stultifying himself. Again and again he insists that the idea of Perfection is "a new order," differing in kind and not in degree from the idea of superiority, in which the early religious ideas began. Logically, he is right. It is, however, here, not a question of abstract logic, but of life, of psychology. And the whole of this tends to show, both in the case of the individual and the race, that the

idea of the Absolute is reached gradually through the relative, and that, therefore, in this sense, the Absolute is implicit in the relative.

He is on much stronger ground when he maintains that the idea of the Absolute, however reached, has a certain cognitive value. In fact, it is difficult to see how this can be consistently denied by those who allow the same to the phenomenal categories. Yet, though this position is opposed to that of Pragmatism, it does not, on that account, affirm the claims of Intellectualism. This cognitive value, as he justly observes, is strictly limited to what may be called the intuition of the Absolute, to the sentiment and idea of Perfection. It corresponds to Reality, but cannot tell us what that Reality is. Its value is mainly negative, and though this is of great importance, there are certain things which it can never tell us; amongst others, whether the Final Reality is personal and conscious, or subconscious. The idea of personality can be no more than a symbol of the Divine; useful for practical purposes of devotion and morality. Intellectually, it can hardly be even an hypothesis, much less an absolute certainty.

The only way of escape from the confusions and contradictions involved in the notion seems to M. Hébert to be that which is indicated by the ideas of immanence, evolution, and the subconscious. The absolute separation between the imperfect and the perfect is then seen to be merely logical, like that between unity and multiplicity and other opposing terms. They are different aspects of the same reality. True and excellent enough, as is the whole section, throughout which we hear echoes of Bergson. But it must be pointed out that it was precisely this "logical" rock on which M. Hébert split when he insisted upon the absolute separation of the two first terms, in the sense that one could not be evolved from the other.

Both of these books well repay careful reading. It is not often that we meet with a writer who treats this fundamentally important subject with such thoroughness, sincerity, freedom from theological bias, and, at the same time, religious feeling. It is because he possesses these qualities and the necessary philosophical equipment that M. Hébert has been able to make a valuable contribution to this class of study.

HENRY C. CORRANCE.

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THE HIBBERT JOURNAL

REMARQUES SUR LE VOLUME¹ "JÉSUS OU LE CHRIST."²

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EST-IL à propos de revenir, après les théologiens distingués qui y ont répondu, sur la question soulevée par le Rév. R. Roberts touchant Jésus-Christ? Peut-être, mais à condition de ne vouloir pas apporter une réponse nouvelle. Le problème serait à examiner d'un point de vue tout général, historique, psychologique et philosophique, purement humain, en dehors de toute préoccupation théologique. Mais il ne semble pas que le sujet ainsi entendu comporte de longues réflexions.

Il serait presque permis de dire que la question n'était pas à poser. Tous ceux qui demeurent attachés au dogme élaboré dans les premiers siècles chrétiens; qui ont pu s'initier à la critique des Évangiles sans s'apercevoir que ce dogme n'est pas la simple expression de ce que Jésus lui-même pensait être, et de ce qu'il a regardé comme sa mission providentielle; qui se refusent à y reconnaître une interprétation, progressivement construite, de la tradition primitive et des sentiments de la foi, au moyen d'éléments pris des antiques religions et des sagesse de l'Orient et de la Grèce; ceux-là, dis-je, n'éprouvent aucune difficulté à identifier Jésus au Christ, le crucifié du Calvaire au Verbe Fils de Dieu, créateur et sauveur. Pareillement ceux

¹ *The Hibbert Journal Supplement* for 1909.

² An English translation of this article will be found on p. 487.—EDITOR.
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qui tiennent au christianisme par le fond de leur âme, tout en ayant abandonné la lettre des croyances traditionnelles ; qui s'ingénient, sincèrement et sans parti pris, à confondre ce qu'ils jugent être l'essence de la religion avec ce qu'ils veulent regarder comme l'essence de l'Évangile ; ceux-là aussi viendront toujours à bout de se représenter Jésus comme ayant réalisé consciemment leur propre idéal : pas plus que les premiers ils ne trouveront de contradiction véritable entre le Jésus de l'histoire et leur Christ. Rien de plus inutile que de les inviter à quitter une position qui leur semble parfaitement logique. La sommation qui leur est adressée suppose que ce qui est évident pour son auteur doit l'être de la même manière, et au même degré, pour tous. Mais à peine a-t-on besoin d'observer qu'il n'en est rien. Comme il s'agit ici de foi, d'histoire et de philosophie, non de calculs mathématiques, ni d'expériences physiques, la divergence des opinions est fatale, et nul esprit n'a le droit d'imposer aux autres son opinion personnelle comme un principe absolu qui devrait régler leur attitude religieuse.

Au lieu de soulever ce débat, l'on aurait donc eu simplement à déclarer que quiconque n'admet plus la vérité des anciennes formules christologiques ne doit pas s'en servir en parlant de Jésus. Tout le monde étant d'accord sur ce point, le Rév. Roberts a été obligé de prouver que le dogme est en désaccord avec l'histoire. Ainsi qu'on pouvait s'y attendre, ceux qui pensent que les anciennes formules sont défendables n'ont pas trouvé sa démonstration concluante ; les tenants d'une christologie nouvelle ont jugé que ses arguments ne les atteignaient pas et qu'ils compromettaient seulement la métaphysique de l'incarnation. L'orthodoxie a même pu profiter de ce que la discussion était portée sur un terrain où l'histoire rencontre la philosophie, pour opposer une fin de non recevoir aux objections alléguées contre la divinité de Jésus. On lui disait que, si Jésus avait été Dieu, il aurait su que les diables n'étaient pas réellement dans les possédés. Il était trop aisé de répondre que nous ignorons ce que Dieu peut

connaître ou ne pas connaître quand il lui plait de se faire homme.—Mais est-ce que l’Infini peut se limiter ainsi?—Qu’est-ce que l’Infini ? aurait dit Ponce Pilate. L’idée d’un Dieu infini et personnel implique déjà la contradiction dont on parle, et c’est sur cette idée même qu’a été édifiée en son temps la théorie de l’Incarnation. Quand on essaie de combattre la divinité de Jésus-Christ en s’appuyant sur la métaphysique qui sert de base à ce dogme, on s’éloigne beaucoup moins qu’on ne croit de la tradition des siècles chrétiens.

Peut-être aussi ne s’est-on point assez souvenu qu’une certaine manière de comprendre l’histoire, comme la simple détermination de ce qui est suffisamment garanti en matière de fait, la ramènerait à une sèche nomenclature des choses qui ont toute chance d’être arrivées. Or, l’histoire ne devient science que par une sorte de reconstruction organique où la recherche des causes tient la même place que la recherche des forces dans les sciences de la nature. La définition de ces causes et de ces forces est fondée sur des expériences, mais elle implique une part d’induction et, il faut bien l’avouer, d’hypothèse. La science humaine n’existe que grâce à ces ébauches plus ou moins provisoires et toujours perfectibles. Ainsi donc, pour expliquer Jésus devant la raison, comme pour expliquer tout personnage ou tout phénomène de l’histoire, une formule sera indispensable, qui ne peut être purement historique, mais qui sera en rapport nécessaire avec la philosophie générale de chacun. La formule proposée par le Rév. Roberts ne saurait échapper à la loi commune ; elle n’est qu’une façon d’entendre et d’interpréter l’Évangile, et j’oserai même dire que, dans sa forme un peu tranchante, en affirmant que Jésus était *seulement* un homme, elle se charge d’un postulat énorme, car elle donne à entendre que son auteur sait très pertinemment ce que c’est que Dieu.

Tout s’en faut pourtant que les défenseurs de la tradition aient écarté victorieusement toutes les objections. On peut n’être pas fort touché de l’argument : ou Jésus a été le Christ-

Dieu, ou il n'y a pas de Christ. Cela peut être la vraie manière de poser la question, au point de vue chrétien, en supposant admises les notions traditionnelles sur Dieu, sur le péché, sur la rédemption. Mais l'argument est périlleux ; car il n'est point démontré que la partie positive de cet énoncé représente l'unique chance de salut dont dispose l'humanité, ni que la partie négative soit l'expression d'une misère infinie à laquelle nous serions, pour toujours et sans aucune ressource, abandonnés. Les habitants de la terre ont connu jusqu'à présent des "grâces multiformes." Leur lent progrès semble évoluer dans un cadre beaucoup plus large que celui qu'a voulu fixer la théologie des siècles passés. La notion du salut n'est pas immuable : pourquoi ses conditions le seraient-elles ? Fera-t-on dépendre d'idées et de faits dont la réalité ne peut être péremptoirement établie la possibilité pour chacun d'un relèvement moral, et celle d'une éducation progressive de l'humanité en ses diverses branches ? Ou je me trompe fort, ou l'on commet un fier anachronisme et l'on méconnaît singulièrement la mentalité qui prévaut de nos jours, en supposant que notre attitude intellectuelle devant certains points de croyance, par exemple devant la résurrection de Jésus, pourrait et devrait être celle des premières générations chrétiennes. Nous n'avons pas là-dessus, dit-on, le dixième des preuves par lesquelles saint Paul convertit Denys l'Aréopagite. Mais nous avons les Épîtres de l'Apôtre, et nous pouvons analyser ses idées, ses préoccupations, ses raisonnements. La vérité doit être que l'argumentation dont il s'agit, si elle revivait soudain devant nous en tous ses détails, serait une terrible épreuve pour la foi de plusieurs de nos contemporains qui ont gardé la même croyance que Paul et que Denys.

Recommande-t-on vraiment à notre raison le dogme de l'incarnation du Verbe, lorsqu'on dit que l'homme ne pouvait se faire Dieu, mais que Dieu a bien pu se faire homme ? Ne joue-t-on pas plutôt avec les concepts de l'ancienne théologie, glissant insensiblement de la possibilité au fait, dont la réalité demeure, au fond, inintelligible, insaisissable, indémontrable,

et nullement démontrée? Avance-t-on beaucoup plus en observant que chaque vie humaine est, en quelque façon, l'incarnation d'un esprit, et que la vie de Jésus a bien pu être l'incarnation de l'Esprit suprême? N'est-ce pas un autre jeu de pensée, où l'on spécule sur une notion vague, et où l'on paraît aussi vouloir, tout doucement, conclure de la possibilité au fait? On compte, il est vrai, sur le témoignage évangélique comme sur un argument positif qui inviterait à tenir pour réel ce que d'abord on a démontré possible. Mais ce témoignage a-t-il toute la solidité, toute la certitude, toute la portée qu'on lui attribue? Suffit-il que les évangélistes n'aient pas trouvé de contradiction entre leur foi et les faits qu'ils avaient à raconter, pour que la foi dont on parle soit au dessus de toute contestation? Est-il si certain que cette foi n'ait exercé aucune influence sur leur façon d'entendre et de présenter les faits? N'est-il pas très facile, au contraire, d'établir que les évangélistes n'ont pas écrit seulement pour raconter, mais pour prouver, et que ce parti pris a singulièrement transformé la physionomie des souvenirs primitifs, depuis le récit du baptême de Jésus,—pour ne rien dire des récits de l'enfance, qui ne sont fondés sur aucun souvenir historique,—jusqu'à ceux qui concernent la résurrection?

Il semble plutôt évident que l'historien distingue assez difficilement, même dans les Évangiles synoptiques, la forme et l'enchaînement des faits qui ont constitué la carrière de Jésus; et cette difficulté provient des modifications, des surcharges, des additions qu'ont suggérées la foi des rédacteurs et l'intérêt de la démonstration par eux poursuivie. Encore est-il que ce qu'ils veulent prouver n'est pas la divinité du Christ. Ils sont bien loin d'égaliser Jésus à Dieu; s'ils voient en lui un être surnaturel, appartenant au monde divin par son origine et par son destin, ils le distinguent très nettement du Père céleste, créateur et maître souverain du monde. Ajoutons que leur raison ne s'est jamais arrêtée à examiner la contradiction que les faits pouvaient opposer à leur foi; c'est la foi même qui a écarté cette contradiction; elle n'a vu dans les faits que ce

qu'elle y a voulu voir, laissant tomber ou corrigeant ce qui la gênait, plaçant toutes choses dans la perspective qui lui convenait. Le quatrième Évangile a perdu presque tout contact avec la réalité de l'histoire. Dans les trois premiers Évangiles, ce contact n'existe que pour les éléments fondamentaux de la tradition synoptique, et là Jésus lui-même ne se place pas au dessus de l'humanité; il a mission du Père afin de préparer l'avènement du prochain règne de justice, et il est aussi appelé à présider à ce règne quand il aura plu à Dieu d'en amener l'accomplissement sur la terre.

Que les disciples aient vu la gloire de Dieu sur la face du Christ-Jésus, et que ce fait-là soit aussi certain que la bataille de Zama et l'assassinat de César, on peut le soutenir. Mais les faits que l'on compare ainsi, n'étant pas de même ordre, ne sont pas vrais dans le même sens ni garantis de la même façon. Cette "gloire de Dieu sur le visage du Christ" est une formule imagée qui définit très vaguement l'impression opérée sur les disciples par la personne de Jésus. Jamais les disciples, conversant avec leur maître, n'ont pensé traiter avec Dieu même. Pierre n'a pas dit à Jésus: "Tu es Dieu visible." Il lui a dit: "Tu es le Christ," c'est-à-dire l'envoyé de Dieu pour la manifestation du royaume céleste; rien de moins, rien de plus. Certes, l'impression des disciples fut profonde; mais comment prouver qu'elle défie toute comparaison? N'y a-t-il pas d'autres fondateurs de religion qui ont recruté des disciples enthousiastes et dévoués jusqu'à la mort?

Beaucoup pensent aujourd'hui que l'on peut garder la foi de Jésus en abandonnant la christologie de l'Église et en négligeant la foi de Simon-Pierre. La morale de l'Évangile serait au dessus du devoir: sentiment tout-puissant qui nous arracherait au péché en nous élevant à une vie nouvelle; idéal inséparable de la personne de Jésus, qui aurait été ainsi et qui serait encore actuellement Sauveur. Jésus, dit-on, a été le révélateur de la bonté divine et du pardon; il ne fut pas seulement un docteur de la vérité, il est mort pour elle; et si

l'on ne peut pas dire qu'il ait institué une religion parfaite, il a posé des principes d'une valeur infinie. Dieu père, Dieu et l'âme, le péché et le pardon : voilà le noyau de l'Évangile. C'est par là que Dieu s'est révélé en Jésus, qu'il était en lui pour se réconcilier le monde. La foi a besoin de s'appuyer sur un fait, et le fait où s'appuie la foi, c'est Jésus-Christ. Ce que l'on présente parfois comme le Jésus de l'histoire n'expliquerait pas la réalité incontestable de l'expérience chrétienne. De cette expérience il résulte que Jésus a véritablement révélé Dieu, effectivement racheté l'homme du péché.

Ces conceptions sont très hautes ; mais le Sauveur qu'elles nous décrivent est assez différent de Jésus pour qu'on puisse le qualifier de Christ idéal. On garde la ferveur de l'âme et l'esprit de charité ; on laisse tomber le règne de Dieu et son prochain avènement. Ainsi fait-on subir une sorte de métamorphose morale au Jésus que l'histoire connaît, et à la foi que lui-même avait inspirée à ses disciples.

Peut-être, d'abord, serait-il sage de ne pas faire si bon marché du devoir, que prescrit la raison. Jésus lui-même imposait un devoir, le renoncement absolu, et il ne l'exigeait pas seulement de quelques-uns, comme on l'affirme volontiers, mais de tous ceux qui acceptaient l'espérance du royaume céleste ; et la perspective de ce royaume prochain lui servait à justifier sa doctrine. L'Évangile tout entier, en tant qu'instruction morale, a dû être progressivement contrôlé, redressé, complété, pour s'accommoder aux conditions réelles de l'existence humaine. L'on peut encore aujourd'hui se livrer à la poussée d'enthousiasme qui l'animait : le choc brutal de la vie saura toujours y mettre un frein, et la froide critique de l'expérience rationnelle pourra aussi de plus en plus la modérer. L'enthousiasme peut faire des saints ; il peut produire des fanatiques. Et ce ne serait peut-être pas, à la longue, un régime très salubre pour une société, que celui où l'on poserait en principe l'autonomie absolue de la conscience individuelle, percevant dans une intuition supérieure à tout examen l'idéal moral qui doit la charmer, et en dehors duquel l'homme ne connaîtrait pas de loi.

Plusieurs voudraient oublier l'élément eschatologique de l'Évangile, l'attente du royaume de Dieu, parce qu'il semble trop évident maintenant que cette attente fut une illusion, et comme si le reste de l'Évangile était beaucoup plus consistant ou pouvait même être tenu pour immuable. Peut-être entre-t-il une part d'erreur dans ces deux jugements. Certainement Jésus embrassait l'espérance du royaume avec autant d'ardeur que la foi du Dieu père. Cette espérance et cette foi se conditionnaient, s'appuyaient réciproquement. Quoi qu'on fasse maintenant pour les séparer, elles n'ont pas cessé d'être solidaires l'une de l'autre, et, dans la mesure où l'une est caduque, l'autre doit l'être aussi; de même, s'il y a quelque chose à conserver de l'une, l'autre ne peut être tout entière à rejeter. Ce qu'il y avait au fond de l'espérance évangélique, et ce qui la recommande encore à notre admiration, c'est l'idée d'un avenir meilleur pour l'humanité, où la justice serait l'unique loi, ou même les iniquités du passé seraient vengées, les douleurs imméritées seraient compensées, où la mort serait vaincue. Cela aussi était un grand idéal, et l'on aurait tort de le dédaigner parce qu'il se fonde sur la notion du droit. Cet idéal légitimait et consacrait l'aspiration de l'humanité vers un sort meilleur, vers un état de société bienheureuse; mais il ne l'encourageait pas sans montrer dans la charité universelle, dans le respect du droit et dans la pratique du devoir, la condition indispensable, essentielle, unique, du bonheur souhaité. L'idée se définit en une sorte de rêve grandiose, puéril aussi, eu égard aux réalités de ce monde. Et ce ne fut pas la prédication du Dieu bon qui occasionna la mort de Jésus, ce fut l'annonce du royaume dont lui-même bientôt devait être le chef. L'on peut donc voir ici à quelle cause il sacrifia sa vie. Mais son espoir, on ne saurait trop le répéter, n'était ni plus ni moins enfantin que la foi au Père céleste qui habille les lis des champs et qui nourrit les oiseaux du ciel. De cet espoir nous pouvons apprécier encore aujourd'hui et retenir le sentiment qui l'inspirait, à savoir la passion de la justice et l'amour de l'humanité. Il n'est pas démontré que l'idée du Dieu père,

qui pardonne le péché, ait une valeur d'un autre ordre, et plus durable.

On parle volontiers de l'expérience religieuse, comme s'il n'y en avait qu'une pour tous les hommes, de toutes les races, sous toutes les latitudes, dans tous les temps. Mais, comme le Rév. J. E. Carpenter l'a fait observer avec beaucoup de sagesse, les expériences religieuses sont multiples et variées, et l'on ne saurait, au nom d'une expérience unique, rejeter en bloc et condamner toutes les autres. Ce que l'on nous présente comme l'expérience chrétienne n'est même pas l'expérience de toutes les communautés issues de l'Évangile. La vie religieuse du catholique romain, par exemple, ne se fonde pas, en réalité, sur la double notion du péché de l'homme et du pardon divin, mais plutôt sur celle d'une double devoir, imiter le Christ, édifier ou servir l'Église. À plus forte raison l'expérience dont on parle n'est-elle pas celle du genre humain. C'est l'expérience du néoprottestantisme, une forme épurée de la foi ancienne, en des âmes profondément trempées par la tradition de la réforme, et qui restent jusqu'à un certain point dominées par les vieilles doctrines du péché et du salut par la foi. Cette expérience n'est donc vraie que relativement, en tant qu'elle est réelle chez un grand nombre d'hommes, à raison des conditions particulières qu'ont faites à leur vie spirituelle l'hérédité, l'éducation et le milieu. Religion particulière, forme récente et simplifiée du christianisme, dont un jour on pourra marquer la place dans l'histoire générale des religions. Son avenir est bien incertain, puisque, parmi ceux-mêmes qui font profession d'y adhérer, il en est déjà qui proclament le caractère symbolique de ses trois termes essentiels, Dieu, péché, pardon. Si une vérité plus profonde se cache derrière ces images, qui nous empêchera de la chercher, et qui sait si, pour la trouver, il ne sera pas nécessaire de sacrifier les images qui la recouvrent ? En tout cas, cette expérience religieuse toute spéciale est bien loin de remplir l'histoire du passé humain ; elle occupe une place limitée dans le présent ; il n'est pas certain, il n'est même pas vraisemblable

que dans l'avenir l'humanité doive s'y reconnaître tout entière et perpétuellement.

Tirer argument d'une telle expérience pour déterminer historiquement la personne et le rôle de Jésus, ou plutôt pour élever le Christ au dessus des témoignages de l'histoire, est vouloir bâtir un palais sur les nuées du ciel. La prétention ne doit pas être beaucoup plus rationnelle que ne serait celle de regarder comme vrai ontologiquement à l'égard du Christ ce qui serait faux historiquement à l'égard de Jésus. On a prêté cette dernière opinion à des gens qui n'en avaient jamais eu l'idée, et qui s'amuse peut-être un peu des contresens que l'on commet sur leur modestes écrits. La distinction du Jésus de l'histoire et du Christ de la foi est fondée en raison, elle correspond à une réalité ; mais précisément parce que cette distinction est légitime et nécessaire, elle ne permet pas de dire que ce qui n'était pas vrai de Jésus durant sa vie soit vrai du même Jésus en tant que Christ immortel. Le Christ de la foi, idéal qui procède de la personne historique de Jésus, mais qui ne se confond pas avec elle, a été pour l'Église un principe de vie très haute et très féconde. Ce fut vraiment une grande force spirituelle. Mais la réalité historique et actuelle de cette force ne prouve pas la valeur absolue des concepts où elle s'est définie pour la croyance, concepts du Dieu père, du péché, du pardon, de Jésus-Christ immortel, médiateur et sauveur universel. Bien d'autres fois ont été aussi des forces en ce monde, sans que leurs symboles aient été la pure expression de l'éternelle vérité. En combien de cultes ne trouve-t-on pas des prières vécues, sincères, pénétrantes, qui traduisent aussi une expérience psychologique ? Prouvent-elles l'existence des dieux à qui elles s'adressaient, et l'expérience qu'elles interprètent ne renfermait-elle pas une forte part d'illusion ? Vainement nous essaierions de ressusciter ces dieux morts. À mesure que progresse la science des religions, il devient de plus en plus difficile de soutenir que le christianisme soit né, qu'il ait grandi, qu'il se maintienne dans de tout autres conditions que les autres religions. En ce monde, lorsqu'on y

regarde de près, tout se ressemble et rien n'est identique ; il en va des religions comme de tout le reste. Et la transcendance absolue du christianisme est en grand péril si on ne peut la sauvegarder que provisoirement, en alléguant les divergences qui existent encore maintenant entre les critiques des Évangiles.

Dira-t-on, après cela, que l'on peut adapter à la mentalité contemporaine l'idée du Dieu père en y associant l'idée d'évolution ; que Dieu manifeste sa bonté dans l'évolution ; que Jésus lui-même s'est soumis à cette volonté souveraine du Père en se résignant à mourir ? Étrange alliance, où l'on peut prévoir que la bonté divine perdra tout le terrain gagné par l'évolution ; et l'évolution sans doute en prendra beaucoup, si elle ne prend tout. À lire l'Évangile, on ne soupçonnerait pas que Jésus ait accepté cette loi ; on le dirait soumis à une volonté particulière de Dieu, pour une épreuve terrible, mais passagère, après laquelle se retrouveront la bonté du Père et son royaume. Jésus s'abandonne au bon plaisir du Père, non aux lois fixées par le Dieu de l'évolution. C'est aussi avec le Dieu père que s'établit le rapport personnel où plusieurs mettent l'essence de la religion. On nous dit que cette relation ne peut exister avec Jésus, homme du passé, mais qu'elle doit exister avec Dieu seul. Au fond, le rapport supposé avec le Christ immortel ne fait que donner une détermination plus précise à la personnalité divine. Traiter avec le divin de personne à personne est toujours faire de Dieu un homme transcendant, et la différence n'est peut-être pas aussi grande qu'il paraît entre ce Dieu qui ne serait pas Christ, et le Christ-Dieu.

Il est des alliages de doctrines que le christianisme ne peut admettre sans cesser d'être lui-même. On le vide plus sûrement encore de sa nature et de son être propre, lorsque, sous les formules antiques, on s'efforce d'insinuer des théories étrangères ou même entièrement opposées à l'Évangile et à son esprit. Que l'Église, en créant un abîme entre l'homme et la nature, d'une part, et Dieu, d'autre part, ait elle-même fait

naître l'agnosticisme, c'est une thèse soutenable, quoique peut-être il fût plus vrai de dire que l'agnosticisme, dans les civilisations vivantes, naît spontanément à l'égard des traditions qui s'immobilisent, et que c'est la théologie chrétienne dans son ensemble, non seulement l'idée du Dieu transcendant, qui a donné lieu à l'agnosticisme. Mais la question est de savoir si l'on ferait cesser ou si l'on préviendrait le divorce entre le christianisme et la science positive en proclamant que Jésus était homme et que l'humanité entière est divine. L'idée qui est ainsi insinuée sous le formulaire antique de la théologie n'a rien d'évangélique, et ce doit être temps perdu que de vouloir l'introduire dans le concept du Dieu père. Ce concept est tout moral. L'idée du Dieu immanent est métaphysique ; et si elle peut prendre un caractère mystique, ce n'est pas de ce mysticisme-là que s'inspire l'Oraison dominicale. Si l'identité foncière de la nature divine et de la nature humaine est le dernier mot de la religion, Jésus a ignoré la religion.

Mais l'idée de l'immanence divine est affaire de philosophie. Elle ne peut être utilisée en religion que si on la complète pratiquement par une distinction nécessaire entre le monde phénoménal et son principe, entre la vie réelle et sa loi, entre l'humanité et son idéal divin. En un sens, la religion ne se fonde et ne subsiste que sur la distinction, au moins initiale, de l'humain et du divin. Dans les formes les plus hautes de son évolution, elle apparaît comme un effort de l'être imparfait pour atteindre et réaliser le parfait. L'absorption finale de l'homme dans son idéal, conçu comme la suprême réalité, peut être l'objet ultime de la religion. Ce n'en est pas, et il ne semble pas que ce puisse en être le point de départ. L'on pourrait donc ainsi développer la théorie de l'immanence divine en philosophie de la religion. Cette philosophie ne serait pas une religion ; elle pourrait servir à *moderniser* une religion existante ; mais il ne faut pas se dissimuler que, si on veut l'appliquer au christianisme, elle en changera la base, par cela même qu'elle cesse d'attribuer à Jésus une place et un rôle unique dans l'économie de la religion et dans l'histoire

religieuse de l'humanité. Elle n'a pas d'affinité particulière avec le christianisme et pourrait tout aussi bien être employée à la *transposition* de l'islamisme ou d'une religion quelconque, avec le même résultat, c'est-à-dire en modifiant essentiellement le caractère de ces religions.

Peut-être y a-t-il aussi quelque illusion à se persuader qu'on assure l'avenir du christianisme en rattachant au nom de Christ la notion d'un homme idéal, âme de l'ordre universel, en germe dans chaque individu, progressivement manifesté avec le temps dans le perfectionnement des relations humaines ; en légitimant ainsi le culte d'une humanité divine ; en faisant de Jésus le révélateur de cet idéal humain ; en lui conservant pour cette raison la qualité de Christ ; et en défiant la critique de pouvoir, en ces conditions, la lui contester.

La critique ne s'inquiète pas beaucoup du dédain des théologiens. Une doctrine aussi vague n'opposerait sans doute à ses entreprises que la résistance d'une toile d'araignées. Jamais Jésus n'a eu la pensée de fournir aux hommes cet idéal purement humain, cette belle image d'eux-mêmes, si belle qu'ils pourraient l'adorer. Jamais la notion de Christ n'a eu pour les chrétiens cette signification particulière et uniquement morale. Jamais on n'avait cru que l'Évangile fût la révélation de l'homme à l'homme ; on croyait, et pour beaucoup de raisons, que c'était la révélation de Dieu. L'idéal en question n'est donc pas l'Évangile ; tout au plus est-ce un aspect de l'Évangile, singulièrement agrandi et transformé. Le Christ dont on parle n'est pas Jésus ; c'est une idée flottante d'humanité, une personnification inconsistante, qui ne tient pas plus au Jésus de l'histoire ni au Christ de la tradition que les antiques spéculations de la gnose. L'on n'a donc pas même à se demander si cet idéal humanitaire n'impliquerait pas nécessairement l'existence de Jésus et le caractère éminent de sa personnalité. L'existence de Jésus et son action réelle dans l'histoire sont des faits indépendants de l'idéal dont il s'agit. Rien n'aurait empêché cet idéal de se personnifier dans un être mythique, et le Christ ainsi compris paraît bien être, en

effet, un mythe, ou peu s'en faut. La valeur d'une telle conception est indépendante de tout rapport spécial avec la personne de Jésus; peut-être même est-elle plus compromise qu'augmentée par l'artifice du rapport ainsi établi.

Quand on a lu toutes les dissertations qu'a provoquées la question posée par le Rév. Roberts, on est bien tenté de penser que la théologie contemporaine,—exception faite pour les catholiques romains, chez qui l'orthodoxie traditionnelle a toujours force de loi,—est une véritable tour de Babel où la confusion des idées est encore plus grande que la diversité des langues.

Si l'on pousse un peu plus avant la réflexion, l'on se dit que la philosophie du christianisme, des religions et de la religion, ne peut plus s'édifier sur l'analyse, même critique, de la seule foi chrétienne. Cette analyse, tant qu'elle sera faite par des chrétiens qui n'auront pas étudié de près les religions du dehors, ne produira que des réductions diverses de l'ancienne théologie et de l'ancienne foi, ou bien encore des psychologies du christianisme vivant. Les théories sont nécessairement insuffisantes, parce qu'elles reposent sur une expérience trop étroite du phénomène religieux. Les psychologies du christianisme ont leur intérêt pour l'historien et le philosophe, mais elles ne sont pas, quoi qu'elles y prétendent, une philosophie de la religion.

Quand même le christianisme, sous toutes ses formes ou dans l'une ou l'autre de ses formes, serait la plus haute et la plus parfaite des religions, comme il n'est dans l'histoire qu'une religion, et une religion relativement récente, ce n'est pas une matière d'observation assez complète pour fournir une idée générale, bien définie, de ce qu'a été, de ce qu'est encore, de ce que paraît devoir être dans l'avenir la religion pour l'humanité.

Que chacun, en pareille matière, se comporte pratiquement selon ses lumières, ses expériences et sa conscience. Un grand progrès serait déjà réalisé dans la discussion des problèmes religieux le jour où chacun voudrait bien se persuader qu'une conviction différente de la sienne peut être aussi sincère et

n'être pas non plus dépourvue de toute vérité ; que le fond des âmes humaines est naturellement aussi varié que les traits des visages humains ; qu'une intelligence et une conscience peuvent cesser de se sentir en équilibre et en paix dans des positions qui satisfont d'autres intelligences et d'autres consciences. Les variations du christianisme dans le passé sont de nature à inspirer une certaine modestie à ses apologistes et à ses interprètes dans le présent : le dernier mot de la vérité restera toujours à dire. Trop de croyants sont portés encore à regarder comme absurde ou inspirée par de bas motifs toute dissidence à l'égard de leur foi. Mais il semble qu'ici l'indulgence ne soit plus un acte de charité : c'est un devoir de stricte justice. Un certain respect de la pensée et de la conscience d'autrui pourra bien entrer comme élément essentiel dans la religion de l'avenir.

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TRANSLATION.

Is it fitting, after the distinguished theologians who have given their answers, to return to the question raised by the Rev. R. Roberts concerning Jesus Christ? Perhaps it is, but on condition of not attempting to bring forward a new answer. The object would be to examine the problem from a point of view entirely general, historical, psychological and philosophical—a point of view exclusively human and free from all theological prepossession. But the subject thus understood does not appear to stand in need of lengthy consideration.

One may almost be allowed to say that the question was not one to ask. All of those who remain attached to the dogma elaborated in the first Christian centuries—who have been initiated into the criticism of the Gospels without being able to perceive that this dogma is not the simple expression of what Jesus himself thought he was, and of what he regarded as his providential mission ; who refuse to recognise in it an interpretation of primitive tradition and the sentiments of faith, progressively built out by means of elements derived from ancient religions and the wisdom of the Orient and of Greece ;—all these, I say, will find no difficulty in identifying Jesus with Christ, the crucified of Calvary with the Word the Son of God, creator and redeemer. In like manner those who hold to Christianity by what is deepest in their souls, while abandoning the letter of traditional

beliefs; who tax their ingenuity, sincerely and without special pleading, to blend what they judge to be the essence of religion with what they would regard as the essence of the Gospel; these also will always end by representing Jesus to themselves as having consciously realised their own ideal; they, no less than the first, will not find any contradiction between the Jesus of history and their Christ. Nothing could be more futile than to invite them to leave a position which seems to them perfectly logical. The challenge which is addressed to them presupposes that what is evident to its author ought to be evident, in the same manner, and to the same degree, to all men. But it need hardly be said that it is nothing of the kind. The question being one of faith, of history, and of philosophy, not of mathematical calculations nor physical experience, the divergence of opinion is fatal, and no one mind has the right to impose on others its personal opinion as an absolute principle which ought to govern their religious attitude.

Instead of raising this discussion, the simple declaration would have to be made, that whoever does not admit the truth of the ancient Christological formulas, cannot avail himself of them in speaking of Jesus. All persons being agreed on this point, Mr Roberts was obliged to prove that the dogma is in disaccord with history. As far as can be gathered, those who think the ancient formulas can be defended have not found his proof conclusive; while the supporters of a new Christology have decided that his arguments do not touch them and that they compromise only the metaphysic of the Incarnation. Indeed, from the fact that the discussion was carried into a province where history encounters philosophy, orthodoxy has gained a more favourable position for removing the objections brought forward against the divinity of Jesus. The objection was that if Jesus had been God he would have known that the devils were not really in the demoniacs. To which the answer was easy enough, that we are ignorant as to what God can know or not know when it pleases Him to become man. But is it possible that the Infinite should thus limit Himself? What is the Infinite? would have been the answer of Pontius Pilate. The idea of a God who is both infinite and personal already implies the contradiction in question, and it was upon this very idea that the theory of the Incarnation, in its own time, was built up. When the attempt is made to combat the divinity of Jesus Christ by appealing to the metaphysic which serves as the basis of this dogma, the critic is far less removed than he thinks from the tradition of the Christian centuries.

Perhaps also it has not been sufficiently remembered that a certain manner of understanding history—namely, as a simple determination of what is sufficiently guaranteed as matter of fact—would reduce history to a dry nomenclature of events which in all probability have taken place. Now, history becomes a science only by a kind of organic reconstruction in which the investigation of causes has the same place as the investigation of forces in the sciences of nature. The definition of these causes and these forces is founded on experience, but it involves a measure of induction

and, it must be candidly admitted, of hypothesis. Human science only exists by the help of these more or less provisional and always perfectible sketches. It follows that in order to explain Jesus to the reason, as to explain any personage or phenomenon of history, a formula will be indispensable which cannot be purely historical but will be in necessary relation with the general philosophical outlook of the particular person propounding it. The formula proposed by Mr Roberts will be unable to escape from the common law; it is merely one particular mode of understanding and interpreting the Gospel, and I venture to affirm that in the rather incisive form which he gives it—in affirming that Jesus was *only* a man—the formula becomes charged with an enormous postulate; for it implies that its author knows very pertinently what God is.

Nevertheless, the grounds are totally lacking on which it could be claimed that the defenders of tradition have triumphantly removed all objections. One cannot be deeply touched by the argument that either Jesus was the Christ-God, or there was no Christ. That might be the correct way of stating the problem, from the Christian point of view, if we were to take for granted the traditional notions concerning God, sin, and redemption. But the argument is risky; for it is by no means proved that the positive part of this proposition represents the one only chance of salvation of which the human race can avail itself, nor that the negative part is the expression of an infinite misery to which we should be abandoned for ever and without resource. The inhabitants of the earth have, down to the present moment, experienced grace in a manifold variety of forms. Their slow progress seems to evolve in a field much wider than that which the theology of the past centuries would assign. The notion of salvation itself is not immutable; why then should its conditions be immutable? Shall we make the possibility of moral restoration for each man, and that of a progressive education of humanity in its different branches, depend on ideas and facts of which the reality cannot be incontestably established? Either I am much deceived, or we are committing a violent anachronism and are strangely misunderstanding the prevalent mental temper of our time, when we suppose that our intellectual attitude towards certain points of belief—for example, towards the Resurrection of Jesus—either could be or ought to have been that of the first Christian generations. On that particular point, it may be said, we have not one-tenth of the proofs by which St Paul converted Dionysius the Areopagite. Yes, but we have the letters of the Apostle, and we can analyse his ideas, his prepossessions, his reasonings. The truth is rather that if the arguments in question could be suddenly revived before our minds in all their details, they would prove a terrible trial for the faith of many of our contemporaries who have preserved the same belief as Paul and as Dionysius.

Is it, indeed, commending to our reason the dogma of the Incarnation of the Word when they tell us that man could not make himself God but that God could very well make Himself man? Is it not rather playing

with the concepts of ancient theology, gliding unconsciously from the possibility to the fact, the reality of which remains in truth unintelligible, incomprehensible, indemonstrable, and in no sense demonstrated? Do we advance much farther when we remark that each human life is, in some fashion or other, the incarnation of a spirit, and that the life of Jesus might very well have been the incarnation of the Supreme Spirit? Is not this just another play of thought in which one speculates about a vague notion, and in which it is apparent that we desire to proceed, by imperceptible transitions, from the possibility to the fact? It is true that people rely on the evangelic witness as upon a positive argument which invites them to accept as real that which they have previously proved to be possible. But has this witness all the solidity, all the certitude, all the range which they attribute to it? Is the circumstance that the evangelists found no contradiction between their faith and the facts they had to relate sufficient to place the faith in question beyond the reach of dispute? Is it so certain that this same faith exercised no influence on their manner of understanding and presenting the facts? Is it not very easy, on the contrary, to prove that the evangelists did not write merely to *relate* but to *prove*, and that this prepossession has strangely transformed the physiognomy of the primitive memoranda, starting from the story of the baptism of Jesus—to say nothing of the stories of the infancy, which are not founded on any historical memorandum—and ending with those which concern the Resurrection?

It would rather appear evident that the historian has enough difficulty in discerning, even in the Synoptic Gospels, both the form and the connection of the facts which composed the career of Jesus; and this difficulty proceeds from the modifications, the glosses, the additions suggested to the editors by their faith and the requirements of the line of proof they were following. Nevertheless, it is the fact that what they wish to prove is not the divinity of the Christ. They are very far from making Jesus the equal of God; if, on the one hand, they see in him a supernatural being, belonging to the divine world by his origin and by his destiny, on the other they distinguish him quite clearly from the heavenly Father, creator, and sovereign master of the world. Let it be added that their reason never paused to examine the contradiction which the facts could oppose to their faith; it was this very faith which removed the contradiction; faith saw in the facts only what it wished to see in them, omitting or correcting everything by which it was embarrassed and placing all things in a perspective agreeable to itself. The fourth Gospel has lost contact, almost entirely, with history. In the first three Gospels this contact exists only in regard to the basal elements of the Synoptic tradition, and at that point Jesus does not place himself above humanity; he has a mission from the Father to make preparation for the advent of the imminent reign of justice, and he is also called to preside over this reign when it shall be the pleasure of God to bring forth its accomplishment on the earth.

That the disciples saw the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, and that this fact is as certain as the Battle of Zama, or the assassination of Cæsar, is a position that can be maintained. But the facts thus compared, not being of the same order, are not true in the same sense nor guaranteed in the same fashion. This "Glory of God in the face of Christ" is a pictorial formula which defines very vaguely the impression made upon the disciples by the person of Jesus. Never did the disciples, in their intercourse with the Master, think that they were dealing with very God. Peter did not say to Jesus, "Thou art God visible." He said, "Thou art the Christ"—that is to say, the messenger of God for the manifestation of the heavenly kingdom—nothing more, nothing less. Certainly the impression produced on the disciples was profound; but how are we to prove that it defies comparison? Have there not been other founders of religion who have enlisted disciples enthusiastic and devoted to the death?

Many persons nowadays are of opinion that it is possible to preserve the faith of Jesus while abandoning the Christology of the Church and neglecting the faith of Simon Peter. The morality of the Gospel they would place above duty; as an all-powerful feeling which draws us away from sin and at the same time raises us to a new life—an ideal inseparable from the person of Jesus, who thus was, and would still remain, the actual Saviour. Jesus, they say, was the revealer of divine goodness and of forgiveness; he was not merely a teacher of the truth—he died for the sake of the truth; and, if one may not say that he instituted a perfect religion, he did offer principles of an infinite value. God as Father, God and the soul, sin and forgiveness—there is the kernel of the Gospel. It is in that way that God is revealed in Jesus, the God who was in Jesus in order to reconcile the world unto Himself. Faith needs the support of a fact, and the fact on which faith is supported is Jesus Christ. What is sometimes presented as the Jesus of history would not explain the indisputable reality of Christian experience. From this experience it follows that Jesus truly revealed God and effectively ransomed mankind from sin.

These conceptions are very lofty; but the Saviour whom they describe differs from Jesus just enough to enable him to receive the predicate of ideal Christ. The fervour of the soul and the spirit of charity are preserved; the reign of God and its near approach are omitted. Thus the Jesus whom history knows and the faith which he himself breathed into his disciples are made to undergo a kind of moral metamorphosis.

Perhaps, in the first place, it would be wise not to speak so lightly of duty, which reason prescribes. Jesus himself imposed a duty, that of absolute renunciation; and he required it not merely from a few, as people are only too ready to affirm, but from all those who accept the hope of the heavenly kingdom; and the perspective of the kingdom as near at hand provided him with the justification of his doctrine. The entire Gospel, in so far as it consists of moral instruction, has had to be progressively con-

trolled, re-ordered, filled out, in order to accommodate it to the real conditions of human life. It is still possible in these days to abandon oneself to the impulse of enthusiasm which animates the Gospel: the brutal shock of life will always be able to check the impulse in time, and the cold criticism of rational experience will always be enough to moderate it ever more and more. Enthusiasm can create saints; it can create fanatics. And, in the long run, that would be no healthy régime for society which imposes on it, as a first principle, the absolute autonomy of the individual conscience, perceiving the moral ideal in an intuition which is beyond criticism and outside of which man would be conscious of no law.

Several writers are disposed to forget the eschatological element in the Gospel—the expectation of the Kingdom of God—because it now seems too evident that this expectation was illusory, and as if the rest of the Gospel were much more consistent or could even be regarded as immutable. Something erroneous, perhaps, enters into both judgments. There can be no doubt that Jesus embraced the hope of the Kingdom with as much ardour as his faith in God the Father. This hope and this faith reciprocally condition and support one another. Whatever we may now do in order to separate them, they do not cease to be integrally united, and in whatever degree the one is decayed the other lapses also; in the same way, if any element of the one is to be preserved, the other ought not to be entirely rejected. What lay at the base of the evangelic hope and still commends it to our admiration is the idea of a better future for humanity, in which justice will be the only law, in which even the iniquity of the past will be punished, its unmerited suffering compensated, and death overcome. That, too, was a noble ideal, and it would be wrong to despise it, because it is founded on the notion of rights. This ideal legitimates and consecrates the aspiration of humanity towards a better lot, towards a state of social well-being; but it does not encourage that aspiration without showing, in universal charity, in respect for rights, in the practice of duty, the indispensable, essential, unique condition of the desired happiness. The idea is outlined in a kind of gorgeous dream—puerile, too, in presence of the realities of this world. Moreover, it was not the preaching of the good God which occasioned the death of Jesus; it was his announcement of a Kingdom of which he himself was destined soon to be the chief. Here it is that we may see to what cause he sacrificed his life. But it cannot be repeated too often that his hope was neither more nor less childish than the faith in the heavenly Father who adorns the lilies of the field and feeds the fowls of the air. Of this hope what we can appreciate and retain to-day is the feeling which inspired it—to wit, the passion for justice and the love of humanity. It has not been proved that the idea of God the Father, who pardons sin, has value of another order or a more durable kind.

People speak freely of religious experience as if there were but one kind of it for all men of all races, under all latitudes, in all times. But, as the Rev. J. E. Carpenter has observed with much sagacity, religious

experiences are manifold and various, and it is impossible, in the name of one unique experience, to reject and condemn all the others *en bloc*. That which has been presented as the specific Christian experience is not even the experience of all the communities which have their origin in the Gospel. The religious life of the Roman Catholic, for example, is not founded, in reality, on the double notion of man's sin and God's forgiveness, but rather on that of a double duty—to imitate Christ and to edify or serve the Church. With still stronger reason may it be said that the experience, which is brought forward, is not that of the human race. It is the experience of neo-protestantism, a clarified form of the ancient faith, existing in certain souls profoundly steeped in the tradition of the Reformation, souls which remain dominated up to a certain point by the old doctrines of sin and salvation by faith. This experience, then, is true but relatively—in so far, that is, as it is a real experience among a large number of men by reason of the conditions which heredity, education, and environment have imposed on their lives. It is a particular religion, a recent and simplified form of Christianity, the place of which it will one day be possible to mark in the general history of religions. Its future is most uncertain, since even among those who make profession of adhering to it, there are already some who proclaim the symbolic character of its three essential terms—God, sin, pardon. If a deeper truth is hidden behind these images, what is to prevent us from seeking it out; and who knows whether, in order to find it, it may not be necessary to sacrifice the imagery by which it is concealed? In any case, this entirely special religious experience is very far from filling the history of the past of man: it occupies a limited place in the present; it is not certain, it is not even probable, that, in the future, humanity ought to be satisfied and at home, entirely and for ever, in that experience.

To draw inferences from such an experience in order to determine historically the person and the rôle of Jesus, or rather in order to raise the Christ beyond the witness of history, is to set about building a palace on the clouds of heaven. The pretension can hardly be treated as more rational than would be that of regarding as true ontologically in respect of the Christ that which is false historically in respect of Jesus. This last opinion has been attributed to people who have never had any such idea, and who, it may be, are somewhat amused at the inversion which is perpetrated on the meaning of their modest writings. The distinction between the Jesus of history and the Christ of faith is founded on reason and corresponds to a reality; but, just because this distinction is legitimate and necessary, it forbids us to say that what was not true of Jesus during his life may be true of the same Jesus in so far as he is the immortal Christ. The Christ of faith—an ideal which issues from the historic person of Jesus, but is never confused with it—has been a very lofty and a very fruitful principle of life for the Church. It was indeed a great spiritual force. But the historical and actual reality of this force does not prove the absolute value of the concepts in which it is defined for belief—concepts

of God the Father, of sin, of pardon, of Jesus Christ as immortal, the universal mediator and saviour. On many other occasions also there have been forces in this world without their symbols becoming the pure expression of eternal truth. In how many other cults do we find prayers full of life, sincere, penetrating, which also translate a psychological experience? Do they prove the existence of the gods to whom they are addressed, and does not the experience they translate include a large measure of illusion? In vain should we attempt to resuscitate these dead gods. In proportion as the science of religion progresses it becomes more and more difficult to uphold that Christianity was born, that it was developed, that it is maintained under conditions quite different from those of other religions. In this world, when one looks at it closely, all things resemble each other, and nothing is identical with anything else; and the same holds good of religions. And the absolute transcendence of Christianity is in great danger if we can safeguard it only provisionally by pointing to the divergences which now exist among the critics of the Gospels.

Will it be said after this that the idea of God the Father can be adapted to the mental attitude of our age by associating it with the idea of evolution, that God manifests His goodness in evolution, and that Jesus submitted to this sovereign will of the Father in surrendering himself to death? Strange alliance, in which one can foresee that the divine goodness will lose all the territory gained by evolution; and that evolution will certainly take much, if it does not take everything. To read the Gospel, one would not suspect that Jesus accepted this law; we should say rather that he submitted to a particular act of God's will which ordained a terrible but passing trial, after which the goodness of the Father and His kingdom would be found again. Jesus gives himself up to the pleasure of the Father, not to the laws fixed by the God of evolution. So, too, the personal relation, in which several writers place the essence of religion, is established with God the Father. We are told that this relation cannot exist in regard to Jesus, a man of the past, but that it ought to exist in regard to God alone. In reality, however, the supposed relation with the immortal Christ merely serves to give a more precise determination to the divine personality. To deal with the divine as involving a relation between one person and another is always to make God into a transcendent man; and the difference between this God who is not to be Christ and the Christ-God, is, perhaps, not so great as it seems.

There are some doctrinal alliances which Christianity cannot allow without ceasing to be itself. More surely still do we empty it of its nature and of its own proper being when, under the ancient formulas, we force the introduction of theories which are foreign or even entirely opposed to the Gospel and to its spirit. That the Church, by creating a chasm between man and Nature, on the one hand, has herself caused Agnosticism to come into existence—this is a tenable theory, although perhaps it would be more correct to say that Agnosticism, in living civilisations, arises spon-

taneously in reference to traditions which have become fixed, and that it is Christian theology as a whole, and not merely the idea of a transcendent God, which has given occasion to Agnosticism. But the question is, Can we be sure that the divorce between Christianity and positive science would come to an end or be prevented if we proclaim that Jesus was man and that all humanity is divine? The idea thus insinuated under the ancient theological formulæ has nothing of an evangelical character, and it would be wasted time to try to introduce it into the concept of God the Father. That concept is entirely moral. The idea of the immanent God is metaphysical, and even if it can assume a mystical character, it is not with that kind of mysticism that the Lord's Prayer is inspired. If the fundamental identity of the divine nature and of human nature is the last word of religion, then Jesus was ignorant of religion.

But the idea of divine immanence is an affair of philosophy. It can be used in religion only when it is practically completed by a necessary distinction between the phenomenal world and its principle, between real life and the law of life, between humanity and its divine ideal. In one sense religion is founded and subsists only on the distinction, at least the initial distinction, between the divine and the human. In the highest forms of its evolution it appears as the effort of an imperfect being to attain and to realise the perfect. The final absorption of the individual man in his ideal, conceived as the supreme reality, can be the ultimate goal of religion. But it is not, and it does not seem that it can be, religion's starting-point. Thus, then, we might develop the theory of divine immanence into a philosophy of religion. This philosophy would not be a religion; it might serve to *modernise* an existing religion; but we must not disguise from ourselves that if we apply it to Christianity it will change the base of the latter—just in so far, that is, as it ceases to attribute to Jesus a unique place and rôle in the economy of religion and in the religious history of humanity. It has no special affinity for the Christian religion, and could be as well employed for the *transposition* of Islamism or of any religion whatever, with the same result—namely, that of essentially modifying the character of these religions.

Perhaps, too, there is some illusion in persuading ourselves that we are assuring the future of Christianity when we attach to the name of Christ the notion of an ideal man, soul of the universal order, present as a germ in each individual, and progressively manifested with the lapse of time in the perfecting of human relations; when we thus legitimate the cult of a divine humanity; when we make Jesus into the revealer of this human ideal; when, for this reason, we preserve the attribute of Christ and defy criticism to deny his right to that attribute under these conditions.

Criticism is not greatly troubled by the contempt of theologians. A doctrine vague as that above mentioned would merely oppose the enterprises of the critic with the resistance of a spider's web. Never did Jesus entertain the thought of furnishing mankind with this purely human ideal, this beautiful image of themselves—so beautiful that they could adore it.

Never has the notion of the Christ had for Christians this special and uniquely moral signification. Never has the belief been held that the Gospel was the revelation of man to man; the belief was, and for many good reasons, that it was the revelation of God. The ideal in question, then, is not the Gospel; at the very most it is an aspect of the Gospel, strangely exaggerated and transformed. The Christ of which this theory speaks is not Jesus; it is a fluctuating idea of humanity, an inconsistent personification, which belongs no more to the Jesus of history, nor to the Christ of tradition, than do the ancient speculations of the gnos̄is. Therefore we have not even to ask ourselves whether this humanitarian ideal would not necessarily imply the existence of Jesus and the eminent character of his personality. The existence of Jesus and his real action in history are facts independent of the ideal under discussion. There would have been nothing to prevent this ideal from becoming personified in a mythical being, and, indeed, the Christ so understood seems to be a myth, or very little short of it. The value of such a conception is independent of any special relation with the person of Jesus; perhaps it is rather compromised than developed by the pretence of relation thus established.

After reading all the dissertations which the question proposed by the Rev. R. Roberts has provoked, one is strongly tempted to think that contemporary theology—except for Roman Catholics, with whom traditional orthodoxy has always the force of law—is a veritable Tower of Babel, in which the confusion of ideas is even greater than the diversity of tongues.

If we push the reflection a little further we have to confess that the philosophy of Christianity, of religions, and of religion, can no longer be built up on the analysis, even the critical analysis, of the Christian faith in isolation. This analysis, so far as it is conducted by Christians who have not closely studied the outside religions, will merely produce diverse reductions of ancient theology and of ancient faith, or, as is still more likely, psychologies of living Christianity. Such theories are necessarily unsatisfactory, because they rest on too narrow an experience of the religious phenomenon. The psychologies of Christianity have their interest for the historian and the philosopher, but they are not a philosophy of religion, although they pretend to be such.

Even if Christianity, under all its forms, or in one or another of its forms, were the highest and the most perfect of the religions, yet—seeing that it is but one religion in history, and that a religion comparatively recent—its place as the highest and most perfect is not a matter of observation sufficiently completed to furnish us with a general and well-defined idea of what has been, what still is, and what it would appear ought to be in the future, the religion of humanity.

In such a situation let each man bear himself in practice according to his lights, his experience, and his conscience. A great step forward will already have been taken in the discussion of religious problems when each

man is willing to be persuaded that a conviction different from his own may be just as sincere, and cannot be entirely destitute of truth; that the inner nature of human souls is naturally just as varied as the features of human faces; and that one mind and one conscience may well cease to feel themselves balanced and at peace in positions which satisfy other consciences and other minds. The variations of Christianity in the past are of a nature to inspire its present apologists and interpreters with a certain modesty; the last word of truth will always remain a word to be spoken. Too many believers are inclined to regard every divergence in respect of their faith as absurd or inspired by low motives. But it would appear that here indulgence is no mere act of charity: it is a duty of strict justice. A certain respect for the thought and conscience of others may well enter, as an essential element, into the religion of the future.

THE THREE VOICES OF NATURE.¹

PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

IN the streets of a country town—especially in lands that keep the sun—we come now and again to a narrow archway through which we get a glimpse of an enclosed garden, with inviting and curiously distant recesses. When we steal quietly in, as we might into a holy place, we find that the garden is even fairer than it seemed. But we cannot stay; we are soon reminded that it is not *our* garden; we are only passers-by.

This is an image of our wider experience. There is so much that is grand to explore—so much that is beautiful to enjoy within ready reach—that we are continually tantalised by the limitations of our faculties and by the shortness of our days. There is so much in regard to which we have to remain passers-by. We get glimpses of many gardens, but few of us can cultivate more than one, or more than a small part of one. Therefore, when I express some convictions that have come to me as a student of Nature, I feel sure that they cannot but be partial; they require to be corrected, *especially on the positive side*, by what may be learned in other gardens.

I have entitled what I have to say, “The Three Voices of Nature,” and the keynote may be found in a well-known passage in the Old Testament (1 Kings xix. 11): “And a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in

¹ Murtle Lecture, delivered in Aberdeen University, 1909.

the earthquake : and after the earthquake a fire ; but the Lord was not in the fire : and after the fire a still small voice."

We mean by Nature the world without, apart from man and his works. Here and there art intervenes ; here and there industry drives off Nature with her fork, but most men who get a fair chance and take it live in more or less close contact with Nature. We use the word glibly, but perhaps we do well to remind ourselves that the idea bristles with difficulties. Nature is solemnly immense, and our ignorance is immense. Nature is greater than our greatest thoughts of it. Nature is not a finished thing, but a growing system—unfolding itself, expressing itself creatively as an artist does,—and we are evolving also, though not always or wholly in the right direction for appreciating Nature.

Moreover, we cannot think of Nature as a great "Not-Us," sharply defined off, since we only know it as we see it in the mirror of our minds.

And, again, we cannot think of ourselves—our *whole* selves—abstracted from Nature, for we are parts of the system. Having grown up with it, we are *solidaire* with it and redolent of it—more so, some of us, sometimes, than we care, being shot through and through with atavisms, or, as the poet says, "stuccoed all over with quadrupeds."

But when man holds the mirror steadily and keeps it as clear as he can from all hot breath that dims, he sees himself *and* Nature, sees himself her child. And perhaps it is not too much to say that in Man, Nature first knew herself Mother.

Nature is so great—perhaps infinitely great—that we need not be too much afraid of verbal personification, since personality is the greatest immediate fact in our experience. So I make no apology for speaking of the three voices of Nature when I simply mean the impulses that come from the threefold relation between Man and Nature. Like the Hebrew poet, I am thinking of wordless voices, as it is said, with sublime contradiction, in the 19th psalm : "Day unto day is welling forth speech, and night unto night is breathing out knowledge ;

yet there *is* no speech and there *are* no words ; their voice has no audible sound, yet it resonates over all the earth."

I. Let me say a little, in the first place, regarding Man's *practical* relations with Nature. He has been for untold ages dependent on her, and she has had many practical lessons to teach him as to food and safety, as to health and conduct. Nature has trained her insurgent son so that he has entered more and more fully into possession of her kingdom.

To appreciate this, we must think of early days when Man was nearer the beginning of his long ascent. We do not indeed know much that is quite certain in regard to our early ancestors, but there is probably no small degree of truth in the vivid picture which Æschylus gave of them—living in caves, without fire, without woodwork, without system, without seasons, without foresight, a dream-life without judgment :—

"And let me tell you, not as taunting men,
But teaching you the intention of my gifts,
How, first, beholding, they beheld in vain,
And hearing, heard not, but like shapes in dreams,
Mixed all things wildly down the tedious time,
Nor knew to build a house against the sun
With wicketed sides, nor any woodwork knew,
But lived like silly ants, beneath the ground,
In hollow caves unsunned. There came to them
No steadfast sign of winter, nor of spring
Flower-perfumed, nor of summer full of fruit,
But blindly and lawlessly they did all things,
Until I taught them how the stars do rise
And set in mystery, and devised for them
Number, the inducer of philosophies,
The synthesis of letters, and besides
The artificer of all things, Memory,
That sweet muse-mother."

What a contrast between this picture and our life to-day. For nowadays the serpent that bites man's heel is in nine cases out of ten microscopic ; every year increases his mastery over physical forces ; he coins wealth out of the thin air ; he annihilates distance with his deep devices ; he makes the ether carry his messages ; he is extending his kingdom to the

heavens ; and he is making experiments on the control of life. And there is nothing to lead us to believe that he has more than begun to enter into his kingdom.

We know in a general way how all this has come about. Partly because man listened to good purpose to the voices of Nature and to voices which do not belong to Nature at all, but partly because man, having in him the central secret of life which we call variability, has changed progressively from generation to generation as he has been subjected to Nature's sifting in the struggle for existence. These three words, which tell half of pain and half of happiness, mean for Man that he fought with wild beasts till he worsted them or tamed them ; that at great cost he sifted out the wholesome from the poisonous herbs ; that, cowering and crouching for ages, he watched the elemental forces of Nature till he wrested from them their secrets ; that he has been to his fellows, too, since the beginning the strangest mixture of self-assertiveness and sympathy ; that he has kept up an age-long endeavour after well-being—always at his best when rowing hard against the stream.

Nature's has been a stern school ; she has let no slackness pass unpunished ; and the voice which we hear echoing down the ages is Struggle, Endeavour, Struggle. Nature has always been severe on sluggishness and slackness except for such as will accept the alternative of parasitism and its attendant degeneracy—for that loophole she has ever kept open for man as well as beast. We may go further and say that Nature has always eliminated the unbalanced, the uncontrolled, the unwholesome. Wild animals in Nature have parasites, but no diseases ; Nature is all for health, and for those who get a fair start, health is a curiously sensitive index of morals and not of the lower reaches only.

We have need to-day to listen to that first voice of Nature which says Struggle, Endeavour. Civilisation has meant throwing off the yoke of natural selection ; we interfere with Nature's winnowing at every turn ; and we are paying

the penalty of having abandoned Nature's policy without adopting a really humaner one of our own. We are face to face with ugly and terrible social arrears—results of our easy-going régime, in which superiority does not necessarily profit by the rewards of superiority, in which inferiority is shielded from the evils it entails. Since we cannot return to the old régime, which Plato approved, it behoves us more strenuously to substitute for natural selection a similar method on a higher turn of the spiral, namely, a stringent policy of rational and social selection, which will not be afraid to be stern in the present so that we be less cruel to the future. We cannot return to Nature's tactics, but we must adhere to her strategy or perish miserably.

Huxley insisted that our only chance of ethical progress was to combat the cosmic process, for what he saw in Nature was a vast gladiatorial show, a ubiquitous Ishmaelitism, every living creature for itself, and extinction taking the hindmost. But he overlooked the fact that throughout the struggle for existence in Nature, there is often a pathway to survival and success through increased co-operation, kindness, and mutual aid, as well as through increased competition and self-assertion. And it is the line of combination and mutual aid that man must especially follow—the one he *has* followed in making some of his greatest advances. Moreover, is it not generally admitted that the moral ideal is one of self-realisation through social service, a self-realisation which implies a willingness to be immersed and even lost in the good of the whole? And is this not the deeper aspect of Nature's strategy, that the individual living creature realises itself in its inter-relations, and has to submit to being lost that the larger welfare of the whole may be served? There is much indeed to be said for the thesis: that the ideals of ethical progress—through love and sociality, co-operation and sacrifice—may be interpreted not as mere Utopias contradicted by experience, but as the highest expressions of the central evolutionary process of the natural world.

This at least is clear, that for long ages the voice of Nature that bade man struggle was of enormous importance. Struggle has been a vital force. Necessity has been the mother of many inventions. Most of the sciences have grown out of practical lore. And what would our hereditary character be without the results of that carefulness and healthfulness, that control and foresight, which Nature demanded of man for hundreds and thousands of years? That discipline is still binding on those who directly reap any of the harvests of land and sea: do we not need it still to give virility to our modern urbanity?

It may also be noted as a historical fact that those who have listened to the practical voice of Nature have often been led to hear another voice of a different order. Struggling at the limits of his practical endeavour, many a man has become religious. When our naïve ancestors had done all they could and felt themselves powerless and were afraid, they offered gifts, or sacrifices, or prayers. It is surely true that fear of Nature has sometimes led men to the fear of the Lord.

But as man has become more and more master of Nature, he has ceased to offer sacrifice or to pray for rain, and this pathway to religion is not so often followed now as it was in ancient days.

At the same time there are many able-minded men to-day who are oppressed when they contemplate the tragedy of things as they are, who are chilled when they let their thoughts go forward and forward till they see our fair earth and all that it contains becoming cold and cindery as yonder moon, and who seek to steady themselves in the thought of some Abiding Reality, which they hope may mean a conservation of values.

In travelling through a peaceful and prosperous country we sometimes come suddenly in the pass or beside the ford on the lonely graves of men who died fighting, and we are reminded of the cost of progress. So looking back on man's conquest of Nature, we cannot hide from ourselves the price that

has been paid, and we sometimes have an overpowering feeling of gratitude which is not perhaps very far from being religious.

In any case, if we obey Nature's first voice our feet are set on an ethical pathway which may bring us within hearing of other voices.

II. I pass, in the second place, to man's emotional relation to Nature. We are men of feeling, and Nature speaks to our heart, though we are not fond of saying much about it. We listen with gladness, with awe, sometimes perhaps with fear, surely always with *wonder*. The grandeur of the star-strewn sky, the mystery of the mountains, the sea eternally new, the way of the eagle in the air, the meanest flower that blows, somewhere, sometime, somehow, everyone confesses with emotion, "This is too wonderful for me." When we consider the abundance of power in the world, the immensities, the intricacy and vitality of everything, the wealth of sentient life, the order that persists amid incessant change, the vibrating web of inter-relations, the thousand and one fitnesses, the progress that is like "the unity of an onward advancing melody," and the beauty that is through and through, we are convinced that our wonder is reasonable.

As we come to know Nature better, we find that everything is equally wonderful if we know enough about it, for, as Meredith said, with his wonted insight :

"You of any well that springs,
May unfold the heaven of things."

As Whitman says :

"A leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and the grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a *chef-d'œuvre* for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlours of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge on my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depressed head surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels."

As we begin to feel at home in Nature, our wonder grows into what may almost be called affection. This is true of

those who have what Meredith called "love exceeding a simple love of the things that glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck."

It must be granted that the scientific mood often intrudes on our delight, elbowing us away from the emotional window, but the end is always that the window is widened. Keats could not forgive Newton for robbing mankind of the wonder of the rainbow; but when minor mysteries disappear, greater mysteries stand confessed. Science never destroys wonder, but only shifts it, higher and deeper. When the half-Gods go, the Gods arrive. For it is our experience that there is always something finer, higher, grander than we saw at first. Should we not get back oftener to the emotional realisation of height above height, which is expressed in Emerson's picture of the child looking up through the maple branches?—

"Over his head were the maple buds,
And over the tree was the moon,
And over the moon were the starry studs,
That drop from the angels' shoon."

Admitting that the emotional note varies with our knowledge, from age to age, and from race to race, we venture to say that a love of Nature is an essential human relation which makes all the world kin, and is one of the saving graces of life. The sense of wonder is at the roots of science and philosophy; it has been, and will continue to be one of the footstools of religion.

Under the stress of sorrow men have sometimes become religious, and so it has been with those thrilled by Nature. At the limit of his emotional tension man has often become a worshipper. Nature is at times so overpowering in its beauty or in its awesomeness that we feel it too big for our humanity. Some indeed—poets and painters and musicians—find relief in their art, and in this some maintain that there is an essentially religious quality, but my interest at present is rather with the religion of the open air, and I would cite the Nature-psalms in illustration of my thesis that men sur-

charged with emotion in the contemplation of Nature may keep their sanity by finding a religious expression. To the author of the 29th psalm, for instance, the thunderstorm that passed over the country was a revelation of God ; and I share with a Hebrew scholar full of insight, who died before he fulfilled his promise, the conviction that we miss the whole point if we suppose that the poet meant to say that the thunder was caused by God speaking. "He was not in the passionless and prosaic state of seeking an explanation of the thunder ; he was expressing religious experience of the most exalted kind." He had been greatly thrilled by the storm, and in his exalted state of feeling his emotion became religious, he heard God's voice.

Nature's second voice, then, is Wonder—which I use as a large single word to cover a variety of æsthetic emotions, such as delight and reverence. And just as we need to-day to listen to Nature's first voice which says Endeavour, so we need to listen to this other voice which says Wonder, Enjoy, Revere. From every point of view this must be granted. From the lofty point of view of the Catechism it must be granted, for if part of our "chief end" be "to enjoy God for ever," it seems common sense that we should begin with His works. There's a fine idea in Goldsmith's line, "His heaven commences ere the world be past." Also from the non-Catechism point of view, it must be granted, for one of the assets of life is the open air :

"Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring? . . ."

It was one whose life was far indeed from being all roses who said :

"To make this earth our heritage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice."

Man was cradled and brought up in Nature, and it is a condition of emotional sanity that he should periodically

return to the old home, as the migratory birds do. It is this, I think, that gives deep import to that "uprush of feeling from below the ordinary level of consciousness" which we experience when we allow the beauty of Nature to play upon us. In Emerson's transcendental language, "Nature is the organ through which the universal spirit speaks to the individual."

III. I pass, in the third place, to man's intellectual relation to Nature, the scientific relation. The first voice is Endeavour, the second is Enjoy, the third is Enquire. From the first, Nature has been setting man problems, leading him gradually from the practical to the more abstract. On the one side there is man, inquisitive like many an animal, but with deeper devices; on the other side there is Nature, a rare Euclid. The sciences are the solutions.

It is the aim of science to re-describe natural happenings in the simplest available terms, to put things in order, or rather to find out the order that there is in things, to make the connection clear between conditions and results, to sum up regular sequences in a formula. Science does not or should not pretend to solve any of the riddles of the universe, that is not its *métier*. The word "ultimate" is not in its dictionary, and scientific explanations are better called formulations, for they are always in terms of something "given" which is unexplained. Let us think over this.

A scientific worker sees certain fractions of reality which interest him; he arranges them, he finds their common denominator, he relates the group to another group similarly treated, he finds a formula for the constant relations he observes, and it is thus that he adds to the scientific interpretation of Nature. But his interpretation is always in terms of conceptual formulæ—such as matter, energy, ether, gravitation, chemical affinity, protoplasm, and so on—which are not themselves self-explanatory; which are in fact only intellectual counters, symbols of reality. Of these formulæ we may say, as Hobbes said about words, "They are wise

men's counters, they do but reckon by them, but they are the money of fools."

Science is always trying to link happenings together, showing that given certain conditions, certain results will follow. When we see clearly that the resultant is just the components over again in a new form, then our scientific interpretation is complete, *causa æquat effectum*. But it is only in a limited set of cases that we can say this. In most cases we cannot tell how the result is as it is. We cannot, for instance, re-describe a single truly vital occurrence, far less an animal's behaviour, in terms of present-day chemistry and physics—vitalistic as these seem to an outsider to be.

Once more, science in its historical treatment of things always begins—not at the beginning, that is impossible—but from something "given," which it does not explain, which in the last resource it cannot explain. From this something given—say, primitive Amœbæ—much seems to have been evolved, and science seeks to discover possible stages and factors in the evolution. But if the primitive Amœbæ gave rise to higher organisms, and these to higher, and these to higher, till the supreme mammal emerged, who by and by had a theory of it all, then the primitive Amœbæ, which had in them the promise and potency of all this, were very wonderful Amœbæ indeed. There must have been more in them than met the eye. The same argument applies to the Nebula, or whatever it was from which our solar system developed. If we adhere to the Aristotelian evolution-formula that there is nothing in the end which was not potentially in the beginning, then, since we are sure there is reason in the end, we may cross the scientific frontier and say "In the beginning was the Logos."

Lafcadio Hearn tells us that in the house of any old Japanese family, the guest is likely to be shown some of the heirlooms. "A pretty little box, perhaps, will be set before you. Opening it you will see only a beautiful silk bag, closed with a silk running-cord decked with tiny tassels.

. . . . You open the bag and see within it another bag, of a different quality of silk, but very fine. Open that, and lo! a third, which contains a fourth, which contains a fifth, which contains a sixth, which contains a seventh bag, which contains the strongest, roughest, hardest vessel of Chinese clay that you ever beheld. Yet it is not only curious but precious; it may be more than a thousand years old."

Natural science has to do with a similar process of unwrapping; it opens the pretty box, it removes one silken envelope after another, trying at the same time to unravel the pattern and count the threads; and what is finally revealed, though it seems to the careless disappointing, is something very old and very wonderful,—the stuff out of which worlds have been spun. Transmuting this result of scientific analysis, one of the theologians has well said: "The universe, broad and deep and high, is a handful of dust which God enchants." We wonder often if the scientific common denominator of those fractions of reality which we study is after all very different from the Greatest Common Measure of the philosophers? It has been well said by Fouillée that "the world always remains for science a broken mirror, while philosophy, by piecing together the fragments, strives to catch a glimpse of the grand image."

As we listen to the third voice we feel more and more the fundamental mysteriousness of Nature. There is mysteriousness in the common denominator—whether it be protoplasm, matter, energy, ether, electrons—to which science seeks to reduce things. There is mysteriousness in the sequences science discloses, the resultant consequences seem so often too large for their component antecedents. There is mysteriousness in the beginnings from which science starts its genealogies, for their origins are unknown or obscure, and they do not suggest what is to come out of them any more than an egg suggests a bird. All our scientific experience is rounded with mystery. As Sir Ray Lankester says: "No sane man has ever pretended, since science became a definite body

of doctrine, that we know or ever can hope to know or conceive of the possibility of knowing whence the mechanism has come, why it is there, whither it is going, and what may or may not be beyond and beside it which our senses are incapable of appreciating. These things are not 'explained' by science, and never can be."

If we will have for our human satisfaction some answer to these questions which lie *beyond science*, then it must be a transcendental answer, and that means for most of us, who prefer to think naïvely, a religious answer. This religious explanation comes as the complement of our scientific interpretation, and there should be no opposition between them, since their aims and their universes of discourse are quite different. There may be antagonism between the religious mood and the scientific mood, just as there is between the artistic mood and the scientific mood, but there cannot be antagonism between a transcendental and a scientific formula. They are incommensurables. There may be contradiction between scientific conclusions and particular theological doctrines—a contradiction which leads to wholesome discussion—but there cannot be contradiction between a scientific description and a religious explanation, for they are in two different languages, which cannot clash unless we try to speak both at once.

Many are disappointed because scientific investigation gives no direct support to religious convictions, but this shows a misunderstanding of what is meant by science and by religion. Science reaches conclusions which the religious mood may transfigure, but we cannot by searching find out God. Is it not much that science discloses more and more fully the intelligibility, the orderliness, and the progressiveness of Nature? These are big intellectual assets. Is there not *practical* value, too, both of encouragement and warning, in the scientific view that it is an ascent, not a descent, that is behind us—and in front of us, too, we hope. Everything seems to indicate that it is an increasingly controllable future

that lies before us here, and it adds zest to our life to feel that we can share in the "increasing purpose" of evolution, in the working out of what seems like a great and beautiful thought.

I have stated some simple reflections, behind which there is an argument rather hinted at than developed. There are three voices of Nature. She joins hands with us and says *Struggle, Endeavour*. She comes close to us, we can hear her heart beating, she says *Wonder, Enjoy, Revere*. She whispers secrets to us, we cannot always catch her words, she says *Search, Inquire*. These, then, are the three voices of Nature, appealing to Hand, and Heart, and Head, to the Trinity of our Being. Some of us hear one voice more readily than another; that depends largely on how our ears have been hereditarily tuned; but I suppose we all agree that we never listen to any one of them without being the better for it, while some of us may also agree in regretting that we have not always listened attentively.

I have hinted at the historical fact that in listening to each of these three voices men have sometimes passed into religious experience, almost by a kind of coercion. When a man after extreme struggle is utterly baffled practically, he may kneel in prayer; when a man is penetratingly thrilled with emotion, he may be borne by its ecstasy into worship; and when a man, at the end of his scientific tether, is entirely unsatisfied with his formulæ, he may pass by a third portal into conviction of religious truth. These seem to me to be historical statements. I do not, of course, say that these are the only pathways, or the best pathways, but that they *are* three pathways by which men have found satisfaction. I cannot maintain that everyone who begins to tread these pathways is inevitably led into religious experience, for the practically baffled may become a resigned and even cheerful fatalist, the emotionally thrilled may find a solution in art, and the unsatisfied inquirer may settle down into a contented positivist. One must admit, too, that the pathways are coercive, indicating a sort of bad-weather recourse to religion,

and therefore not normal. But this raises the interesting question whether bad weather is not normal.

I have hinted at another fact, namely, that in listening to the three voices of Nature we may be disciplined to hear even more august voices. Man's struggles for food and foothold may give him grit that helps him to and in much higher reaches of endeavour; to be thrilled with beauty may be a step to loving goodness; and to try to find out scientifically what is true in Nature may be the beginning of waiting patiently upon the Lord.

But the main suggestion of my lecture is that to listen to the three voices of Nature is in itself worth while—a natural and necessary discipline of the developing human spirit.

I do not think, however, that we can find abiding human satisfaction in Nature's voices alone. Invigorating, inspiring, and instructive they certainly are, but they are full of perplexities, and it is with a certain sad wistfulness that we hear their echoes dying away in the quietness of our minds, like the calls of curlews as they pass further into the mist. Happy, then, are those who have what Sir Thomas Browne called "a glimpse of incomprehensibles, and thoughts of things that thoughts but tenderly touch." I am not worthy to speak of such things, but before I close I wish to go back to the story of that rugged and very human Hebrew prophet, who, after severe discipline, went up one of the mountains of God and heard the three voices of Nature. First, there was a great and strong wind—a symbol of the practical voice surely, which commands man to build his house upon a rock and to struggle against the storm, which teaches the sailor to trim his sails and the husbandman to prepare for the rain. Second, there was an earthquake—a symbol of the emotional voice surely, for is there anything so awful, that stirs man and beast more deeply, that moves the primeval bed-rock of human nature laid down in the time of the cave-dwellers? Third, there was the fire—a symbol of the scientific voice surely, for the fire of science burns up rubbish,

melts out the gold, reduces things to a common denominator, and gives light to man. Now it seemed to the prophet that God was not in the wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire ; and here my exegesis confirms my doctrine, for I do not think that listening to the three voices of Nature is in itself religious. It is a good thing in itself to listen, and it may form a preparation for religion. It was so in the prophet's case, for after the echoes of the wind and the earthquake and the fire had died away he heard a still small voice—God's voice—a sound of gentle stillness, the margin says—which spoke very incisively to him. It was a great experience to have heard the three voices of Nature so clearly, but it meant more for him practically to hear the still small voice. And it may be that in *obeying* it he understood afterwards that God *was* in the other voices too.

J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

THE TWO-MINDEDNESS OF ENGLAND.

PROFESSOR MICHAEL SADLER.

WHEN Samuel Taylor Coleridge's eldest son was a child of five, someone in that metaphysical household asked him why he was called Hartley. "Which Hartley?" was the lad's rejoinder. "Why do you ask?" replied his questioner; "is there more than one Hartley?" "Yes," the boy answered, "there is a deal of Hartleys. There is Picture Hartley" (his portrait had been painted a little time before), "and Shadow Hartley, and there's Echo Hartley, and" (clutching his own arm firmly) "there's Catch-em-fast Hartley."

When we hear large indiscriminating talk about the will of England, the national purpose of England, the social ideal of England, the mind of England, are we not inclined to ask "Which England?" For there is more than one England. "It cannot be concealed," said Burke, "we are a divided people." Ours is a manifold temper and a conflicting disposition. Our agreements, except our agreements to permit our differences, are in unstable equilibrium. "Everything English," Emerson perceived, "is a fusion of antagonistic elements. . . . The currents of thought are counter. . . . Nothing can be praised in it without damning exceptions, and nothing denounced in it without salvos of cordial praise."

But along with this sense of disagreement we have a feeling of one-ness. The national consciousness is strong. We are of all peoples one of the most unartificially patriotic. There is a persistent trend in the zigzags of our public policy.

Our literature, rich in its individuality, has nevertheless (viewed in broad outline) its distinctive character. The foreign observer feels that he can generalise about us, in spite of our singularities. To him England stands for something sturdily definite, although our apparent one-ness may prove, when he examines it more closely, to be a synthesis of contradictories.

Such is the paradox. Among us a real, however vaguely outlined, unity of national character is conjoined with some discord in our presuppositions, a discord which issues in constant controversy and reveals an inner conflict of purpose, a preference for different (and in some respects incompatible) ideals of social organisation. Upon what crucial point in national life does this conflict turn? That the point is one of fundamental importance is shown by the fact that the conflict has persisted for centuries. No passing cause of controversy is sufficient to explain this deep-seated division in our sympathies and outlook. Whatever it may be, the cause is central and basic. We have learnt, indeed, by the experience of centuries, to adapt ourselves to its existence. We have worked out practical compromises more or less comfortably adjusted to an awkward situation. We have even found a method of political and social agreement which largely conceals and consists with our divergent inclinations upon matters touching the core of national life. Hazlitt tells a story of a gentleman who took Burke's *Reflections upon the French Revolution* and Tom Paine's *Rights of Man*, bound them in one cover, and said that together they made a good book. That good-natured man might have found it difficult to give a clear statement of his political opinions. But he had the instinct for compromise and a shrewd sense of the two sides of the truth.

At a time of political crisis, Burke and Paine were the spokesmen of two different ideals of government and of social organisation. They put in antithesis two opposite views as to the *controls* which would best restrain anarchy and secure

the maximum of collective well-being. Both presupposed a stimulus to civic duty (Burke finding it in loyalty, Paine in democratic independence), but the crucial point of difference between the two lay in their judgment as to the form of control which is best calculated to secure real freedom from the confusion of anarchy and from the sinister interests of despotism. Paine, distrustful of government, sees an effective control in the natural operation of enlightened self-interest in a free society; Burke, sceptical of the automatic guidance of self-interest, prefers control through the orderly, respected, authoritative administration of a long-established and sagacious government which commands the loyalty of its subjects and watches over the formation of their character. And whenever England has found herself in a period of social crisis, this divergence of view as to the best form of control has shown itself in writings upon the structure and powers of government. Hobbes proposed to arm the Head of the State with tyrannous power over the intellectual and civil freedom of the subject-citizens in order that the State might be well organised for struggle and intellectually undivided in itself. Milton, on the other hand, could not "set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment which is in England . . . as that it should not pass, except the superintendence of the officers of government be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers; or that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. . . . What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensed forges?"

In the eighteenth century, when philanthropic monarchy had familiarised the continent of Europe with the idea of government as the intellectual guide of the nation, the guardian of morality, and the promoter of wealth, John Brown (of the "Estimate") urged upon England the need for a code of education, stringent, all-embracing, orthodox, authori-

tatively enforced. But Joseph Priestley, before Brown's pamphlet had long been on the booksellers' tables, leapt forward with a passionate protest against governmental interference with education as perilous to the prospects of liberty and obstructive to the free growth of new knowledge and new social ideas. A generation later, when the Industrial Revolution had begun to change the face of England, and had disturbed the earlier balance of social forces, Robert Owen invoked the governing power of the State to form the mind and habits of its subjects by a national system of training and education as in a mould. But to his contemporary Godwin in the other camp, "Government, even in its best state, is an evil." Society is an aggregate of individuals. Government, so far as coercive, should be abolished. The welfare, the security of the commonwealth, may be safely left to rest upon the beneficent interaction of the independence and originality of men.

To Coleridge with his idea of the spiritual unity of the State, the urgent need was for some penetrating system of national education which might "form and train up the people of the country to obedient, free, useful, and *organisable* subjects, citizens, and patriots, living to the benefit of the State and prepared to die in its defence." To James Mill such control was a mischievous absurdity; it is in reason alone that we can have "unbounded confidence." Diffuse opportunities of intellectual enlightenment and let the people vote freely, each individual responsible for his own action, and all good will follow. Again, when (within the memory of those of us who are older) Ruskin eloquently set forth his ideal of a classified society, based upon reciprocities of economic and moral obligation, and controlled by an almost feudal hierarchy of appointed officers, chivalrous in social service, Auberon Herbert at once gave utterance to the belief in the healing virtue of thorough-going individualism and to his abhorrence of any disciplinary interference on the part of the State. The conflict persists. As against Professor Karl Pearson's pro-

posed scientific organisation of the national life, Mr Nevinson preaches anti-governmentalism. And each finds, in this composite, divided England, some measure of sympathy and support. And between these two extremes, sensitive to the truth and to the absurdities of each, stands the fair-thinking, well-meaning English citizen, two-minded and yet not unstable in all his ways.

There is the same fundamental antithesis in our constitutional history. From the Conquest there has been a conflict between the ideas of centralisation and decentralisation, between the conception of a strong unifying monarchy with the resources of a strong executive at command, and a cantonal or local organisation, self-governing, largely independent and free. Edward III. made a skilful compromise between the two conflicting ideas. Under the Tudors and early Stuarts the plan of centralised administration in the hands of a powerful monarchy, skilfully advised by an expert council, asserted itself once more. The centralisers, like Strafford, unfortunate in their necessary allies, were checkmated by a reaction in which the Parliamentary party could command the sympathies of the most individualistic of the English population. After nearly a century of wary truce, Bolingbroke set forth once again the ideal of the Patriot King. But the system of intelligently philanthropic monarchy which laid the foundation of modern German government found in England a measure of silent opposition and resistance which thwarted its purpose and made its development impossible. After the great political change of 1832 which followed the economic readjustment of the Industrial Revolution, Edwin Chadwick threw the whole energy of his burly frame into the construction of a scientific and powerful bureaucracy which, in behalf of the State, should extirpate poverty, purify our slums, and regulate competitive industry. But Toulmin Smith appealed successfully to the instinct of particularism, of local self-government, and of parochial independence. Chadwick had to go, and scientific bureaucracy had to fade into rather

ineffective officialism, doing by subsidies what Chadwick would have done by departmental control.

Once more the ideal of scientific government has been set up by the minority of the Poor Law Commission, and it remains to be seen how far that ideal can be translated into practice against the resistance of its opponents.

This record of long and equal conflict points towards the conclusion that the fundamental question which is at issue amongst us in England is the right relation in which the individual should stand towards the community into which he is born. We indeed have no monopoly of the conflict. It can be traced in France and in Germany; it is obvious in Holland and in Spain. On an immense scale, but on a stage too uncrowded as yet for imminent crisis, it is going forward in the United States of America. The same conflict has determined the political constitution of Switzerland. But in England the two parties to the struggle have for centuries been so nearly equal in power (I do not say in numbers but in power) that with us the outcome is a more nicely-balanced adjustment between opposing ideals. In France, individualism and particularism are so intense that the nation has protected itself by a form of administrative centralisation which it can hardly weaken even when it feels the dangerous constriction of its restraints. In Germany, the great emigration of Radical thinkers which took place after 1848 to this country and the United States, changed the balance of forces and opened the way for Bismarckian organisation and for the building up of a system of State administration which is one of the great achievements of this age. In Switzerland, the victory of cantonalism was so complete that the steps taken cautiously during the last twenty years in the direction of Federal centralisation have aroused little angry opposition. Cantonal sovereignty is so definitely acknowledged that the community is willing to accept the measures of centralisation which modern industry and communication have made inevitable. It is in Holland and in England that the balance

between the two forces is so delicately poised that any measure threatening to disturb the balance is jealously scrutinised and feared. And in England, where the problem is on a larger scale, the political effects of two-mindedness have been accumulating through a longer period of time.

Can we then, from our English experience, analyse more closely this underlying difference of social ideals? I am inclined to think that the ultimate conflict is psychological, a conflict of temperaments. Some (the cause may be in a remote degree racial, the result of diversity of breed, but on this point we can hardly risk conjecture)—some amongst us incline primarily to an individualist point of view, others primarily to a collectivist. That is to say, our instinct either draws us towards finding the most necessary stimulus in individual freedom or leads us to look for the support of an upholding social environment. Consciously or unconsciously we feel the prior need of independent initiative or of a regulated association. I say the *prior* need, for neither pure individualism nor strict regulation ever satisfied any human being. He whose first necessity is individual freedom needs others with whom he can live in social relationship; and he whose first need is the support of a social environment requires also his individual liberty. Hence the most individualist districts of England were the most collectivist in their borough organisation, and the most tribal districts of England the most jealous in preserving (under the hierarchy of their social organisation) a great measure of personal independence. The individualist, by the road of political equality, arrives at strict government; the tribalist, through full recognition of social gradation, arrives at a singular degree of easy-going personal freedom. Each applies the counterpoise to the main tendency of his nature. Hence we find large agreement as to the value of personal liberty, but great difference of opinion as to what personal liberty really means; and large agreement as to the importance of social control, but great difference of opinion as to what form of

social control will be tolerable. The individualist, like the Puritan, is willing to go much further in the way of social regulation than the tribalist; the tribalist rejoices in a form of easy-going personal liberty which the individualist regards as disorderly and even shocking.

The results of this equipoise of different ideals lie plain upon the surface of our national life. The administrative powers of the State have been kept within strict control. We have found safety in the two-party system—not that either party represents exclusively either temperament, but the contrivance of the two-party system has been welcomed as a check upon the dominance of either ideal. We have practically nothing like the continental system of administrative law. We have kept the common law supreme, with the convenient safety-valve of equity. The constitutional points upon which we are almost all at one are the maintenance of personal liberty, of the right of free speech, of liberty of the press, and of political discussion. The Established Church rests upon a basis of vague comprehension, and is hampered by the tradition of cautious compromise which Cecil Rhodes derided as a proof of its not knowing its own mind. In the sphere of education we have kept the action of the State within as narrow limits as we dared. We have kept it as low as we dared. We are afraid of the military power lest it should be strong enough to turn the scale one way or the other in internal affairs. When we unify or strengthen a central department of State, we are careful to unify or to strengthen the corresponding local authority. Our empire over seas reflects the same duality which prevails at home. Part of it is self-governing to the point of virtual independence; part of it regulated by government to a degree which is in piquant contrast to political democracy at home. The administrative skill and energy which in some countries has been chiefly concentrated upon organised government and upon social regulation runs with us in greater volume into trade, into philanthropic or missionary labours, into party

conflict, into games. We are two-minded about the relation between the individual and the State, and therefore, in matters of State organisation and State control of social welfare, we have, like Strafford, formed the habit of "giving up expecting of thorough."

Yet, through its two-mindedness, the English temper at its best is sensitive to the claims both of the individual and of the State. In a thinker like John Stuart Mill we feel this fine and just appreciation of the double aspect of the truth. In his discussion of Socialism and Individualism, Mill follows Pascal's maxim and bravely holds together two opposite but necessary truths. And in so far as English opinion rises to this high level it serves the cause of progress by mediating between extremes and pointing towards a synthesis which admits what is true in both of them.

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THE ETHICAL DEMAND OF THE PRESENT POLITICAL SITUATION.

PROFESSOR HENRY JONES, LL.D., F.B.A.

IN her Prelude to *Middlemarch* George Eliot draws from the life of St Theresa a pathetic little picture of "an ideal nature demanding an epic life." It is that of a "little girl walking forth one morning hand-in-hand with her still smaller brother, to go and seek martyrdom in the country of the Moors. Out they toddled from rugged Avila, wide-eyed and helpless-looking as two fawns, but with human hearts already beating to a national idea, until domestic reality met them in the shape of uncles, and turned them back from their great resolve."

Hardly less pathetic in the eyes of experienced and disillusioned men is the picture which the Moral Idealist presents when he leaves the secluded region of his own thoughts, supposed to be always concerned with the immortal conditions of a nation's welfare — "the truth which *must* prevail," "the righteousness which is like the everlasting mountains"—and enters into the troubled world of practical politics. He wants to help his fellows, and "find his epos" in the reform of their political ways. He believes that men, at the heart, are good and care for high things, and that whatever may be mean or selfish in their ways is, like their ignorance, a mischance they have not truly willed and an illusion which may be dispelled. He trusts in persuasion, and, amidst the cries of prejudice and passion, raises the gentle voice of pure reason. He tells men what a noble thing the Political State is: how it is "drawn

together by friendship " and built on the basis of a "Common Good"; how it is the sustained volition of right things by many men that upholds it throughout the generations; how its whole texture is moral, and its "End is assuredly Good life or the excellence of Souls." The love of his fellows, to whom it has not been given to climb the Mount of Vision and look at things in a quiet light, kindles in his eyes; and his heart is made strong to help them by his sense of a great comradeship, for he knows that his message is one with that of the heroes of thought, from Socrates and Plato, the Buddha and the Christ, even down to his own day.

But what does he effect? He clothes himself with a pathetic interest for a moment. Men more versed in affairs regard him with some gentleness, as they would a little boy who has set forth to go to the end of the world with a biscuit in his hand and sixpence in his pocket. Then they pass on their way. His message is not apt, nor in season: he has brought his ware into the wrong market.

Politics, practical men would assure him, are unfortunately an affair of parties, and the language, maxims, and methods of parties must be those of war. But in war men endeavour to influence one another otherwise than by argument. War appeals to force, and where force begins "morality" ends. *À la guerre tout est moral*, said Napoleon; all is right that prevails. For men at war there is but one duty: it is to secure victory; and in such circumstances there is nothing wrong except that which endangers it. All other considerations are secondary. "Let us be sure that if we join issue we do so upon ground which is as favourable as possible to ourselves. In this case I believe the ground would be unfavourable to this House, and I believe the juncture is one when, even if we were to win for the moment, our victory would be fruitless in the end." This is not the language of a general addressing his council of officers, nor that of a corrupt politician dependent for favour on "the foul breath" of the masses; but of one of the most upright of our

statesmen, the leader of that House which is the nation's supreme safeguard against its own reckless impulses.

Had he forgotten the public good in the excess of his zeal for "this House"? That were a hasty and unjust conclusion. He had to seek that good by trampling upon his own convictions, as one who, in order to secure the far-off fruits of peace, must employ the methods of war and burn the harvests of his country's fields. His appeal was not to the beneficent administrative effects of the Trades Disputes Bill, nor to the good of the working man, but to the effects of rejecting the Bill upon the working man's prejudices, and of that, in turn, upon the strength of his own party. The statesman must consider the medium within which he works. "The scorn of consequence" may be magnificent; but it is neither war nor politics.

In this region the Moral Idealist must turn down the lights, so that the outlines of right and wrong may be somewhat obscured and lose their hardness and fixity. The music of our politics must be mingled; and the harmony, if it comes at all, must issue from the clash of discords. It is a confused fugue whatever party is in power, blared upon the one recurrent theme of the "Votes of the Masses."

"One says his say with a difference—

More of expounding, explaining!

All now is wrangle, abuse and vociference—

Now there's a truce, all's subdued self-restraining.

Five, though, stands out all the stiffer hence.

Over our heads Truth and Nature—

Still our life's zig-zags and dodges,

Ins and outs weaving a new legislature—

God's gold just shining its last where it lodges,

Palled beneath Man's usurpature."

All this, the practical politician admits, is very distressing to the Moral Idealist. But it is part of the tragedy of man's life that right collides with right, and the minor good with the greater. And the links of the chain of necessity which binds the statesman to his doubtful methods cannot be snapped at any point. Let the Moralist try them, one by one.

1. The politician, aiming at the highest good of the people, must consider the people's wishes ; for it is certain that no one can do them good against their will. "Universal democracy," says Carlyle, "whatever we may think of it, has declared itself as an inevitable fact of the days in which we live ; and he who has any chance to instruct, or lead, in his days, must begin by admitting that." "It is on opinion only that government is founded," says Hume, "and this maxim extends to the most despotic and most military governments, as well as to the most free and most popular." To take the voice of the crew may be a perilous method of "navigating in the Straits of Magellan or the undiscovered Sea of Time," but what other method is there if the only propelling power is in their wills ?

2. Nothing can be done for the State unless men join together to promote principles in which they are all agreed ; and out of this arises another condition which limits the legislator ; for never yet in the world was a principle of betterment announced but that for many causes, good and bad, there were men to oppose it. Hence arise the "parties" ; and "the party is the most effective political entity in the modern State." We may bewail the need of parties, and strive to persuade men to rise above them ; but the result, if our advocacy is successful, is just to set up a New Party. Persuasion has no other purpose. And this "New Party," though sprung from contempt of parties and inspired by the love of liberty, will differ from the older parties only in that it will be in a constant state of dissolution, an ineffective liquid mass liable at any moment to any change. The practical efficiency of any power within the State demands its continuity.

3. But a political party can be continuous only under one of two conditions, neither of which is desirable. The good it seeks to secure, the principles which have called it forth, must be general, and, if general, little applicable to a nation's changing needs, and apt to divide men when they endeavour to apply them ; or, on the other hand, the party must cohere together when the purposes that called it forth have become

obscure, if not obsolete. Thus the political party comes to stand men know not well for what. It becomes a name under which men rally, and a symbol for exciting emotions. It appeals to confused prejudices, and employs other methods than those of persuasion by means of argument. It selects its "party colours," and, if it can, invents and sets men singing a "party tune"; it insults men's eyes with "posters" and men's ears with "cries"; and it devotes itself by any method it can invent to a conspiracy of silence about its own defects and to keep its opponent on the rack of criticism.

Such are the unwelcome necessities of the politician's life.

The use of physical force, it is true, is debarred, and of the cruder forms of coercion and corruption. But still the methods are the methods of war, and the weapons are the weapons of force. For the appeal is not to reason. The art of the politician seeking to influence his constituents is that of controlling impulse and exploiting the emotions. "Reason has small effect upon numbers: a turn of imagination, often as violent and as sudden as a gust of wind, determines their conduct."

Thus, then, does the medium in which the politician works dye his hands. Here, it would seem, there is no place for the Moral Idealist. In vain does he raise his voice and sing his simple strain about "the ultimate end of the State," and its "moral structure," and "the excellence of souls." He must abandon his callow belief in the uses of pure reason if he is to help his fellows. He must study "mob psychology," and realise that "human nature in politics" signifies much that is mean. He must, as Mr Wallas says, "adopt those methods of exploiting the irrational elements of human nature which have hitherto been the trade secret of the elderly and disillusioned politicians."

We will grant, men will say, that the strains of his moral music are very sweet, and we will listen to them gladly in the Sabbath peace of the hours that are not the "hours of business." The message he would convey we will admit to be

true. His conception of the State may be as valid as it is sublime. It is the best thing we know, for, with all its defects, it is the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth. Its service may be almost, if not even quite, a religion, and as noble a religion as man can well put his faith in or live by. But all this is remote from politics, and out of touch with concrete facts. Does he doubt? Then let him test his faith by practising it. Which of the fears of the owners of land will it lay, when they see the many, as they believe, ruled by communistic creeds and bent on "robbery"? Let him try his piping on Lord Rosebery! What hope will it kindle in the heart of the workless worker, tossed on the disturbed ebbs and tides of the industrial markets of the world like drifting seaweed? Or what entry can his doctrine win into the mind of the tired householder, who has spent his day amidst the blatant political posters, and seeks for truth in the evening "amidst the abusive headlines and personal paragraphs of his party newspaper, forming mental habits all unconsciously of mean suspicion or national arrogance."

Trusting altogether in his conception of the State as a moral institution, the appeal of the Ethical Idealist must be to the national conscience. But the "national conscience" is heavy of hearing and hoary. It is like an old black, damp soil, deep with the withered and rotten leaves of many winters, soaked with many rains, and growing, side by side with the fairest flowers, the rankest weeds. It has been acquainted of old with every noblest truth, for "there are no discoveries in morals"; it has felt every emotion; it has tried every compromise; it has served both God and mammon, both long and faithfully; and every experience is stale. The Idealist, striving to raise politics to the level of his ethical aspirations, is set on a difficult adventure, and he is much more likely to be a witness of the martyrdom of his faith than to effect his purpose and "find an epos." He will "run hopelessly into House of Commons' shape," as Carlyle contemptuously said of Gladstone, and his "conscience will become

his accomplice instead of his guide." "In these days, what of *lordship* or leadership is still to be done, the youth must do it, not the mature or aged man; the mature man, hardened into sceptical egoism, knows no monition but that of his own frigid cautions, avarices, mean timidities, and can lead no-whither towards an object that even seems noble." What despair lies in these words of the greatest moralist of the century which has just closed!

But is this divorce of politics from morals, and of practical experience in the art of statesmanship from belief in the Best, inevitable? What is there except the difficulty of his task and the magnitude of the scale on which he works, to distinguish the politician's fate from that of other men? Are they not also set to bring out the features of a life that is fair by hewing it, stroke by stroke, from the rough and stubborn block of their animal-conditioned nature? Must the Idealist who gives himself to the service of his country in the way of statesmanship lose either his labour or his belief in the best? If his education has been generous, and his heart is frank, he will not readily give up the faith of his innocent days. He has been taught to believe in the might of ideas; as he turns over the pages of man's history they seem to him to have won their way, and to rule the world. On every hand there is evidence of their power; not more in the truths of science which as of themselves break forth into inventions, than in the truths, and even the falsehoods, of philosophy and theology. Are ideas not stronger, after all, than the blind emotions to which the experienced and disillusioned bid him to appeal? He has learned that what advance the world has made, it has made in virtue of the good which works within it, and the good is always that which men will, and comes in no other way; so that it seems, if he looks well, as if the texture of things were moral. Even the Empire in which he lives his own small, brittle life seems to be the product of no other powers than those of "Manhood." The geographical position of his little island home has had its value, and its climate, with all its faults, at

least fosters the strenuous life ; but it is not these things which have been the secret of his country's strength. That strength has, it is true, exhibited itself in many forms, some of them turbulent and aggressive, and hardly to be called moral without a vast extension of the word ; but still it has come from character. It is by no means weakness, or timidity, or the self-seeking pursuit of narrow ends which has built the Empire.

And the Empire is very great ! Comparing things human with things human, he must call it a noble fabric. He will scan the record of man's life in vain to find its equal. Tried by any standard he pleases it will stand the test. It is not a small matter that it is wider in extent than any other built by man, and that it shelters beneath its flag the teeming races of every colour and clime. He may well set some value on the wealth of its material possessions, in which also it stands without its peer. But, above all, it has been the fortunate heir of spiritual traditions : the habit and sure bent of its spirit is towards justice, and it has deeply loved freedom and bought it at a high price. At home, the ermine of its judges has not been stained for centuries, and its legislators, with all their faults, are not corrupt. Nor has it grudged these gifts to its dependent peoples, nor spared its efforts to spread them throughout its dominions. If the paths of its conquest, like those of every other powerful people, have been soaked with blood, and if modern "trade" has been as cruel as the ancient sword, still Britain has sheltered the victims of its enterprise where it could. It has been more considerate in its dealings with conquered races, more tolerant of their innocent customs, more patient of their crude ineptitudes than any other nation. Amidst many difficulties it has tried new experiments in its government of them. Its last dealing with South Africa is unique in generosity, as yet ; and there is no other people in the world which of deliberate purpose has sought to foster the spirit and to teach the uses of political freedom to races which probably had never known them, while all the time it was aware that it was rendering its own rule obsolete.

Considering all these matters, is the Idealist not right in thinking that his country is worthy of his devotion, that much heroism has been built into its structure, and that the heroic even in the affairs of State is in the last resort something very like virtue? It may be well not to take it for granted that his faith is ill-founded, but to endeavour to judge between his trust in the State and in his fellows and the opinions of the experienced and disillusioned politician, the connoisseur in "the psychology of the crowd" and the expert in exploiting the emotions. It is possible that he has a right to retain his ideals, and to believe in his fellow-citizens so far as to deem them capable to some degree of responding to the best he knows. Nay, he may prove in virtue of his faith to be a more efficient agent in the affairs of the State than his critic. What goes by the name of "disillusion" may be only obscured vision. *And it may be that the supreme ethical demand of the present political situation is to recover this faith.*

Recent events have not tended to foster it. We have just emerged out of a momentous political conflict of which we cannot be proud. We are face to face with a political situation which is as grave as it is complex and difficult. *And the situation is mainly the product of distrust.* Had we had our Milton, I believe we would have heard him in the crisis once more warn our political leaders: "Lords and Commons of England! consider what Nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the Governors; a Nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute to invent subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to." Had our politicians trusted the people more, some methods of persuasion would not have been used and some issues would not have been raised; and the nation would have been led to the solemn task of choosing its rulers and of deciding between great issues in a different spirit.

Will the readers permit one whose people are the common people, and who knows the common people best, to say how

he thinks they have been wronged by this distrust ; and will they also make such deductions as they may deem necessary for the bias towards the common people which is in his blood ?

The people have been wronged in that owing to a low estimate of their intelligence they were invited to choose between the political parties upon issues which are not real, and which could not have borne sober reflection had sober reflection been possible. I shall cite a few examples.

1. As to the relations between this country and Germany.

Let it be granted, if the reader pleases, that our German neighbours are being slowly driven by the growth of their population and the expansion of their commerce to a trial of strength with us. Let it be granted also that, foreseeing the coming struggle, they are preparing for it in that slow, persevering, systematic, and thought-out way which is the secret of their power. Let it be granted further that, owing either to negligence, or to short-sighted motives of economy, or to the desire to ameliorate social evils, there was a moment when the Liberal Government at home stood in need of being stimulated by critical assaults to more vigorous measures of defence. It still does not follow that this was the subject upon which the deliverance of the people of England could be justly required in the General Election. The moment of danger, if it ever existed, was past. If I must credit the critics of the Government so far as to say that their fears were real, I must place similar trust in the solemn affirmations of the most responsible of our Ministers, who were in the best position to judge. The peril of invasion was surely not so imminent, nor the sluggishness or blindness of the Liberal Government so great, as to make it just to call upon the British people to deprive them of their power on the ground that they would not defend our shores. The neglect of an obligation which is so obvious, so rudimentary, and so fundamental could surely not be made a charge against either of the great parties in the State. In this matter there can at no time be any distinction between them. Neither party

can lack the intelligence to see a risk which cannot be real without being plain, nor be unwilling to spend the strength of the nation to the uttermost in order to avert it. The issue was false, and ought not to have been put before the electors. It would, in all probability, be unjust to maintain that the fears of the people were deliberately exploited for party ends. The distrust of the Liberal Government was real, and the dark suspicion; but it was groundless all the same—the product of minds confused and inflamed by political passion.

2. Amongst the many reasons, false and true, which were brought forward in favour of changing our fiscal methods was that by doing so the loyalty of our Colonies and Dependencies could be deepened. A differential tariff, instituted by a country whose ports are open, was to bind them more closely to the mother country. Was such a remedy for such a disease ever proffered before? Are our Colonies not loyal? Is their loyalty less than our own? Have they done anything that could justify our implied distrust of them? And could so slender a cash-nexus raise them to a better state of mind? I can neither think so low of our Colonies, nor so high of such a bond. If the unity of the Empire depends upon filaments of this kind, its unity is already lost.

But the British Empire has been built with no such slack mortar, else the very foxes running along its walls would bring them down. The powers which are dominant in it everywhere, which rule in its councils and express themselves in its industries and commerce, are in the hands of men who have sprung from our own loins; and, what is much more important, the texture of their minds is the same as ours. They are heirs of the same spiritual traditions. Their character is compacted of the same elements; they are one with ourselves in social customs, in moral habitudes and in religious faith, in aspirations and in destiny. Against such binding forces no disruptive power can avail except the most gross aggression and injustice. In the distant Antipodes even the men whose parents and

grandparents were born there have no other name for the mother country except "Home." And, if we are to judge them by their deeds, the name has not as yet lost its meaning. A spirit of distrust, the low level on which our thoughts have moved, has done them wrong.

3. Not less has the same spirit of distrust distorted and complicated our relations to the Irish people. I grant readily that there has been much on which such a spirit could feed. Many foolish things have been said, and many wild claims have been set forth by our Irish neighbours: the Celt is endowed with the doubtful gift of tongues. But, whatever defects the Irish people may have, they cannot be charged with lack of imagination. Admitting a deep sense of national wrongs and a wild love of liberty, they are not, and I believe that they cannot any longer be, so lacking in foresight as to desire severance. They are not so stupid as to wish to stand a defenceless people, without ship or gun or pike or sword of their own, naked amidst the armed powers of Europe; or to ally themselves with the Germans! Troubles at home they have had and have made enough; and the fibres of their social fabric have from time to time been put under hard strain. They have suffered much, and they have complained more, for they are highly vocal. But if we blow away the froth of their words and observe the substance of their deeds, we shall find it difficult to justify the spirit of distrust with which we regard their aspirations. I should find it difficult to name any battlefield in the broad Empire on which Ireland has not left her sons, or any imperial enterprise in which her statesmen have not shared. They have helped to build the Empire, and are themselves built into its structure. For the British Empire is not the English Empire: it is English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish. Why should the Irish desire to cut themselves away from that which is their own, even as it is ours? Suspicion, distrust, and passion have exaggerated the issues of "Home Rule" from the first. We have been the victims of words. The Irish people want that which they are getting

little by little—a larger power, within the Empire in whose welfare lies their own, of conducting their own domestic affairs. We have complicated the situation by our lack of sober-minded trust, and been the victims of political passion.

4. But we have of late been as little generous in our thoughts regarding our own people at home. Proud confidence in the integrity of the British people, and in the sure if slow movement of its spirit towards wider ways of social justice, in virtue of which “the ship of State” has weathered so many storms, was not much in evidence during the electoral campaign. We did not witness our leaders endeavouring to brace the nation’s spirit to meet the new demands of times untried. Striving to find solutions for the social troubles and industrial dislocations which, after all, are but the results of our own development, we, the common people, were hardly led back by them to the basal element of our substantial welfare. They regarded us with other eyes than did Milton the England of his day. They saw not “a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks,” braving the new troubles in the old spirit. We heard rather “the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.” In the eyes of some modern prophets we are a nation bent upon robbing one another. Led by demagogues, we have entered upon a career of spoliation that will scare away the capital it does not destroy, annul the rights of property, and bring upon a people to whom greed is the first law the universal ruin which it deserves. For is not “Socialism” upon us? And what is Socialism except rapine?

Now, what justification is there for this charge? What has been done to justify this distrust and excite the alarm? I find that we have provided pensions for the aged poor, and have resolved that, so far as in us lies, there shall not be hungry children in our schools. Is it true that the moral fibre of the people is so loose that this cannot be done without

destroying thrift, and loosening the bonds of the family, and bringing about national degeneracy? That there are instances in which these results will follow I do not doubt. There are men and women who turn every gift and opportunity into means of further ill-doing, as every social worker well knows; for the human will, if corrupt, converts all things into its own substance. But to believe that it will baffle future statesmanship to deal with such persons, and, above all, to interpret in their light the lives of the great mass of the working men of this country, in whom I believe the spirit and habits of industry, of prudence, and of domestic affection are deep, is a wrong that they have not deserved at the hands of any politician. The increased concern and care for the poor are nothing more nor less than the expression of a deeper sense of social justice and of a more living social sympathy. It is these which have led statesmen to fumble as best they can at the intricate locks of a difficult social problem.

I find, again, that a larger proportion of the burden of the support of the State has been placed upon the rich, and more especially upon those whose riches we call, justly or unjustly, "unearned." How are we to interpret this departure? Is it to be taken as evidence for, or as evidence against, a keener sense of social equity? I cannot hesitate, for my part, not even if it were proved that the just proportions of taxation have not been accurately laid down. The statesman who could prove that the new enactments were "vindictive" in intention, or that they sprang from an impulse towards "spoliation," or that they violated public justice, would win a party victory in this England of ours against all odds. The spirit of the nation is just: indeed, both of the contending parties appealed to it. But this means that the "common people" are not given over to undisciplined greed; that they are not blind to the conditions of public welfare; that they are not "levellers," nor "socialists" in the sense in which it should excite alarm and patriotic lamentation.

The socialism that has excited the extreme fears and the

extreme hopes which have clustered around "the abolition of private property" is not coming. It has not begun to come in any form, insidious or another. The socialism which has been coming gradually, by steps most tentative, and which I believe will continue to come, is a thing of quite another complexion. It is true that in a great many ways it has displaced "private enterprise" and assumed "the command of the means and instruments of production," which is the definition given to socialism by extreme men on both sides. But if we endeavour to forget "names" and substitute the observation of actual facts for prophetic utterances regarding tendencies, we shall see, I believe, nothing worse nor better than an attempt to employ the organisation of the State and of the municipalities so as to place at the disposal of their members more effective means for meeting their individual wants. These social means have been adopted little by little in the face of the most searching criticism; they are designed to satisfy needs that are common, and, on the whole, simple in kind; and they have supplanted "individual enterprise" only when the expectation of their greater efficiency has been tolerably plain. It is this socialism which, amongst its hundreds of undertakings, is carrying our letters, providing for our national defence, and distributing justice. It is educating our children—and that without destroying parental responsibility as yet; it is maintaining our highways and bridges and public parks, and keeping our streets lit and clean. In the process it is employing the labour and the intellect and the capital of the nation pretty much in the old way; and it is new only in that it distributes the responsibilities and the profits more widely. So far from destroying the rights of property, it is defending them by defining them a little more justly, which is their surest defence of all. On the whole, it is doing this successfully, in spite of the alleged laxity of its control. The debt it has contracted is enormous; but that debt consists of that which, were it a private company, would be called "shares"; and there is no clear sign of bankruptcy of any

kind, although it has blundered at times like all things human. I believe if the citizens of the great municipalities, or of the State itself, could be asked how many of the enterprises which they have taken up, after much hesitation and in the face of doleful vaticinations, they would commit once more to "public companies," we should receive an answer which would surprise, if not please, the critics of socialism. Does London repent of the change of its method of supplying itself with water? Or Glasgow of many of its civic enterprises? Taxation is growing apace, it is true, but so are the social services; and, so far as I am able to judge, I for one get better value for the things I purchase by rates and taxes from my city and my country than for aught else.

This is the only "socialism" which the nation has so far adopted and approved: the socialism which is a synonym of rapine is mere wild talk to which the people should not have been asked to listen.

5. I have not space to dwell on that other aspect of distrust of our country owing to which men have been prophesying industrial defeat and commercial ruin to the wealthiest nation in the world, and inviting it to enter upon fiscal methods which in other parts of the world have put an intolerable strain upon private morality and political rectitude. Besides, I have written of this already in the HIBBERT JOURNAL, and I desire to pass from those wrongs to the people of England which have been committed mainly by one only of the political parties. For disguise it as we may, there is no denying that it *is* one and the same political party which has sought to excite the nation with fear of invasion; implied shallow loyalty on the part of our Colonies; attributed mad dreams of isolation to our Irish neighbours; and prophesied "the end of all things"—the invasion of the privacies of life, the loosening of domestic ties, the corruption of the spirit of independence, the destruction of thrift, the abolition of private property, the ruin of our industries and commerce, and the general decadence of the national character. I must plead for a more generous interpretation of the mind

and spirit of the British people from the other parties in the State as well, and also for the employment of less dubious means of teaching them the responsibilities of citizenship.

If I were asked which of the political parties contains the largest proportion of able men, earnest in the pursuit of the ideal of a State whose justice to all men is as wide as its dominions, I should say, with little hesitation, that it is the Labour Party. The great legislative weight which, relatively to their numbers, the members of this party possess is the guerdon of their weight of character. Many, though I cannot say "all," of the immediate ends which they have sought are right, and I would fain follow their lead. But I am deterred by an insuperable obstacle. They are by aim and profession the representatives of the interests of one class of citizens. That the class which they represent is the largest, that its needs are greatest, and that its rights have been most of all postponed and neglected in the past and must be respected much more in the future, I admit most fully. But the very first principle of rectitude in statesmanship is that its legislators should stand for no lesser good than that of the State as a whole, whatever the particular evils may be which they seek to remedy. That the leaders of the Labour Party have been much better than their profession, I believe. They have, with one or two deplorable exceptions, exhibited little of the class-bitterness to which it is easy for good men, placed as they are, to succumb. The welfare of the nation at large beats strong in their pulse, as in that of the working men whom they represent. Why, then, cannot they trust their own better instincts? Can they not obtain all the support which they now have, and more, by appealing to more generous ideals than those of *any* class? Their case is good, and truth is strong, and the patriotism of the working men of Britain has much gold mixed with its dross.

"Thou hast great allies ;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

They need not "policies and stratagems," this doing of present evil for future good, which is debauching our political life. For it *is* evil to taint the very spirit of citizenship, by the deliberate pursuit of any interest less broad than that of the nation as a whole. This is what "The Trade" is doing; and its example is not one that the leaders of labour can follow.

But the same radical flaw runs through the methods whereby all the political parties elicit the will of the citizens. We acknowledge that the will of the many must rule; that Democracy has come, is a stale commonplace. There is no "independent" House of Parliament, actual or possible. Those who dream of reconstructing the House of Lords so that in future it shall be strong not to express but to *thwart* the will of the people must lose their labour—if Democracy *has* come. But what pains is any party in the State taking in order to secure that the will of the people shall be an enlightened will? We admit that the issues between which the nation must choose are momentous; our passionate discussions show that they are not clear; and we bring the issues before the people for decision, knowing that our legislature in both its branches must obey. But in what way do we bring them? Is it in a manner which is conducive to sobriety of judgment?

It is alleged by political theorists that a war in which the whole strength of a nation is tried to the uttermost is a means of national purification. It lifts men for a little while above the narrowing concerns of their little lives, calls forth "the mind's unselfish will," and "weans the heart from its emasculating food." Is it the foolish dream of an unpractical mind to believe that the same results should follow whenever the people is called upon to determine what political ends it shall pursue, and into whose hands it shall entrust its destiny?

It is said that Democracy has failed, and that its adoption was a mistake. "It is manifest that upon countless important public issues there is no collective will, and nothing in the mind of the average man except blank indifference; and that an

electional system simply places power in the hands of the most skilful electioneers." But, before concluding that Democracy has failed, and that we must turn back to some form of a voluntary and "independent" aristocracy, and make our "philosophers kings," we might ask if the Democracy has been fairly tried, and reconsider the methods which have been employed for ascertaining its will. We desire that its will should be an enlightened will; for upon that, we say, our destiny depends. We would elicit its best mind. But we endeavour to do so by means which are pitifully inadequate, and calculated to bring out not the best but the worst. During a few weeks before the election, the people are deluged with hasty orations, delivered by tired men with husky voices to crowded and passionate gatherings, or in the open air at the breakfast and dinner intervals; and the appeal is to passion and prejudice. Is there no alternative to this heartless manipulation of popular impulse; and must we condemn the Democracy because such a method as this has failed?

Men will always be divided in opinion concerning affairs of State, for no social problem is simple, and there is no form of good which men can seek that is altogether good. Political differences will continue to furnish occasion for the heat and intemperance of passion, and the political region to be the arena of party strife. The strain of the strife will continue to be greatest during the periods of election. But is there any excuse for not securing that during the quiet interval there shall be one continuous attempt at educating the citizens of the State into sober judgment regarding its affairs? The member of Parliament is responsible to his constituency beyond the walls of Westminster. It is his duty not only to obey, but to lead. What other lordship or leadership is there to which the many can look? It is his "cue" to keep himself in evidence; but it is his "duty" to do so by other means than are now most frequently employed. He should stand before them as an example of enlightened devotion to the best ends of the State. Around

him, as around one whose impulses have been disciplined and whose thoughts are clear, the best minds of his constituents should constantly gather. He should be amongst them, as a labourer in his vineyard, diligently sowing the seed of political instruction in all that is true and generous. Seeking the best which is in the people, he would surely get it, for the soil is very rich. The masses of the British people prefer high things to low; and their response to what is best, as those who have most trusted in their rectitude and intelligence know, is ready. By methods which are blind, and ways which are obscure, the people succeeds in sifting out these men as its leaders whenever it can find them. It is quick to appreciate rectitude of purpose, purity of devotion to the ends of State, fairness towards opponents, truthfulness, and grave simplicity of speech. Milton found it a nation "pliant and prone to knowledge." "What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers?" "I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage, 'If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a Church or Kingdom happy.'"

Is this no longer true? Has England become "a fen of stagnant waters"? Or is it that our political methods are on the whole unworthy of the people upon whom they are employed?

HENRY JONES.

GLASGOW.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND CURRENT DOCTRINES OF MIND AND BODY.¹

THE RIGHT HON. GERALD BALFOUR.

THE subject proposed for consideration in this paper is the bearing of Psychical Research on the doctrines currently held by psychologists concerning the relations of mind and body.

Of these there are three principal varieties, respectively known as Parallelism, Epiphenomenalism, and Interactionism—names of truly barbarous sound to which one must get accustomed as best one may. Let me briefly recall the chief characteristics of each.

Parallelism starts, on the one hand, from the universally admitted disparity between conscious states and brain processes, and, on the other hand, from the observed correspondences between the series of mental events and the series of brain events. It proceeds to push both disparity and correspondence to their extreme limits. Between things so profoundly unlike as mind and brain it holds that interaction is inconceivable: neither can influence the other. Yet, on the other hand, they are represented as being so closely related that to every change in the mental series a change in the physical series exactly corresponds.

Now, this union of entire causal independence with complete point-to-point parallelism immediately sets up a problem. If the two sides were causally connected, it might be possible

¹ The substance of this paper was contained in an address given to the Students' Union of the London School of Economics in November 1909.

to understand a close correspondence between them : if they are causally independent, reason will not be satisfied until some other principle of connection is found. Perfect correlation of two distinct series can hardly arise by accident or chance. One might as well ascribe to chance the parallelism of the lines on a railway.

Various solutions of the problem have been sought ; but the view which seems to have found most favour is that which regards the two sides as *aspects* of one and the same meta-physical reality underlying both, but itself unknown and unknowable.

In theory such a conception would seem to leave both sides on an equality—the succession in the physical series being determined by physical laws, and in the mental series by laws applicable to mental occurrences. But the difficulties attending the working out of the conception on the mental side have been so formidable that parallelist thinkers have in general come to regard the physical side as the paramount one, which, though not related to the mental side as cause to effect, nevertheless conditions it and involves it in the mechanical necessity of its own nature.

This materialistic tendency is still more marked in Epiphenomenalism, a form of psycho-physical doctrine chiefly associated with the name of Huxley. Epiphenomenalism agrees with Parallelism in asserting that every mental event has its exact counterpart in a brain event. It further agrees with Parallelism in holding that consciousness is wholly without influence on the material processes in the brain, these being determined in accordance with purely physical laws. Both theories therefore regard the human animal as a conscious automaton. But whereas Parallelism refuses to admit any causal relation between mind and body, Epiphenomenalism maintains the seemingly paradoxical view that there *is* a causal relation, but that it is all on one side. Consciousness, according to this doctrine, can in nowise influence the molecular changes of the brain substance, but molecular changes of the brain

substance are the cause, and the sole immediate cause, of all our conscious states. Consciousness is, in fact, a mere *epiphenomenon*, or collateral product of brain action. In this way mind is emptied of all causal efficacy. It is expressly excluded from physical efficacy; and, as each term in the conscious series is held to have its sufficient cause in the corresponding brain series, one conscious state cannot even be the cause of the next. The mental series is a series only—a procession of shadows, and nothing more. On the other hand, the brain series exhibits causal efficacy in a double sense. Not only is it the cause, in the sense of being the producer or generator, of consciousness, but also each brain state is the causal antecedent of the brain state that follows it.

Huxley was not a materialist, yet I think it would be no injustice to his theory of the relations of mind and body to call it psycho-physical materialism. How far it can be reconciled with his philosophical position generally is a question on which we need not enter.

In strong contrast to Parallelism in all its forms, the interactionist view of the relations between mind and body starts from what it takes to be the very essence of consciousness—namely, the unity and activity everywhere implied in it. Consciousness, it is argued, cannot exist without a conscious subject, any more than motion can exist without something that is moved. However much the mental states of an individual subject may change, they are always *his* states; and, similarly, the coexistence of a multiplicity of sensations or ideas in one field of consciousness means simply that they are the sensations and ideas of a single indivisible self which holds them together and can compare and relate them with one another. Inner experience therefore entitles us to posit the existence of a something which is not the brain nor in any absolute sense the correlate of the brain, but a distinct entity constituting the very self of each of us, the bearer of our conscious states, and the principle of their unity. Moreover, this self is not only a principle of unity in consciousness but

a centre of conscious activity, a something that can produce and experience effects. Accordingly, the Interactionist holds that its relation with the brain is one of reciprocal influence. Like the Parallelist, he recognises both a disparity and a correlation between the mental and physical series; but from these premises he draws very different conclusions. Given consciousness with its unitary character, and given a brain, there is no impossibility in conceiving not only that a change in consciousness from state *A* to state *B* may regularly correspond with a change in the brain from state α to state β , but also that these changes may be related to each other as cause to effect or as effect to cause. But no arrangement of unchanging particles in motion, no combination of cells or systems of nerve-paths, can be the counterpart of that unity of the subject which is found in all consciousness. An aggregate is an aggregate to the end of the chapter and cannot be the counterpart of an indivisible unity.

Starting from so fundamental a discrepancy, it is idle, the Interactionist contends, to speak of the mental series and the physical series as parallel aspects of one and the same reality, or of the latter as creating the former. Nor is the difficulty in any way diminished by an attempt to represent consciousness itself as an aggregate of mental atoms—the *mind-stuff* or *mind-dust* of Clifford. This expedient merely transfers the problem of unity from the material side to the mental side; and it is just as impossible to conceive of a unitary consciousness as being compounded out of a multiplicity of mental atoms as it is to understand how such a consciousness can have its counterpart in a multiplicity of material atoms.

I have no intention of arguing the case for or against Parallelism, Epiphenomenalism, or Interactionism on general grounds. The question of the relation of mind and body is the meeting-point of so many lines of speculative inquiry—physical, physiological, biological, psychological, metaphysical and ethical—that the mere magnitude of such a task would

be sufficient deterrent even if I felt competent to undertake it. The aim I have set before myself is the much humbler one of inquiring whether any fresh light is thrown upon the question by the special investigations to which Psychical Research is directed.

It would be useless, and indeed worse than useless, to ignore the extent to which prevalent scientific beliefs would be affected if certain of the conclusions to which Psychical Research, *prima facie*, tends, or is supposed to tend, were ultimately established as valid. To illustrate this, let us go straight to the central question of all. Assume for the sake of argument that Psychical Research had already produced empirical proof that the individual mind may survive bodily death, carrying with it sufficient of its earthly memories to maintain continuity between its discarnate and its corporeal existence. How would such proof consist with the psychophysical doctrines we have been considering?

As regards Parallelism—and the same is still more obviously true of Epiphenomenalism—the answer must be that it would not consist with them at all. Parallelism would, so far as we can see, have simply to be abandoned. At all events, it is difficult to imagine in what shape the theory could be reconstructed so as to meet the case. It is a fundamental principle of Parallelism that every mental event has a brain event exactly corresponding to it. But the survival of a conscious personality after corporeal dissolution involves *ex hypothesi* a consciousness unaccompanied by a brain process. It is, of course, conceivable that the disembodied spirit, if there be such a thing, should carry its physical counterpart with it, the latter being of so tenuous and subtle a nature as to elude observation. I do not imagine, however, that many Parallelists will care to resort to such an interpretation of their doctrine. A physical counterpart of this kind is not what they mean when they speak of the brain and its processes. The *observed* correlation between particular mental events and particular modifications of the nervous system is the

foundation of all their theories and the strength of their whole case. Nobody doubts that in the living human being mind and body do, in fact, stand in close relations to each other. Universalise these relations: assume that because they are admittedly observed in many cases, therefore they also exist throughout the entire range of mental function; assume further that every mental modification is not merely attended by *some* physical modification, but a physical modification that forms its complete and adequate counterpart—a word-for-word translation of it as it were into physical language; make these two assumptions, and parallelism emerges almost ready made. But the foundation of the whole structure is provided by the facts which anatomical and physiological investigation disclose; these facts relate to the brain and the nervous system, and can only serve as support for a theory which makes the brain or nervous system the physical counterpart of consciousness. If the true physical counterpart of consciousness is not the brain or nervous system, but some hypothetical and impalpable material accompaniment of a disembodied spirit, the scientific basis of Parallelism is practically gone.

Perhaps it may be said that while proof of the survival of a disembodied spirit would be fatal to Parallelism as a theory of the necessary conditions of consciousness in general, the doctrine might still be true for the embodied minds with which we are actually familiar. This is, of course, a much more modest claim; but a little reflection will show that even in this more limited form the doctrine would become untenable. For once admit that consciousness can exist independently of the organism, and the conclusion is irresistible that it has a distinct existence *in* the organism also: in other words, we have no longer a parallelist, but an interactionist theory of the relation of mind and body.

I conclude, then, that if survival were established, Parallelism must be abandoned, and conversely, if Parallelism is true, survival is impossible.

But is survival consistent with Interactionism ?

The answer to this question will depend on the manner in which Interactionism conceives the nature and function of the psychic entity. According to one view, the psychic entity is to be regarded as no more than a unitary principle of intellectual and volitional activity: it is the "I" or subject implied in every conscious state, but dependent for that of which it is conscious on the co-operation of bodily causes. Consciousness, however, cannot exist as unity or activity in the abstract. It involves content as well as form, and content, according to this view, it derives exclusively from the interaction of mind with body. Sensations and ideas, including the ideas presented to us in memory, are essentially of psychophysical origin, and the subject, so far as cognitive, is thus wholly dependent on the nervous system. Nay, retention of past experiences is not even psycho-physical: it is exclusively physical, consisting of nothing more than material modifications or traces produced in and preserved by the nervous tissue of the brain.

This doctrine of the nature and functions of the psychic being is as hard to reconcile with survival of a conscious personality as are the doctrines of the Parallelist School.

Any theory which derives all possible content of consciousness from the nervous system makes the co-operation of the nervous system the *conditio sine qua non* of there being any consciousness at all. For such a theory dissolution of the organism must mean cessation of consciousness. But with cessation of consciousness the subject of consciousness must either cease to exist, or it must exist in a state of unconsciousness. The first of these alternatives is the denial of survival in any form; the second is the denial of the survival of a conscious personality.

We might, indeed, relaxing somewhat of the full strictness of the doctrine outlined above, find a way out of this difficulty by assuming an environment for the disembodied mind capable of taking the place of the nervous system and forming the

contributory factor of a new content of consciousness. But even so a further difficulty remains behind. For survival of a conscious personality involves at least some continuity of memory linking the present with the past. As Leibnitz said long ago, if one were to become Emperor of China on condition of entirely forgetting one's past, this would mean the annihilation of oneself and the creation of an Emperor of China. If then it be true that the brain is the sole depository of the past experiences of the individual mind—and many pathological and physiological observations are cited in favour of this view—the inevitable conclusion would seem to be that the dissolution of the brain means the total and irretrievable breaking of that link with the past on which survival of the personality as such is absolutely dependent.

The foregoing discussion has, I think, led to something more than merely negative results. It has brought out clearly what is the minimum of faculty, so to speak, which must be ascribed to the psychic being if it is to be regarded as capable of survival as a self-same conscious personality. I would formulate this minimum by saying that such a being must be able to re-act cognitively to an environment other than the brain or body with which it is associated, and cannot be wholly dependent on that brain or body for the memory of experiences belonging to the period of its corporeal existence. A psychic being with a nature of this kind answers more or less accurately to the popular idea of a soul—a word I have hitherto avoided using, because I wished to confine its employment to this particular signification. So confining it, one may sum up by saying that Interactionism, if it is to be consistent with personal survival, must be a doctrine of the relations of soul and body.

I need hardly remind you—indeed it follows from what I have already said—that soul, so understood, is a conception very much out of favour with modern scientific psychology. Physiological psychologists, in particular, have for the most part waged unremitting warfare against it. Even Professor

William James, to whose openness of mind Psychical Research owes a deep debt of gratitude, never comes within sight of the soul-hypothesis without immediately shying off. Now and again he casts a longing, lingering glance in that direction; but he always ends by passing carefully by on the other side. Anyone, therefore, who would play the part of Good Samaritan to a doctrine so battered and so unbefriended by experts must take heed to his footsteps and tread warily.

At this point the reader will no doubt feel inclined to take me up and say, "But, after all, has any empirical proof of survival ever been furnished by psychical researchers or by anyone else? You assumed for argument's sake that it had been; but this was assumption only. Are you really prepared to say that the evidence so far produced in favour of it carries conviction to your own mind?"

Frankly, I think the evidence falls considerably short of proof. That is my personal opinion. There is abundance of evidence, the simplest and readiest explanation of which would be the hypothesis of spirit-return; but no evidence, I think, of an absolutely crucial character—no evidence, that is, which excludes explanation by some other hypothesis. Consider, for instance, the phenomena of cross-correspondences which have received so much attention lately. A, B, and C are three automatic writers producing automatic script independently of each other in different parts of the country, perhaps even in different parts of the world. The automatic script purports to be inspired by the same discarnate personality. References are made in all three scripts on the same day, or within narrow limits of date, to a particular topic. The full significance of these references is not understood until the scripts are compared, when it is found that one reference illustrates and complements the other. For example, one script gives the words "Rosy is the East"—a slightly altered quotation from Tennyson's *Maud*. Another gives "Light in the West." A third, written almost simultaneously in Calcutta, describes a sky in which "the afterglow made the East as beautiful and

as richly coloured as the West," and proceeds with references intended to illustrate the union of opposites. When such correspondences occur frequently in the different scripts, it is impossible to ascribe them to chance, especially as one of the scripts will often itself give an indication that a parallel passage is to be looked for in the other scripts. The hypothesis of fraud and collusion has, I believe, been rejected by every competent student of the phenomena to which I am now alluding. It is, in my judgment, difficult to resist the conclusion that the correspondences are brought about by the intelligent and purposive action of some mind or other. The question is, What mind? Is it the discarnate personality which it claims to be?

At this point Psychological Research itself comes forward with the suggestion of an alternative answer. The intelligence at work may be that of some secondary self belonging in a sense to one of the automatists, yet acting independently and without the knowledge of the primary self—the means employed being that mysterious process of telepathy, as Myers called it, by which the content of one mind is imparted to another by some supersensory channel of communication.

Subliminal activity and telepathic faculty are two subjects which Psychological Research has made peculiarly its own. The former has even begun to attract the serious attention of scientific psychologists, and telepathy, though still looked askance at by the orthodox, has, in my opinion, passed into the region of established fact. Both, however, are known and studied in relation to living human beings; and you have only to suppose a secondary self endowed with a sufficiency of intelligence, will, independence of the primary self, telepathic faculty, and, it must be added, capacity for false personation, in order to turn the flank of much of the most striking evidence that may seem at first sight to tell in favour of the continued existence of the personality after bodily dissolution. A disembodied spirit might be the true explanation after all; but the possibility of the alternative explanation must make proof indefinitely more difficult.

What, however, are we to say of the alternative explanation itself? It will not do to summon to one's aid subliminal activity and telepathic faculty in order to resist the hypothesis of survival, and then turn round and repudiate the allies one has brought into the field. Subliminal activity, accordingly, and telepathic faculty remain on our hands, even if survival be dismissed as unproved. Subliminal activity I cannot attempt to deal with on this occasion; the subject is too large and complex. But with respect to telepathy I proceed to ask the same question that I have already asked with respect to the assumed truth of survival—namely, What is its bearing on currently accepted doctrines concerning the relations of mind and body?

Let me begin by expressing a mild surprise at the readiness with which these psychical phenomena—telepathy in particular—have received a home among the accepted beliefs of the ordinary educated public. That one mind should be able to tap or influence the thought of another mind, without any apparent physical means of communication between them, is taken almost as a matter of course by many who would scout the idea of spirit-return as a gross superstition. I came across a striking instance of this only the other day in an article in the *HIBBERT JOURNAL* for October. The writer is explaining how it came about that St Luke, the physician, in spite of his medical training, threw over the scientific teaching of his time, and became a believer in demoniac possession. "Even in our day," he says, "there have been and are keen minds of severe scientific habit—Sidgwick, Crookes, James, Lodge—who have been convinced that telepathy and the automatism of the sub-conscious self do not explain all the phenomena of hyper-psychics. Evidence has suggested to them the likelihood of the influence of discarnate souls. Some are persuaded of this. We cannot wonder at a similar persuasion in Luke." I quote this passage, not as accepting the accuracy of the statements which it contains, but because it affords so apt an illustration of the tendency I have just referred to. The writer is by no

means alone in straining at the notion of discarnate souls, while ready to swallow telepathy at a gulp ; and he evidently has no suspicion of the profound and even revolutionary effect on the whole of psycho-physical doctrine which this new conception may possibly be destined to produce.

Sir Oliver Lodge once spoke of telepathy as the firstfruits of the Society for Psychological Research. If the Society had done nothing else than establish this wonderful fact of communication between mind and mind without sensory intermediation of any description so far known to science, it would have justified its existence a hundred times over. Even now I doubt whether the far-reaching significance of this discovery has been at all generally or adequately realised. Suppose for a moment that those are right who regard telepathy as a purely physical phenomenon : even so, it is a phenomenon, unique, novel, unexampled in the physical world for strangeness and unintelligibility. If, on the other hand, its essence is direct action of mind on mind, then indeed it becomes of absolutely surpassing interest and importance. For it is not too much to say that no systematic psychology has as yet taken such a possibility into account.

In considering the two alternative views just mentioned, let me inquire in the first place what must be, or is likely to be, the attitude towards the question taken up by Epiphenomenalism, Parallelism, and Interactionism respectively in accordance with their several principles. I am, of course, assuming that the phenomenon is acknowledged to be genuine—as I myself firmly believe it to be—and that some explanation is imperatively called for other than fraud, credulity, or errors of observation. What account of it must the different theories give if they are to fit it into a consistent whole of doctrine ?

Take Epiphenomenalism first. Here there can be no manner of doubt. Epiphenomenalism, as we have seen, empties mind of every shred and vestige of causal activity. If direct action by mind on mind be the true account of telepathy, and telepathy itself be true, then Epiphenomenalism

must be false. The only explanation of the phenomenon which this theory can possibly accept without surrendering its fundamental principle is a purely physical one. It must hold that material modifications in one brain have been the cause of corresponding modifications in another, and that these material changes, and these alone, have produced the correlated mental states.

In the case of Parallelism the position is not quite so clear. While Parallelism denies any causal relation between the mental series and the brain series, it leaves open, in theory at least, the possibility of a causal relation of some kind between successive states in the mental series. It is true that the difficulties of working out this conception have in practice led to the brain series being treated throughout as the dominating and conditioning one. In proportion to the stress which it thus lays on the physical aspect of the underlying unity, Parallelism approaches in effect to Epiphenomenalism; but this is not a necessary consequence of the original doctrine. While therefore, on the one hand, Parallelism is bound to assume, like Epiphenomenalism, that telepathy, if real, is fully explicable in purely physical terms as an action of brain upon brain transmitted through a physical medium, the question may fairly be raised whether it is bound to exclude a corresponding action of mind upon mind. From one point of view, Parallelist principles would seem positively to suggest such action. For while Parallelism holds that there is an absolute correspondence, indeed an ultimate identity, between the individual mind and the brain, the brain itself is conceived as standing in physical relation with the rest of the material universe. I need not enter here into the difficulties which naturally arise in attempting to determine whether the whole of the brain, or if not the whole what part of it, forms the exact correlate of the individual consciousness, or whether that correlate should not include some part of the organism outside of the brain. It is sufficient for my present purpose to note that the physical relation of the brain with all

material existence external to it suggests by analogy the psychical relation of the individual mind with all other centres of consciousness. It is true that Parallelists have never, so far as I am aware, drawn this conclusion. Probably they would repudiate it. In that case telepathy becomes rather a hard nut for them to crack. But, on the other hand, to admit the action of mind on mind may land them in other difficulties. For this is obviously a very important extension of psycho-physical Parallelism, if we mean by that term the parallelism of mind and brain. The prospect it opens for us is rather the parallelism of mind in general with matter in general, and we come in sight of something that more resembles the monism of Spinoza than the monism which only has mind and brain in view. And it may well be asked whether the old bottles will stand the strain of this new wine; whether the conception of an exact parallelism between the individual mind and its concomitant brain is really legitimate in a universe so understood. The proper consideration of this point would, however, carry us straight over into metaphysics, which I have hitherto been careful to keep in the background as far as possible. For this reason I will dwell no further on difficulties connected with the psychical side of the question, but content myself with repeating that on the physical side, if telepathy be accepted, Parallelism, no less than Epiphenomenalism, must hold the transmitted action of brain upon brain to be its complete and adequate explanation.

Now, turn to Interactionism. What account can Interactionism give of telepathy? A greater latitude of interpretation seems admissible here than in the case of the rival psycho-physical theories. The Interactionist regards mind and brain as dual entities, in ordinary experience always found together, yet distinct from and influencing each other. If telepathic communication takes place between two beings, A and B, each constituted on this dual principle, there is nothing in the bare principle itself to entitle us to say that the communication may not be effected in any one of three ways:

—it may result from the action of A's brain on B's brain ; from the action of A's mind on B's mind ; or, lastly, from the action of A's mind on B's brain, or B's mind on A's brain. Now, if the first of these alternatives (the action of brain on brain) could be definitely excluded as an explanation, the acceptance of telepathy as proved fact would carry with it consequences of vital importance to the science of psychology. For Epiphenomenalism and Parallelism are both committed to this alternative : the former is committed to it absolutely ; the latter must at least hold it to be the true and complete account of telepathy on the physical side. Rejection of the alternative will accordingly involve rejection of both of these doctrines. Interactionism, on the other hand, would still have the two other alternatives to fall back upon.

Thus the issue is no small one, but in every way momentous.

We are asked to believe, first, that every mental event, however complex, has its exact counterpart in a particular arrangement or movement of material particles in the brain ; next, that in favourable circumstances the arrangement or movement of material particles in A's brain can, through the operation of purely physical laws, without aid from the machinery of the special senses or from any device of perceptive symbolism, cause a more or less complete reproduction of itself to be formed in B's brain, accompanied by a mental event corresponding to that which is being experienced by A.

I shrink from expressing a confident opinion about what is possible and what is not possible through the operation of physical laws. Yet I must confess that, even with X-rays and telephones and wireless telegraphy to help the imagination, I find such a notion as this strange almost to the point of incredibility. What sort of system of vibrations or of emitted particles can this be that, regardless of distance, acting across oceans and continents or through the body of the solid earth, can produce so detailed a repetition in one brain of the movements taking place in another as the case would seem to require ? Above all, what adequate account can be given

on mechanical principles of the selective action of telepathy—as exhibited, for instance, in the many cases in which the telepathic effect seems to follow, as it were, the direction of the agent's thought, and influence some particular person for whom it was intended, or to whom it conveys a message of special significance? Such difficulties as these certainly suggest that we are here in presence of a psychical rather than a physical phenomenon; and for me at least the psychical explanation remains decidedly the most probable one.

No doubt the case would be different if an antecedent improbability of a high order could be shown to attach to the idea of a direct action of mind upon mind, and I freely admit that psychologists generally have taken it for granted that such action is inadmissible. But for the most part it will be found that the supposed impossibility resolves itself into incompatibility with preconceived ideas, or else is an inference from the absence of observed cases. The first of these considerations cannot weigh with those who do not share the preconceptions, and the absence of observed cases cannot count for much in the face of later observations leading to a contrary conclusion.

For Interactionists, at all events, I should have thought there was no *a priori* improbability in the notion that the mind can directly interact with other existences besides the brain with which it is immediately associated. To interact even with the brain it must be *distinct* from the brain, not merely intellectually *distinguishable* from it by a process of abstraction. A real duality must be a duality of real existences. Why, then, should we assume that the individual mind, though a real entity, capable of acting and being acted upon, should be shut off from direct relation with all other real existents belonging together with it to a common universe, save and except the brain alone? Is not this at bottom merely the old dogma of physical science that a thing can only act where it is, and that therefore action at a distance is impossible? The mind is quasi-materially conceived as im-

prisoned within the skull, and accordingly as incapable of producing or experiencing effects except through the brain substance with which it is in some mysterious way in contact. Even in physical science, however, I do not think we can safely say that a thing can only act where it is, without adding that in some sense it *is* wherever it is found acting. And the same may be still more significantly true of mind or spirit.

Speaking for myself, so little does direct action of mind on mind present itself as impossible or even improbable, that telepathy merely comes to confirm what it seems to me might on general philosophic grounds have been independently anticipated. So far from regarding it as a rare phenomenon, I think it much more likely to be a universal one, nay, to be the very foundation of our having a common world at all. Indeed, I am tempted to go further still, and suggest that the human organism itself is the mansion of many centres of consciousness, all in actual or possible telepathic *rapprochement* with each other; that the so-called subliminal activity is the activity of subordinate centres; and that the supreme centre of all—the real self of each of us—is more directly dependent on this conscious environment that belongs to it by virtue of its connection with a living organism than on the material elements that constitute our physical brain.

Such a hypothesis may strike the reader as merely fantastic and extravagant. And, though I believe a good case could be made for it on a review of the observed phenomena of subliminal activity to which I have been unable to do more than briefly allude here, it is perhaps imprudent to put it forward in this bare and unsupported form even as a suggestion. At all events, I will not insist upon it further, but, for what I have to say in conclusion, will return to that narrower conception of the scope of telepathy which limits it to supersensory communication between distinct individuals. Telepathy in this sense, I consider an established fact. Supersensory communication does occur, explain it how you will. It is open to Interactionism to refer it to the direct action of

mind upon mind, and that is the interpretation to which I myself strongly incline as the true one. If true, does it cast back any light on the question of survival which formed the starting-point of our discussion ?

Yes, I think it does. In the first place, it rids us of the shadow of a psycho-physical monism, which in its practical conclusions is little better than materialism. But it does more than this. We have already considered the minimum of faculty which must be ascribed to the psychic being if it is to be conceived capable of surviving as a personality and so deserve the name of soul. Such a being, we said, cannot be wholly dependent on the brain for the content of its consciousness, whether as knowing or as remembering : it must have some other environment to which it can directly react, and some independent source of memory either in this other environment or in itself.

It is just at this point that the bearing of telepathy on the question of survival comes in. For telepathy, understood as I understand it, is evidence that the conscious self can be, and actually is, in direct relation with that environment other than the brain, which we found it necessary to postulate as a condition of survival. This is not in itself sufficient to prove that brain is not indispensable to consciousness ; but it does, I think, greatly weaken the force of one of the main reasons for holding it to be so. For if a mind associated with a brain can be in direct relation with that which is not its brain, there is at least a *prima facie* ground for supposing that this relation may subsist after the brain has been resolved into its physical elements. Our conception of telepathy would on this hypothesis undergo an important expansion. We began by considering it only in connection with living human beings ; we should now have to see in it the universal form of interaction between conscious selves, whether embodied or discarnate. We began by noticing how seriously the evidence in favour of survival was weakened by the counter hypothesis of telepathic faculty combined with subliminal agency ; we should have to end by recognising in the telepathic faculty itself a hint that

the alternative explanation may not, in fact, cover the whole ground, and that spirit-return is still a possibility to be reckoned with.

Further than this I am not prepared to go at present, and I feel strongly that in this little-explored region we may have to be content, for a long time to come, with conclusions that are merely tentative and provisional. What is now wanted is not merely more facts, but more workers, and a more liberal appreciation by the scientific world of the importance of the facts already collected. The Society for Psychical Research has done splendid pioneer work during the twenty-five years of its existence, and its patient labours in the accumulation and sifting of evidence on which stable judgments may be hereafter based is worthy of all praise. But the pioneer stage has lasted long enough. It is high time that systematic occupation of the new territory should begin: and deep, in my opinion, will be the discredit to orthodox psychology should it continue much longer to neglect and even ignore a field of investigation promising so rich and varied a harvest.

G. W. BALFOUR.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE SOCIALIST STATE.

MISS VIDA D. SCUDDER.

1. WHO can fail to speculate concerning the future of Christianity, under new social forms?

Through all change the religion of Christ has manifested constantly new phases of moral and spiritual power. Marvellous in versatility and ingenuity has been its course under untoward skies! For fifteen hundred years European society presented an aristocratic structure founded upon force. Despite its naturally democratic instincts, Christianity made the most of the moral opportunities offered by this régime. It placed its emphasis on obedience to authority, religious and secular, and by this means gave the young races the discipline essential to their progress. At the same time it called its chosen to a complete withdrawal from a world it could modify but not subdue, and held up through the great monastic orders an uncompromising standard of humility and non-resistance. Slowly the social situation changed: to the Ages of Violence succeeded the Age of Greed. Feudalism died: Capitalism entered upon the scene. During the period of transition the Renaissance brought with it, correlative to the expanse of commerce, a new passion for liberty and intellectual light. Christianity discovers the necessity for these things on the religious side: Protestantism is born and intellectual courage and inward freedom become the gifts which Christianity gives the changing order. The last two centuries in which

industrialism has come to its own witness the gravest check yet experienced by the religious consciousness. We instinctively feel that modern commercial and competitive civilisation is even further removed than the Middle Ages from the will and spirit of Jesus: for the deliberate self-seeking which it has encouraged as its basal virtue is in more dangerous antagonism to His teachings than that *naïf* acceptance of the rule of the strongest that shaped mediæval society. He rebuked violence always less severely than greed. Yet, during the control of this industrial system—a control from which we hope that we may soon escape—we see the Christian temper, while temporarily powerless to overcome the evils and experiencing in consequence an ebb-tide of spiritual passion, at least utilising modern social misery and terror to engender a resolute sympathy, a social devotion to service, that are both good in themselves and must rank high among the forces of emancipation. In such various ways has the religion of Christ penetrated the heart and mind, wresting from the false and the imperfect in every stage of development, ever fresh means of education and discipline, while with constant firmness it has pointed to the ideal city where the will of its Lord shall be more perfectly manifest. If we may judge from the past, there is no reason to fear lest Christianity fail in power to adapt itself to a new order, or to furnish what correctives and stimuli such an order may be able to receive.

The situation toward which we are apparently on the way is extremely interesting. Force and greed die hard, nor does any one expect that they will ever be eliminated from human nature. But the civilisations definitely founded on them do seem to be passing away. Armaments still absorb the wealth of nations; yet, in the large, military organisation has yielded to industrial, and warfare, in the West, is reduced more and more, like the orthodox hell, to a logical necessity in the background. Commerce continues its Moloch-like career; yet mere economy in production begins to demand the elimination

of the human and material waste that it now entails. The basis of these papers is the assumption that a new society, industrial rather than militant, co-operative rather than competitive, is coming to the birth. Christian ethics will have an opportunity to operate for the first time in this society, in harmony with the general forces of social progress. Can we expect that the religion which has shown so great vitality while existing on sufferance, is likely to disappear when its ethics have permeated the social structure?

It is hardly thinkable. And yet people are not lacking to claim that the very triumph of Christian principles means that the work of Christianity is done. For these principles will in the days to come, they claim, no longer need the support of definite creeds. Christianity is fading out of conscious life even as it comes ethically to its own.

There are grave reasons for supporting this position. The socialist movement, which seems to hold the lead in our onward progress, was non-Christian in origin, is anti-Christian in animus. Influences quite outside of Christianity, moreover, are exerting an increasing influence among us. Add one more to these sufficiently pregnant facts. Religious authority, in the old sense, is a vanished illusion. Under its fostering care, as administered by the Church Catholic, mediæval Europe was nurtured. It has fought hard to hold its own: it has ceased to exist. "I went by, and lo! it was gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

2. These are plausible and powerful considerations. But the future holds its secrets well. One certitude is forced on us: the assurance that it is unlikely that Christianity will retain so nominally exclusive a sway as it has hitherto done in Western Europe. Already this exclusiveness is breaking, and new faiths, some more or less loosely allied to it, others defiantly separating themselves from its terminology, begin to arise. It is highly probable that the day of its conventional social control is passing and will soon be forgotten. The time will come when the Christian faith will have to fight for right

of way among crowding antagonists as vigorously as in the times of Athanasius and Augustine.

And in thoughts like these all genuine Christians must rejoice. Without the call to high adventure, the faith has never flourished. A wise leader has pointed out that Christianity is to-day suffering from diffusion at the cost of intensity. The believer draws a deep breath of relief in forecasting a society in which it will have lost all artificial prestige, and must meet its rivals face to face on fair terms, contending with them in an open field. What prospect could so release us from those modern languors which debilitate our souls?

We may already discern two chief attitudes, which may or may not crystallise into systems, but which will surely draw to themselves a large proportion of religious feeling in the social democracy. The first, and perhaps the dominant, will be a new hedonism, strengthened probably by the revelations of science and informed by the mystical pantheism for which democratic forms of society have a special affinity. A Whitman-like religion it will be, instinct with indiscriminating reverence for all manifestations of life, crying with William Blake, "Everything that lives is holy," and assigning to natural impulses a controlling rôle. Immanent ideas will entirely have superseded transcendental. Somewhat checked, perhaps, by the social principles that will demand protection for the physical well-being of the race, this attitude will, on the whole, tend to obliterate the older moral categories in favour of a religion emotional, tolerant, more or less fatalistic, in which the sympathies will be strongly developed and the disciplines ignored. Much of the defiant feeling generated in the schools of revolt flows already into this channel. One foresees new throngs of devout adherents in a state where the fiercer passions will be held more in leash than now, and a generally diffused well-being will tend to reproduce in human society, to a superficial view, the non-moral harmonies of Nature. The faith may well be organised, and assume varying forms—some crass and crude, others exquisitely alluring.

Various sects will probably appear, some repudiating with distaste all form and ceremony, while others develop a sumptuous ritual rich in symbolic rites.

This new hedonism will be the natural outcome of the scheme of things, exhaling without effort from the social order. By its side there may well arise, in reaction, more ascetic schools, repudiating the life of the flesh as wholly evil. Inspired by ancient Eastern tradition, and reinforced, perhaps, by psychical science, these schools will take advantage of the ever-persistent craving to work out the perfection of the soul through the disciplines of mortification. They will summon men swiftly to disencumber themselves of all earthly preoccupations that their pilgrimage to eternity may be more sure. Like the first, they may have their ritual and hierarchy, and we can imagine the contrast in type of the priests of the two orders. The Utopians, so Sir Thomas More tells us, had two kinds of priests. The one set were cheerful married folk, enjoying life in its fulness and calling others to share their joys. The second were ascetic and celibate. "The Utopians," remarks sage Sir Thomas, "esteem the first kind the wiser, but they count the others as more holy."

These moods, not yet crystallised, are of course even now prevalent, both within and without the Christian Church. That they have valuable elements no one would deny. That they are, when taken in exclusive emphasis, unchristian, though for different reasons, is equally clear. Against all such theories Christianity is even now half consciously struggling. On what grounds must she base her future appeal against these rivals of hers?

To answer, we must turn away from the elements common to Christianity and other religions. The Christian who finds his own religion supremely life-giving will hold that all which gives life in any faith is found in his own creed, free from over-emphasis. But apart from this inclusiveness, he must find in the Christian formula some permanent and unique norm or germ of power.

3. Every thinker naturally makes his own attempt to analyse and define this essence of Christianity. Loisy, Harnack, Tolstoi, has each his formula. Matthew Arnold, the keen precursor of these schools, perhaps did as well as any when he declared the essence of Christianity to consist in the method and secret of Jesus: the method of inwardness, the secret of self-renunciation. Yet with all respect to that lucid and honest thinker, how unsatisfactory any such formulæ appear! Inwardness, self-renouncement—has Christianity proclaimed these more loudly than any other religion has done? More modern definitions on the same lines fare no better. Are we not driven to feel that the distinctive strength of a religion is not found in noble ethical suggestions such as these, sure to be held in common with other faiths? Must we not rather find that distinctive strength in the help the religion affords our whole thinking and feeling being to relate itself to the eternal? So the great saints have thought; they ought to know better than we. Looking at the matter, not abstractly, but in the light of Christian history, what gifts have been judged most precious? What have men defended with most ardent passion, illustrated in their characters and lives?

The greatest gift of Christianity to the world is doubtless the Image of Jesus—that personality which, “lifted up on the Cross, lifted up into glory,” draws all men to Himself. This is not the place to discuss the historic support for that Image, nor the process made constantly clearer by modern scholarship, through which It came to represent to the faithful all they could know of God, and became, as It still remains, central to the obedience and the adoration of the Christian world. But looking into the life of the Christian ages, we should not be far wrong if we noted twofold conceptions guarding and preserving that gift. On the side of the daring effort to reveal something of the nature of ultimate reality, that startling, misused, profoundly original hypothesis, the doctrine of the Trinity: on the safer side of man’s direct experience of the Divine working through the human, the doctrines of the

Incarnation and the Atonement. These ideas of course have their parallels in other religions, but they have at least proved central to devotion and been esteemed essential by Christian life as well as thought, throughout the ages before the modern eclipse of faith. Narrow applications and interpretations of these ancient doctrines are exhausted; yet even to-day, in spite of liberalising tendencies, they hold a sway surprisingly wide. As we recognise the power they have shown, as history went on, to meet new needs, it will surely be pertinent to dwell on their probable future. If these are to be swept away, it is hard to assert that religion would be, in any specific sense, Christian, however it might retain that common fund of persistent ethical ideals which Christianity shares with all other life-giving religions.

4. Is the doctrine of the Trinity, for instance, the mere expression of pseudo-metaphysical speculation that is now only an historic curiosity? Or is it conceivable that this symbol of the inexpressible will appear less arbitrary, more satisfying to man thinking religiously, as time unfolds? Theological terms are notoriously kittle cattle—hard to drive and sadly likely to mislead their herdsman. Yet perhaps it is not fantastic to believe that in the future, “that social thought of God,” as Phillips Brooks used to say, “which we call the doctrine of the Trinity,” may be more clearly interpreted, nay, demanded, by the constitution of society and the modes of human life than ever before. Why should not its message come with new force to a generation nurtured in every nerve and fibre of its mental being by the social democracy? Certainly the conception of the Divine implied in it is more richly and closely related to human life than that of a barren and aristocratic monotheism. Here is William James restlessly insisting that pluralistic or polytheistic beliefs would afford a better intellectual attack than monotheism on the ultimate realities. Why should not what he means find satisfaction in that Christian thought of the Final Mystery in which not only diverse aspects of One Being, but also centres of

consciousness diversely related to the universe even while inter-dependent, are dimly discerned? Tritheism has become absurd; but can the older monotheism content a generation possessed by the growing sense of multiplicity in unity, both in regard to the study of Nature and to human experience? The development of the social consciousness, which will be the chief psychical result of the new society, will inevitably react upon the idea of God. Do we not begin to perceive a possible trend of such reaction? Probably we cannot imagine how far the new social intuition may lead us toward the destruction of separateness, even while individuality is maintained, so that men will divine each the mind and the heart of the other, feeling, acting in unison while forfeiting in no degree the miracle of individual life. May not the trinitarian formula be a natural outcome in devout minds of such experience?

But let us turn from these inexpressible hints to simpler thoughts. By the doctrine of the Trinity, Christian thought was struggling to express its superb perception that love was eternal. It belonged in its origin, not to the contingent, the transitory, but to the essence of Infinite Being. Save for the clumsy phrases concerning a division of persons in the Godhead, how could this great truth have been expressed? Pressing behind the visible and temporal universe, in the depths of the Uncreated, thought divined Love present from the beginning. Faith in a Son, "begotten before all worlds," through a relation conceived as the archetype to the most sacred human experience, in a Spirit ever "proceeding from the Father and the Son," and in that eternal procession excluding from Deity the least possibility of limitation or self-absorption, represented the final triumph of religious thought. It lifted over a world ravaged by hate and selfishness its desperate, glorious assertion that the abiding reality was found, not in isolation, but in fellowship; not in self-seeking, but in a giving of self to the uttermost; not in personality shut in upon itself, but in an equal interchange

of love attaining that highest unity which only differentiation can produce. Such, doubtless, was the impulse underlying the trinitarian formula. It is an impulse likely, in the future, as we have seen, to be strengthened; that it will cling to the old formula we cannot assert, yet we may say that the full meaning of that formula should be revealed as never before as the meaning of human fellowship grows more intense and our power deepens to realise the vast complex of centres of experience which are yet mystically and absolutely one.

5. These are high matters. Thought gropes and stumbles less in turning to other ideas, closely interwoven with the effort to express the farthest reaches of the Divine Nature, yet more directly and tenderly within the range of human experience. Faith in Incarnation and Atonement has been through Christian history central to the devotion of the faithful. Holding men with a power inconceivable had the life of Jesus not been lived, the extent of the need to which they minister is evidenced by their presence in other religions. Nowhere else, however, have they passed from theory into the very heart of life and become effectively operative.

Now "incarnational" ideas would find logical place and development in the socialist commonwealth as they have never done before. These social institutions would afford the natural soil in which they and the kindred doctrine of a Holy Spirit, indwelling in nature, and more especially in consecrated humanity, could flourish; the doctrines in their turn would give exactly the needed sanction to democratic and yet more to socialistic theory. It would seem that these doctrines must have had a severe struggle to commend or maintain themselves during the Middle Ages and earlier, when the natural order was regarded by the spiritually minded as an asset of the powers of evil. And indeed, from the days when early gnosticisms, shrinking affrighted and disgusted from the idea of a real Incarnation, forced Catholic thought to the great affirmations of the Athanasian Creed, we can plainly watch the struggle. It was a struggle never abandoned.

The Christian who is also a socialist can say with at least strong show of truth that, despite superficial appearances to the contrary, it has really been the belief in the Incarnation, working in the depths, misunderstood by its most ardent adherents, that has led the Western nations on to their present strong and clear demand for the rehabilitation of the natural order. Much confusion obtains at this point, and people from both camps will cry out against us. Yet surely the Christian who reproaches the socialist with materialism because he wants to begin the process of social redemption with the establishment of right physical conditions is disloyal. Belief that the spirit must and can be revealed only through the instrument of flesh, is natural to one who has knelt at Bethlehem. In the doctrine of the Incarnation is the warrant to all thinking Christian men for the socialist hope, so scouted by many followers of a false idealism, that the effective protection of bodily health and material decencies will emancipate the higher life of mind and spirit. And we may surely picture to ourselves this doctrine, so closely associated with the most effective Teacher of the ethics that must underlie the very foundations of the socialist state, commending itself more completely in that state than ever before.

And further: in the faith in the Incarnation and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit—apprehended as they have always been within Western Christendom, but with increasing clearness—may lie the corrective for those exclusively immanental ideas which already threaten to become current. For these doctrines present the point of union for transcendental and immanental thought. To the Christian that power which expresses God through man is no mere product of an evolving Nature; it must descend from above. That Spirit who is the Lord and Giver of life is not only the soul

“That wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from below and quickens it above,”

as the all but inspired verse implies; it flows in upon us from a region beyond the universe we know or surmise.

These ideas will doubtless be modified and enriched as thought goes on and experience deepens. But if, on large lines, they can hold their own, they will counteract the risk always involved in purely Pantheistic schemes; first, of weakening the moral sense; and second, of blurring the vision of an absolute perfection beyond the changing order, and thus, in the long run, destroying the possibility of progress and producing, as in the East, a civilisation that does not move onward, but returns upon itself from age to age.

6. Among all ideas potent in historic Christianity, that of the Atonement is to-day the most unpopular. Ugly travesties and crude forms, long abandoned of all thinking people, are still attacked as if they were living faiths, with a repugnance which measures the wholesome horror they have inspired. Yet apparently, there is something in the idea which will not be ignored. Still, though all thought of propitiating an angry god or buying off a malignant devil has faded, the faith in redemption as essential, as accomplished, works secretly at the heart of all which lives in the old religion. Types of Christianity that evade it grow pallid, formal, and cold. Still the Cross crowns the pinnacles of our churches, rises from countless altars, is hidden in the hearts of the faithful. Still the Eucharistic Feast shows forth the Lord's death till He come and summon His disciples to "fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ." The ideal of sacrifice, deeply implanted in all great religions, has been transfigured by Christianity with strange new glory. Should it perish, whatever name the religion of the future may bear, this will not be the Christianity known to Europe for nigh two thousand years.

But it is against this very ideal that the psychical forces of the socialist state are sure to rally with most antagonistic vigour; here we may say, in all reverence, the crux of the coming struggle will be found. For what the doctrine of the Atonement implies is the repudiation of all easy-going hedonism. A growing revolt against sacrificial ideas has

been coincident with the rise of democracy. In the co-operative commonwealth a yet more pervading reverence for life in its fulness, a deepening confidence in human nature, will involve a loathing of mutilation in any form which may well seem incompatible with the teaching of the Cross. The religion of Christ, if this teaching be indeed its centre, may look forward to the fiercest struggle that it has ever yet known. Other leading doctrinal conceptions—those of the Trinity and of the Incarnation—may, as we have seen, find response from the deeper instincts born of the New Order. Faith in this final mystery, which completes the ministry of Christianity to the soul and its power as an educating force, will run athwart the surface impulses of civilisation and must be maintained, if at all, in contradiction to its apparent laws.

Yet, unless the teaching of the Cross can endure, our labour, from the Christian point of view, will have been all in vain. First, because in no soft civilisation can the soul attain its growth; then, because opportunity for martyrdom is essential to fulness of life.

Christianity will not, indeed, be alone in recognising the need for expiation and atonement. Those ascetic types of religion which, as we have seen, are likely to come flooding in from the East, offering correctives to the general case, will summon their votaries to strange self-mortifications. But these religions will form a current opposed, not only to the superficial dangers, but also to the creative and healthful forces by which the new society will be nourished. For they are all alike founded on ingrained distrust and repudiation of the world of sense. Now the value of pure asceticism is over. The distinctive mark and crowning honour of Christianity is the clearness with which it combines perception of the necessity for sacrifice with full faith in the sanctity of the natural order when once redeemed by love. If a religion of sacrifice is to hold its ground at all, we should surely wish it to prevail in the Christian form rather than in forms that run counter to the best instincts and gains of democracy.

Love holds the key to the situation. Why is it true that martyrdom is life at its height? Not because suffering is in itself good—we may hope that this ugly fallacy will never be believed again—but because only through suffering can love, which is the end of all personal and social striving, be manifest and perfected. Not all suffering is sacrifice. But we should not be far wrong if we said that only suffering which is sacrifice can ennoble. It should then be the aim of social advance to reduce as much as possible all pain that is not sacrificial—but only in order that sacrificial pain may shine forth as the crowning glory to which character can attain. Unless the future offer opportunity for such glory we must account it a failure. A community in which, to quote one socialist school, “the good of the individual and the good of the whole can never be at odds,” might be the meanest ever known, for love might know no heroisms there. The summons to that Way of the Cross which is the Way of Life must sound through all the amenities and melodies of the gentle civilisation of our dreams; otherwise our boasted commonwealth of life will be a commonwealth of death, and a race¹ “with ghastly smooth life, dead at heart, tame in earth’s paddock for her prize,” will cruelly mock the martyrdoms through which its freedom has been won.

The true test of a religion of sacrifice is to come. During those early Christian centuries, so racked by violence, men clung desperately to the Cross as the only refuge from a world of pain. The sign of a redeeming agony, erected at the centre of the market-place, rising from sweet country ways, taught everywhere its silent lesson and led men on to ardours of mortification and devotion in which egotistic fears and false theories of life often mingled with nobler things. Those days, with their special incentives and confusions, will never return. When their stern props are removed, when life on the surface shall have become pacific, productive, easily fraternal, will it become selfish and enervating too?

¹ Browning: *Easter Day*.

No; for the goal of perfection is infinitely far, and advance will show new reaches of the way. It will have taken close on two thousand years—perhaps quite two thousand—to achieve the social acceptance of the ethical ideals of Christianity. This victory will be no signal for pause. From the beginning a sterner teaching was implicit in the words of the Founder of the Faith; but it was revealed only to those who had received the elementary laws of the Kingdom. Not to the crowds of the Mount of Beatitudes, but to a straggling group of foot-sore apostles, was the command issued to take up the Cross and follow Him; and only in the upper chambers, probably after the traitor had withdrawn, was the full force of the command, with its implications of life given for the Beloved, made wholly plain. So, in the long unfolding through history of the teaching given in symbol and miniature during the earthly life of Jesus, the time may come for a harder struggle just where victory seems reached, “and where we look for crowns to fall, we find the tug’s to come—that’s all.” The true idea of disinterested sacrifice can only come to its own when cruder theories of self-centred asceticism have been outgrown, and when the external conditions of life shall no longer force misery and endurance on the majority of a passive humanity. Scouted on the surface, the Law of the Cross must be the inner strength of a society that would realise brotherhood. Vicarious atonement! It has been the most scorned of all Christian doctrines; it is viewed to-day with cold incredulity. Yet it is entirely and superbly democratic, and the slow education of the race is bringing us to the point where it must come to its own, re-discovered, re-asserted, the culminating expression of the deepest intuitions fostered by the New Order. Through Christian history the doctrine has been a germ of growth, training the selfish peoples to a dim and confused perception that no man liveth or dieth to himself, and that there are no depths, spiritual or physical, at which he is powerless to help his brother. To-day, democracy and psychical science are combining to show us the unbelievably

intimate unity of the life of the whole race—a unity so close that our own spiritual state undoubtedly sends its vibrations through the whole unseen universe, making at every moment for the salvation or destruction of the whole. And so they show us the actuality and meaning of the ancient doctrines.

Beyond what beckoning ways the Cross may rise is not for us to see. Many opportunities for sacrifice will obviously be unchanged. Industrial relations do not constitute the whole of life; the region of personal ties, for instance, will be unaffected, so far as chances for self-abnegation go, by changes in the social order. We cannot doubt, moreover, that the new society will offer new occasions. In repudiation of easily accessible opulence for the sake of a higher good; in subordination, always a harder task than rejection; it may be in lonely adventure into far realms of psychical experience from which the pioneer may bring back messages of hope for all, the law may be fulfilled.

But chiefly we must trust the very fact of social advance to engender an ever-new anguish that will call for an ever-new redemption. We cannot, even casually, contemplate sacrifice without encountering an obstinate phenomenon—the consciousness of sin. Sin! The modern world evades the word. President Eliot has no place for it in his new religion. A clergyman, writing in this Journal, avows with a candour that claims respect, that it is to him repellent and meaningless. Yet conviction of sin is the first condition of growth. The thought of sacrifice implies not only a giving but a receiving, and the race that produces saviours must also need to be saved. The holiest men have always experienced the most bitter penitence; nor can we imagine it otherwise with the nobler community of our dreams. A humanity that, through the joint pressure of economic and moral forces, has at last achieved social forms that express the alphabet of Christian ethics, must be increasingly sensitive to its moral failures if its success is to mean progress. One shrinks from imagining a society devoid of the life-giving sting of remorse.

There will always be some to feel this sting. We cannot here sound, but we may at least recognise, the power of Christianity to meet their need. We saw it competent to correct the moral superficiality that may be all too prevalent, by holding up its inexorable ideal of absolute holiness ; we see it now competent to heal the wound of these souls of deeper insight ; for in that very ideal, which is the Judge, it beholds, by miracle of grace, the Redeemer. The Supreme Sacrifice to which its eyes are turned has, as it claims, not risen from the natural order, but been manifest from above. So it is that the religion of the Cross has proved competent throughout history to quicken at once that sense of failure and that confident hope of renewal, from the union of which comes power to go on.

“ O Love of God ! O sin of man !
In this dread hour your strength is tried,
And victory remains with love ! ”

It seems unlikely that in any living civilisation these lines should lose their force. That vision of perfection which Christian teachers hold aloft will always be needed. But the shadow of a Cross must always fall along a path where the vision of perfection sheds its light.

So thorny is this path of life that the only strength which has enabled man to tread in it is the belief that God has trodden it first. If the doctrine of the Trinity means that love was at the beginning, so Calvary means to the Christian heart that love is at the end also. A Deity who did not stoop to the last agony would be a God surpassed by man “ in the one way of love ”—man, so eager to die for his beloved—and so, no God at all. The Cross is necessary to the full conception of Godhead. So awfully compelling is the vision of the Way of Sorrows with one despised and rejected moving along it to Calvary, that the most rebellious eyes must see it wherever they turn. In Ibsen’s *Emperor and Galilean*, Julian the Apostate fights a life-long, losing battle against the Galilean,

in the name of the fair glories of the Pagan world. On the night before his last conflict, he recounts a dream :—

“Where is He now? Has He been at work elsewhere, since that happened at Golgotha?

“I dreamed of Him lately. I dreamed that I ordained that the memory of the Galilean should be rooted out on earth. Then I soared aloft into infinite space till my feet rested on another world.

“But behold—there came a procession by me, on the strange earth where I stood. And in the midst of the slow-moving array was the Galilean, alive, and bearing a cross on His Back. Then I called to Him and said: ‘Whither away, Galilean?’ But He turned His Head toward me, smiled, nodded slowly, and said: ‘To the Place of the Skull.’

“Where is He now? What if that at Golgotha, near Jerusalem, was but a wayside matter, a thing done as it were in passing, in a leisure hour? What if He goes on and on, and suffers, and dies, and conquers, again and again, from world to world?”

From world to world, also from age to age. The great doctrine of the Atonement, like all the other Christian doctrines, is viewed more and more *sub specie æternitatis*. Under the growing perception of the divine fulfilled in the human, we come to know that redemption is achieved, not by a God working apart from His creation and performing isolated miracles, but by the union in sacrificial passion of all who would spend themselves for the world's need, following the Captain of their salvation. That such sacrifice is eternally necessary has always been clear to the Christian vision. That it will be less generally acknowledged in the coming age is highly probable. That it will ever die from the hearts of the faithful is not to be conceived. And in their very fidelity to this stern doctrine, repugnant to a civilisation superficially smooth, in which the cruder incentives to faith are lacking, may be the ultimate test of loyalty. Opportunities for new martyrdoms will rise from the very con-

ditions of the society we seek to evoke. For Calvary is ever near to the metropolis. We labour to "build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land," and hope to succeed in part. But though we obtain a better image than our fathers of that "Civitas Dei" for which their eyes have longed, we may rest in no complacency. Beside our New Jerusalem, as beside the Old, will rise the Hill of Golgotha. So it will be till we attain that Jerusalem which is above and free, the mother of us all: through all imaginable social transformations, Christ, in the person of His followers, will still be despised and rejected of men.

7. We may look forward, then, to a society in which Christianity will still be a living force. Many rivals may dispute the ground with it. Its scope and the number of its adherents may be smaller; the life-giving principle at its heart may have to encounter insidious and sharp opposition from many directions. Yet, so far as we can see, it alone will have the power to furnish the secret strength, without which the very civilisation that discards it could never survive. As of old, so for ever, its dying may be the life of the world.

If, in conclusion, we question what forms of historic Christianity seem best fitted to survive these deep changes and to commend themselves in the new society, the answer, if surprising, is clear. Catholicism and socialism are to-day violently opposed. Yet it has happened before now in history that dearest foes in seeming have been dearest friends in truth. Catholicism, as the more social form of Christianity, is much more likely than Protestantism to adapt itself to the socialist state; for it will be more analogous to the instincts and methods which this state will foster. Catholicism subordinates yet deepens the individual life; Protestantism exalts it without probing. The discipline of the secular state will find its religious counterpart in the Catholic system: citizens trained on the lines of the Commonwealth should make excellent sons of the Church. Again, in its frank acceptance of evolutionary principles the social democracy may find a cor-

relative in Catholicism. It may seem humorous to speak of that Church which, of all powers in the modern world, clings most resolutely to the past, as a progressive force. Yet nothing can grow that is not rooted; where are the roots of Protestantism, considered, not as an individual attitude, but as a social religion? We may not forget that the great names which flashed the evolutionary idea on the nineteenth century were not two, but three—the principle which Darwin enunciated in natural science and Karl Marx in economics, was proclaimed in the central sphere of religion, and at an earlier date, by John Henry Newman. There are deeper points of contact still. For certain minds of no superficial order the sacramental system will afford the very interpretation of life for which a perfected democracy must yearn. If, finally, Matthew Arnold be right in saying that Catholicism has a firmer hold than Protestantism on the secret of Jesus—on that necessity for sacrifice which we have seen to be central to Christian thought—then, in a civilisation where the religion of Christ can alone rightly supply this need, Catholicism should prevail. We can indeed plainly foresee various forms of nominal Christianity, more or less closely affiliated to humanitarian or pantheistic schemes, which will disregard the intellectual travail of the Catholic ages, while yet they award to Christ a leading place in the pantheon of the world's heroes. But the more austere Church, which, singing for ever its "O Salutaris Hostia!" steadfastly elevates the Host in benediction above a sinful world, is likely to draw to itself, with few exceptions, those for whom Christianity is not a relative theory, but a revelation of absolute though unfolding truth. True, this Church herself must undergo sweeping and searching modifications before she can fulfil such a function. But do we not already, to-day, see her in the agony of inward transformation? If the nobler forces in which she so abounds can only conquer, it is not difficult to picture the august Church Catholic pursuing a life-giving and sacrificial way within that co-operative society which will bless Christianity at once with a fuller chance to expand

and with more powerful foes to fight than ever it has known before.

Thus, all the more on account of the probable prevalence of other religions, Christian doctrine no less than Christian ethics may find freer play and win deeper understanding in the coming days. But a truce to speculation! Out of its mazes we need to hold to one clue only: the assurance that the race of the future, released from the languor and material bondage that weigh our spirits down, may care for Truth with a new intensity, and know more anguish than we in the search for her, more joy in the possession. In the new society as in the old, religious passion will rise out of the very substance of life itself. During this time of transition it is our high privilege to keep the flame from which the new altars shall be kindled, alit from the old and eternal source. For only if the flame can burn more brightly on the altar of the Spirit will it be worth while for human labour to have built the altar better and to have adorned it more beautifully.

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CONCERNING IMPRISONMENT.

BY ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED IT.

[THE Editor has taken all the means open to him, by personal interview and otherwise, to ascertain the *bona fides* of the writer of this article. It will be understood that in such conditions formal guarantees are not easily obtainable; nevertheless, the Editor is personally satisfied. The name of the writer is withheld for obvious reasons; but the reader is entitled to know the following: (1) The offence for which the writer was imprisoned was the misappropriation of money at a time of financial embarrassment. (2) His sentence of six years, which, by good conduct, he reduced to four and a half, was served in an Australian prison. Previous to his trial in Australia, he spent three months in prison in England. (3) He does not deny the offence with which he was charged, having pleaded guilty at his trial. (4) He has never before published any account of his experiences, nor any writing on the subject of imprisonment. (5) The article is paid for by the HIBBERT JOURNAL, but the writer expressed himself willing to receive no remuneration whatsoever. (6) Since the termination of his sentence some years have elapsed, and he is now well advanced in life.—Having satisfied himself as to the *bona fides* of his contributor, the Editor offers this article to readers of the HIBBERT JOURNAL as helping to throw some light on one of the fundamental problems of society.]

FROM the very nature of the case none but those who are or have been prisoners know what imprisonment really is. The greatest possible ignorance of the subject and collateral callousness among the general public are thus perfectly natural

conditions. How can any be qualified to convey information concerning a world of the dead but those who are or have been its citizens? As a guarantee to readers that the present handling of the matter rests for its foundations, not on hypothesis but on this essential, first-hand knowledge, it is proper to state here that the writer has been so fittingly qualified.

Thus dreadfully instructed he affirms that, did men and women realise what imprisonment actually means and is, they would immediately free all prisoners by main force, put the *personnel* at undepraving work, and make any continuance of the horrible thing impossible.

Let us follow the successive principal stages of imprisonment, as these involve a prisoner under the British flag. There are insignificant local differences in sundry details, but the hard, central routine is invariable. In the first place, whether innocent or guilty, whether kept waiting for trial a few days or a few months, a prisoner is treated as guilty except with regard to shaving, labour, and dress. He is not allowed knife or fork, and must tear the coarse food provided with teeth and fingers. Arrest to a man who has never been placed under duress is shockingly demoralising. This demoralisation is increased by his surroundings to such an extent that possibilities of defence are weakened, neglected, and often enough abandoned. The associates forced upon him are for the most part persons who have been previously convicted. Their habits and conversation are in consequence disgusting and pernicious. The bedding is frequently so foul that a fetid, greasy scum remains on his body after contact. In some places, except when out for exercise or chapel, he will be locked up in a cell where the light is so dull as to be insufficient for reading, but given the use of an open gas flare for two hours at night. In other places he is allowed to form one of the occupants of a yard during the best part of the day, being locked up only at meal times. But at end of the afternoon he is secured in a cell, there to remain until morning

in darkness. He is not permitted to earn money, and is harassed by other irritating and unnecessary restrictions. He is compelled to a servile attitude towards his jailers, and is ordered to remove his hat whenever higher functionaries appear. He must endure outrageous browbeating from his jailers on the most petty or even fancied grounds. Handcuffs are clapped on him if for any reason he is taken outside the area of detention. He becomes unfit to encounter the judicial apparatus, and unable properly to detail circumstances important because resolvable into evidence in his favour.

After having foolishly pleaded guilty and received sentence, some of us single-time malefactors asked a fellow-sinner who had been there twice before: "What is it really that we are going to?" "Hell!" he replied. The hopeless misery of his eyes begets a fresh shudder whenever that scene lives again in memory.

The circle of abasement considerably enlarged, a prisoner sentenced to penal servitude is handcuffed to another and conveyed to the designated labour prison. He at once participates in the compulsory indecencies which ever subsequently surround him. In the presence of guards, officials, and his companion law-breakers, he must strip naked, leaving his own clothes at one side of a room, and then walk across to where the convicts' costume awaits him opposite. The enforced garb varies somewhat with the locality. But hideousness and discomfort are perennial attributes—irrespective of, perhaps, 124 inches of brands.

If through any obvious physical malformation or disability labour is impossible, the result, under the "mark" system, is a lengthening of the time a prisoner would else have to serve. Immediate subsequent treatment depends upon sentence, and also again on the particular district. If he must "do" six months' "model," the meaning is that the first six months of his sentence will be passed in unbroken solitary confinement, *i.e.* during this period he works in his cell on a light-labour

ration, seeing none of his fellow-prisoners. Otherwise, he is sent out on the works, or placed at whatever labour is in vogue at that special jail. Whether working in the open air or under a roof, he is made one of a gang. Each gang is controlled by a warder or guard—who is the prisoners' task-master, as irresponsible a despot as a Kaiser or Tzar—the proximate executioner. Whatever the compulsory labour, it will be grinding, degrading, unsuitable, weakening, stupefying. The cell is really a kennel. There, when he is not working, the prisoner must abide: to freeze in winter, to swelter in summer. As a rule, a middle-sized man standing in the centre and extending his arms laterally can touch each wall with the knuckles of his closed hand. He can step from end to end in two or three paces. The height would measure a foot or so more than the length. A triangular slab of wood or stone across one corner serves as a table. The floor is flag or cement, the walls and ceiling a glare of whitewash, the window a cross-barred iron grating. There is a movable stool, a wash-basin, a slate, a bucket, a tin pannikin, a small sweeping-brush, and a floor-cloth. Two coarse blankets or horse-cloths, a rug, and a pillow accompany a canvas hammock which straps to opposing metal staples. The cell with its paraphernalia would be a dear bargain at £10. The hammock is a miserable apology for a bed. In cold weather its occupant gets chilled from beneath. By no ingenuity can the scanty bedclothes be arranged to yield adequate protection. He may be compelled, like many others, to shiver through the night unable even to doze. He obtains no moment of sufficing rest from the time of entry until the time of discharge. One of many evident reasons for this consists in the fact that it is impossible to lie straight in a hammock. The imposed curvature frequently prevents sleep and causes excruciating pain in the vertebral column.

There are slight seasonal variations, but practically a prisoner must be ready in the morning to begin work so soon as daylight allows. He rises and washes and dresses

in the dark. Then he musters with the gang, answers to his name at roll-call, and is marched to the quarries. In summer there is an interval for breakfast. In winter breakfast is taken before work begins. There is an interval for a meal about mid-day. As the bulk of prisoners are thus employed, he is probably set to fill a wheelbarrow with stone or earth; then to trundle and empty it, repeating the operation *ad infinitum*; or to load trucks with stone or road metal; or to break stone. He must labour continuously, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, year after year, throughout the whole working time. If he stir from the allotted precinct, or make any movement suggesting escape, he can be legally shot dead. Through handling stone the skin of the inner side of his fingers and thumb is scraped off, leaving the bare flesh raw and bloody. Not seldom his fingers burst under pressure of the load on the wheelbarrow handles. After a while they are pressed square. His hands are bruised and gashed; his toes get smashed. He contracts hæmorrhoids, varicose veins, and anal prolapses from being incessantly on his feet. Too often he becomes horribly ruptured. Out of a gang of twenty-six men, six unfortunates were counted who had all been grievously ruptured in prison. Sometimes eyes are lost through the impact of sharp splinters of stone. This is a constant peril to every prisoner who quarries or breaks stone or comes near those who do. All descriptions of other accidents resulting in death, broken limbs, and, occasionally, paralysis, must be helplessly encountered. There is no respite; not a minute's rest. If he fails to come up to time with his wheelbarrow, or to break the prescribed quantum of stone, or is physically unable to work at such a rate as may be imposed by his taskmaster, browbeating ensues, with a near prospect of solitary confinement on bread and water, and a resultant loss of "marks." Horses are "spelled" when out of breath; not so those human beings who have given their fellows occasion to use them as beasts of burthen. They must drag on to the "smoke oh" interval, if one is given, grateful if spared an

actual breakdown. The prisoner can hardly crawl back to his kennel. There he may sit on the stool, with his feet on the flags, forbidden to unroll his hammock until bedtime. Is it not written "there is no rest for the wicked"? True, he may solace himself with his victuals. But these, as a rule, are found nauseous, and often uneatable. Until by habitude his system is accommodatively depraved, the food will make him sick, and give him sudden attacks of violent diarrhœa.

He crawls back at night a beaten animal, in a worse plight, relatively, than any animal under the heavens. He must at once divest himself of boots, outer shirt, trousers, and hat, and put these with the sweeping-brush outside the cell door. Then the door is locked upon him. Where no slippers are provided, he must walk on the flags in his socks, or, if he have no socks, with naked feet. This latter necessity induces a contraction of the muscles of the leg. He is fortunate if he has flannels. In many prisons flannels are disallowed those who are not wearing them when consigned to jail. He stretches the hammock, spreads the rugs, champs his dry bread, and endeavours to drink the stewed tea. If there is gas, he can read for a couple of hours. If there is not, he must content himself as he may with the thought that, probably, he has gone to bed earlier than his babies. Here, then, arrives the grand occasion on which prison administrators delight to dwell—the "reforming" influence of thirteen or fourteen hours of darkness! Oh, the torture of those fearful nights wherein the hellish beleaguering of insanity must be strenuously repelled! By the time the prisoner feels himself falling asleep, he must quit the hammock and resume his place on the daylight rack.

Most of his prison associates use language whose filth is unimaginable. He is compelled, for instance, to hear discussions by experts on unnamable practices. There is no escape. He may see a friend in the presence of a jailer, and may write and may receive a letter on prison-branded paper, subject to perusal by a jailer, once a month or once every

two months, according to the custom of his prison. British authorities have unanimously adopted the rule of the infamous Kouriskina, most infamous among old-time Siberian governors—that “everything is denied a prisoner unless granted by special permission.” He has no rights whatever, either as a man or an animal. His food may cost some £7 yearly, and no labouring beast could be adequately fed for that. His clothes and bedding cost some £4, and no labouring beast could be harnessed and stabled for so little. The system appropriates a pound of force and returns an ounce. When, by-and-by, he can eat the unpalatable mess provided, he acquires chronic indigestion, dimness of eyesight, tinnitus aurum, roarings in the head, gastric spasms, shortness of breath, sickly giddiness, and absence of “staying” power generally. In addition, he may contract heart disease. These things are usual concomitants. If he be lucky, he may escape the infirmary. So long as he can drag one leg after the other he will not report himself sick. Should he be so compelled, his rations are reduced to half, and his credit-time stopped. That means, of course, through no fault of his own, a lengthening of the imprisonment. For this reason, not above a tenth part of those who are sick report themselves. Therefore prison statistics mislead. Nor, in fact, will the prisoner, when he has learnt prison-craft, report anything or make complaint, whatever happens. True, as a matter of regulation he may do so. But he notices that men who complain, however justifiably and respectfully, of the badness of their victuals, or unfairness of treatment, or suppression of letters, or what not, are thereafter accounted troublesome, and as needing extra punishment whenever the opportunity safely presents itself. He sees such men persistently followed until reckoned habitual offenders against prison rules, and notices that a man may be kept “waiting for the magistrate,” on half-rations, and unable to earn credit-time, for forty-five days, while the solitary confinement inflictible for the trivial charges laid against him only amounts to thirty days.

As he grows accustomed to imprisonment, much as a woman may become accustomed to being kicked, a quiet, immeasurable contempt for legality and "authorities" and "regulations" and "discipline" dominates and never leaves him. That is the mental resultant of "getting behind the scenes," of learning the "secrets of the prison-house."

So the years pass by, and a day comes when the prisoner is discharged. He leaves the prison with every faculty of his intellectual and corporeal organisation seriously weakened. He may have heart disease; is prematurely aged; possibly imbecile; a settled dyspeptic; his constitution is undermined; his understanding is dulled; and, likely enough, he has also been transformed into a moral wreck. He is wofully behind the times; he possesses little exact knowledge of changing conditions meanwhile; the chronicle of passing events has been sternly closed to him. How is he to wrestle successfully with alert, informed, unhampered competitors in the winning of a livelihood? The prison-stain clings to him, and defrauds him still of his birthright as a man freeborn. Verily, he may by some chance prevail. But with his artificially consummated unfitness he is better adapted to fail—to become a burthen to others and to himself.

From the foregoing narration of plain facts it will be seen that, by the very necessities of the case, imprisonment is legislated for and administered empirically. Nothing is less known, and nothing is more blindly supported among all institutions consuming public money and handled by public servants. Along with allied evil qualities the following five self-evidently inhere.

1. *Imprisonment is slavery.* None of the distinguishing features of slavery are absent. The essence of slavery consists in forcibly depriving human beings of their right to labour as and where it may suit them best, and to receive and enjoy the fruits of that labour. This slavery by imprisonment is of a more grievous description than the negro slavery once practised in America. Setting aside consideration of the

relatively lighter class of labour which throughout constituted the negro's taskwork, we may remember that he was not deprived of a home and its comfort; that he could marry; that within the perimeter of his servitude he was free to come and go as he chose; that he had the unrestricted companionship of his fellows, male and female. These are privileges denied a prisoner. He is ruled entirely by compulsion. Not for a single moment can he do anything he would elect to do.

2. *Imprisonment is a school of crime*, creating criminals; creating and increasing a distaste for labour; creating adultery, harlotry, and insanity. It furnishes the means of an education otherwise unattainable to many for the perpetuation of criminality. Pupils graduate in the central school, which is that of England, and in turn become teachers wherever the English tongue is spoken. Too large a proportion of the cleverest criminals throughout the English-speaking world are Londoners. A previously respectable young fellow had been convicted for writing a worthless cheque when drunk. He left the prison determined to earn an honest livelihood. Not obtaining employment before the jail's miserable discharge allowance was expended, some days' starvation ensued. In an unfortunate moment he recalled a trick exhibited in prison by a London thief. It ensured the snapping of a watch-chain and the stealing of a watch so deftly as to make detection difficult. He entered a public-house bar and successfully practised on a drunken customer. It was easy, then, to follow up as a business this method of procuring money. He thus stole watches to the value of two thousand pounds before caught in the act. He bungled while partly intoxicated, having grown over-confident. By this time he has almost served a third sentence and, doubtless, imparted to numbers the technical details learnt originally from the London thief.

One of the consequences of forcing a man to labour at any task against his will is to instil a hatred of that and any similar task. Men who are much in prison never earn wages

outside. They declare that having worked for the community so long gratuitously, the community must support them apart from work. Their reasoning is probably beneath contempt, but, unhappily, their sequent actions possess whatever virtue may adorn consistency. It is but natural that men condemned to continual forced stonebreaking, or quarrying, or barrowing, or blacksmithing, or shovelling, or navvying, or shoemaking, or tailoring in a captive state without receipt of that substantial hire of which the labourer, without exception, is declared to be worthy, should loathe these things. They were else not human beings. Trades taught in prison possess no value to prisoners except as providing changes of labour, or means of earning regular "marks," or better opportunities for "crooked" operations. Initially the prisoner knows that he is put at a trade because it suits the officials so to employ him—and for no other reason. That in itself is sufficient to create an aversion to such trade; to cause its use merely as a means to an end; and that end having been gained, to make certain its absolute abandonment the instant compulsion ceases. The further employment of a prison-taught trade, moreover, would, through association, assume the appearance of a premature return to prison. It was long since written by a person whose acuteness and opportunities of observation were exceptional—"omnes autem homines naturâ libertati studere, et conditionem servitutis odisse." This abhorrence of a condition extends to everything with which that condition has been, is, or can be connected.

The rending asunder of families which is a constant accompaniment of imprisonment acts and reacts calamitously on all involved. Women and children are left practically destitute, to maintain their ground, or to drift as may happen. Drifting is easy for women and girls suddenly deprived of their breadwinner. Many do that which is easiest. There may seem at the moment no other way to avoid famishing. It is arduous to struggle uphill over thorns with bare feet!

3. Imprisonment furnishes prisoners of a low moral grade with an excuse for indulgence in practices which cannot even be named without offence.

4. *Imprisonment destroys men* morally, physically, and mentally. The state of imprisonment is so unnatural that were a man, thus held, provided with proper food, lodging, and occupation, his normal health could not possibly continue. Men out in the open air from morning till evening get tanned. This invests even invalids with an appearance of robust health. The casual visitor judges accordingly. Moreover, the effect of profuse whitewashing, polishing, and scrubbing, usual throughout prison buildings, has bred the fallacy that a prison is a sanatorium. But a prisoner gradually failing under a chronic disease often declines to "wear his heart upon his sleeve," and perishes inch by inch in a quietly or even sullenly defiant mood. He has very good reasons, we have already seen, for avoiding the infirmary.

Constant compulsion and repression beget a general loss of physiological resilience. Many prisoners of the better class on resuming the ordinary life and food of mankind, however careful and abstemious they may be, must battle through long and dangerous illnesses, remaining pathogenically susceptible for a considerable period. They never recover their former strength of resistance to disease, and frequently succumb to relatively slight attacks. One class of men benefit, so far as health is concerned, by imprisonment—those who are dipsomaniacs.

The mischief caused by extra punishment inflicted for breach of prison rules is undoubtedly serious. It is sought by the process to subject a man to an increased degree of distress and starvation and to make sleep almost or altogether impossible. Bread-and-water diet, the floor or a plank for bed, and extra solitary confinement in a specially injurious cell, are the ordinary instruments. When the occasion is held to warrant their use, irons and lashes are superadded. It may not be always known that "irons" mean the riveting with

red-hot rivets by a blacksmith round a man's naked ankles of iron shackles to which chains at least the length of his legs are attached, and that he must wear these day and night. Nineteen-twentieths of the breaches thus castigated could not claim, and would not receive, as between man and man, a moment's regard outside prison walls. They are the creations of an abnormal condition wherein human feelings are legally suppressed by certain printed paragraphs. It is only when printed paragraph Number So-and-So momentarily fails to control that an ostensible need for punishment within punishment arises. After undergoing this treatment, a man looks as we may suppose the four-days dead and buried Lazarus looked when he came forth obedient to the voice of the beloved Master who, later, was Himself a prisoner.

5. *Imprisonment is wholly evil in its effects.* By whatever margin of creational equipment a human being is superior to a beast, by so much is that human being's condition inferior when the key turns and he or she is left locked in the kennel, henceforth replacing what has been his or her home. Language affords no means of expressing its agonising, appalling effect on body and mind. Especially is this the case with men who have wives and families dependent on them, to say nothing of the frightful suffering which is thus heaped upon the heads of the innocent. The invention of such a diabolical process and its actual infliction might almost suggest the existence of satanic powers who can exploit the baser passions of mankind and inflame these into expression in ingenious cruelties. What normal man or woman possessed of even a rudimentary sense of righteousness could have ever invented a scheme whereby not only the primal right to follow one's will as regards the common, trivial functions of everyday existence shall be suspended, but the will of executioners with regard to these and all such essentials shall be imposed in its place, and, moreover, with the subject segregated from whatever constitutes our ordinary human experiences, and also otherwise restrained physically and mentally at every side?

Its issues are wholly diabolical. Can its origins be different? "By their fruits ye shall know them."

During the early time of incarceration, as though his own misery were insufficient to prevent slumber, night after night the constantly recurring thud, thud, thud of footfalls from the cell above jarred excruciatingly on the writer's brain. Unable to sleep, the poor wretch there, in tender consideration for others, spread his bedding on the floor so as to deaden the sound, and then tramped up and down the cell until morning. With every few steps taken he would groan—"God have mercy on me! God have mercy on me!" There was no shutting out these expressions of an intolerable agony. No! Nor lenitive to charm away its effects. For in a few weeks the occupant of that upper cell had become incurably insane, and was removed to an asylum. In very straitened circumstances he had by means of a trumpery fraud stolen some few pounds from his prosecutor. Did that crime justify the infliction of insanity upon him?

A manifestly feeble-minded young fellow made a foolish attempt at escape. Working at the confines, he clambered over a fence, and, yelling and gesticulating, ran about a neighbouring paddock. The men of his gang shouted, "Come back, you fool!" Little doubt he would have presently obeyed. But the sense of freedom was too precious for instant surrender. So his harmless prancings were immediately cut short by a shot from the nearest guard, the bullet passing through his right forearm, shattering the bone, and causing him to drop. In a state of collapse he was removed to the prison infirmary; the bone bunglingly set and the wound cobbled up, resulting in a permanently twisted arm. Brought before the punitive officials when sufficiently recovered, they condemned him to an increase of sentence and to irons. Thereafter he had moody fits, became easily irritated, lucklessly infringed the regulations, reaped much extra punishment, and was placed at a separate task of breaking stone. He shortly developed acute dementia,

becoming dangerous, and incapable of work. Pending removal to an asylum he was secured in a cell. By haphazard passing this cell one day the writer heard moanings and cries from within. He stopped and looked through the spy-hole. This lost poor lunatic stood in the middle of the cell shouting, "I want to see the governor! I *must* see the governor!" His eyes, fixed on the spy-hole, blazed with what were, surely, the fires of madness. Their cruel, soul-bereft glare made me shriek. Here existed something no longer our human companion. Imprisonment had turned him into a raging wild beast. A week later he left the accursed place in the custody of three warders, a raving maniac, and so remains. His original sin had been a half-silly trick of imposition whereby the prosecutor lost a small amount. Reason, manhood, the status of a human being, no less, formed the heavy toll exacted. In a fairly imaginable Utopia, where property was not ranked superior to humanity, he had been treated as a mental aberrant, cured, and happily employed his great muscular powers in useful service.

The foregoing cases illustrate, after a limited fashion, the persistent destruction of mentality by imprisonment. They are merest indications of the ravage wrought on the human brain by the continuous action of its legalised mechanical system of repression. To defy natural differences by imposing one same, soulless routine on a multiplicity of infinitely varying temperaments is to engender cerebral irritation. And imbecility is increasing fast in Great Britain, fed, doubtless, from this abhorrent source.

Innumerable attempts at suicide by prisoners never come to public cognisance. Some of the most determined remain clumsy failures. One prisoner, known to the writer, endeavoured to kill himself by throwing a half somersault downward so as to strike the ground with the top of his head and thus to break his neck. He nearly succeeded, but had not attained the absolutely lethal line of incidence and superposition.

The tale of victims who commit suicide forms a terrible indictment against imprisonment. No earthly circumstances come nearer an apparent justification. Any available method is adopted, hanging being the most practicable. Bits of string, rope, towels, handkerchiefs, strips of floorcloths, clothing, or bedding cannot altogether be inhibited. Cunningly fettled they will strangle bravely, one end spliced into a convenient noose, the other firmly hitched to a bracket, or ventilator, or window bar, or anything handy as you stand on the cell-stool and then kick that hated support away.

It is easy to platitudinise regarding wrongdoers who, under sentence, deliberately prefer self-murder to imprisonment. But those who have passed through the flames dare not roundly condemn.

Often enough mental exacerbation alone will determine a sentence, making suicide unnecessary, death mercifully intervening to end unbearable suffering. Take, from among thousands, this record of one typical case—accomplished in about six months:—"At the prison, Wormwood Scrubs, last Saturday, an inquiry was held concerning the death of Ivan de Puchalsky, aged thirty-one, a stockbroker, who was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude in December last for forging a bill of exchange for £100. He was a Russian Pole. His conduct in prison was good. The assistant surgeon at the prison said the deceased was fretting considerably on account of his long sentence. On the fifteenth he had a stroke of paralysis, a blood-vessel having given way in the brain, and he died the same evening. The rupture of the blood-vessel was no doubt accelerated by mental worry. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony."

The public now and then read of an attack by a prisoner on a guard. But the public never know what may well be the real antecedent. There are prisoners who submit with difficulty to the bondage imposed upon them — "Nature's rebellion against monstrous law." They cannot sink tactfully

into the position. The chain of their slavery galls them. Such an one fails to adopt a servile attitude although become the serf of an executioner or warder. He chafes instinctively under the petty exactions and inhuman denials automatically enforced. He can scarcely feign obedience. This the jailer speedily perceives, and, accustomed to extort the last tittle, makes his demands more excoriating, and pushes things to an extremity whenever possible. Thus the prisoner is continually harried until aggravated into breaking prison rules and marked as a frequent offender. He is saddled with the reputation of a bad character.

A fellow-prisoner in the gang to which the writer was allotted had arrived at the perilous condition indicated, having the heavy hand of his tormentor upon him at every convenient opportunity. He was stoutly-built, muscular, twenty-four, somewhat self-conceited, generous, belonged to a respectable family, and originally of a social status immeasurably superior to his taskmaster's. A description of single-time wrongdoer who, with extremest repugnance, surrenders a fraction of the implications of manhood at the bidding of legality.

After a sojourn in the punishment cell, engineered as usual, he rejoined the gang moodily embittered. By barrowing up a plank we were loading trucks that day with scraps of rubble and stone chippings scraped off the soggy floor of a quarry where the stuff had got mixed with clay, and trampled and clogged into sticky masses hard to shift. The strongest could scarcely drive a pick, much less a shovel, into it. Our starved companion was put to work in an awkward corner giving little chance of elbow-room. The "boss" stood a while over him, jeering at his unsuccessful efforts to get out of the stodge quickly, and having aroused a sufficient amount of dangerous irritation, marched up the plank into the truck whence the gang could be commandingly overseen. A few moments later, observing that something attracting attention had caused his persecutor to turn in an opposite direction, the infuriated prisoner picked up a shovel and rushed for the truck. The

writer, dragging an empty wheelbarrow, had just reached the bottom end of the plank, and asked in low tones, "What are you doing here with the shovel?" There could be no mistake as to the desperate resolution behind his reply: "I'm going to batter that wretch's skull in, and be done with it!" "No, you won't!" was the muttered response. He had begun swiftly to mount the plank. Fortunately it was possible instantly to kick away the bearings, and the would-be homicide came to the ground with a clatter. Nor was the attempt repeated. In less passionate moments it became possible to argue him out of his murderous intent, though not on any moral or philosophical basis. By attacking his idiosyncrasy at the weak points of pride and conceit, he was compelled finally to agree that in no presumable circumstances could it be worth while to hang for such a miserable perversion as is a prison guard or tormentor. Many an exasperated prisoner broods resentfully in silence, concealing his intention, and then strikes suddenly. He gives no opportunity to wholesome interference. He would rather hang than fail.

Whatever may happen it is useless for a prisoner to complain of ill-usage, or, indeed, of anything. Whatever lie a warder may proffer is accepted as truth. Whatever truth a prisoner may proffer is held a lie. Prisoners brought from jail to a court of law as witnesses not infrequently are the only persons in a case whose evidence is true. Yet such evidence, though impregnable and unchallengeable on its merits, is by legal fiction "tainted" and false.

All prison functionaries are depraved, according to the ratio of contact, by imprisonment. Doctors, too often, become frigidly inhuman, maintaining a superior attitude of stony denial. They will force convalescents out to work while yet unfit under threat of withholding sick marks. That would mean lengthening the sentence. They will play off cruel pleasantries simply because the object is defencelessly at their disposal. For an example: A prisoner who had been taking cocoa for a long time began to feel it nauseating, and, afraid

of getting ill, "went sick," losing marks thereby, in order that he might see the doctor and ask for a change. "Oh yes, you shall have a change," after hearing him, the doctor suavely concluded, making an entry. He had placed the poor wretch on water for ten days!

Certain chaplains have an unpleasant clerical mode of insulting a new arrival who they know perfectly well has never before been in prison. They will appear at the trap, or by a special jailer's master-key let themselves into his cell, then ask: "Is this your first offence?" before the indignant prisoner can rightly respond, continuing in an impertinently hortative tone: "I hope it will be a warning to you."

Even suffragettes, at the verge, have observed how prison chaplains forget that their cloth invests them, at least, with the obligations of gentlemen. Depravation has gone far when such a person can insult a high-minded woman imprisoned for conscience' sake by tauntingly asking her if she had not been paid to get there? Another suffragette relates that a chaplain laid the sins of his hearers so remorselessly on their bent shoulders as to force an old woman to rise and call out to the preacher: "Don't be so hard on us! You don't know—you don't know!" She was, of course, seized and hurried away by warders, the tears streaming down her withered cheeks. How many days' bread-and-water would it mean for so unstudied an expression of what is profoundly true? She was irrefutably right. He does not know. None of them do.

Thrust into constant association with various descriptions of criminals, conventionally docketed the scum of humanity, where all customary trappings of social evasion which hide one being from another are dropped to the last shred, the writer can solemnly aver that the more he knew of each individual soul, the deeper sank the conviction that each individual soul, however depraved, could be touched, enlightened, and sanctified by example, sympathetic consideration, and love.

In truth, there is no office which a human being is less

qualified to fill than that of jailer. Here he is not descended from the ape, but from the wolf. Once give a man unconditional power over his fellow, and the brutalisation of the one becomes complete as the brutalisation of the other. The position is so unnatural that nothing but unnatural results can ensue. Men who in all other relations of life are kind, considerate, patient, lovable, become, in this particular relation, unkind, inconsiderate, impatient, odious. Man in these circumstances is an intolerable tyrant. He may not help himself. He delights in torturing the defenceless by every possible physical and mental means. He will insult and exasperate in every place and by every method whenever such a course is practicable. He grows utterly callous to the suffering of those over whom he can tyrannise. It becomes an enjoyment. All the fell impulses of the inner animal awake and shape themselves into cruelties more and more refined and unbearable as being more and more developed by relentless ingenuity. It was a true saying that the effect of imprisonment is to "take men's hearts out of men and replace them by hearts of beasts." But this fact applies alike to those who are executants in the operation. Sickness, torture, insanity, come to be treated by them as ordinary occurrences. Said the superintendent of a jail to a prisoner: "When you pass through these gates you cease to be a man." That is the point to which jailership had brought him. That is the point to which jailership brings every jailer. These things are not stated here by way of reproach. As well reproach electricity for being electric. They are simply recorded as matters of fact; as a mathematician may record a term of a problem; as a scientist may record a phase of an experiment.

Moreover, there has been no organic provision of an attribute as a working instrument which would enable mankind to hold offenders in thrall uninjuriously. Men are positively unequipped with any faculty serving such a purpose. They are left unfitted, non-qualified, unpossessed of any special ethico-psychical factor antagonising or neutralising the impetus

to pitilessness in these denoted circumstances. There is nothing to offset the fiend. Obviously the function of jailership is outside the programme designed for Humanity. It is against creational intent.

That many associate deterrence as its active concomitant with imprisonment forcibly exemplifies the credulity of mankind. It is a monstrous delusion. Public men, well-informed on general subjects, guess in the dark here. They will tell us that would-be criminals are deterred by "fear of the loss of liberty"; by "the shame of prison—the ill repute of having gone there"; that "it is shame of public opinion that is the chief deterrent"—"that vague dread of the unknown penalties of imprisonment which is one of the most powerful deterrents of crime"; "a terror to evildoers."

Dismissing these and suchlike sheer fatuities, dispassionately consider the bearing on the point of such a typical instance as follows. Here is the experience of an old prisoner, taken from his lips in stark vernacular one Christmastide, and surreptitiously preserved by the writer: "My G—d, Montmorency's growling the Almighty's got an edge on him 'cause he's a Chris'mas in prison; and you and Jack Davidson with your two Chris'mases, Bentham! Why, boys, this is my thirty-seventh Chris'mas in prison—thirty-seventh! What? How's it? Strike me blind if it ain't the fault of the detectives. They follered me round when I was fresher than you, and they've follered me round ever since. Soon's I'd got a billet, up the wretches 'ud creep, and cruel me. The boss he'd come and say, 'East, you've been in Pentonville, or Wormwood Scrubbs, or Portland, or Dartmoor, or some place. 'Twon't suit me. I can't have no lags about my premises.' S'elp me G—d, I tried hard to live honest; starved and begged; but it weren't any sort o' use. They told me 'fore I know'd it myself I were 'an incorrigible habitual criminal.' It killed the pore missis, five-and-twenty years ago. Work? The Gov'ment have had all the work out o' my old bones; they've had all the muscle I ever had,

all the stren'th I ever had. I hate the whole crowd. I'll never do another stroke of work while I live."

"East's" time expired not long subsequently. He could find no employment, so jumped into a gig left standing before a shop, whipped up the horse, and drove away, making for the country. But the police, at once upon his track, quickly intercepted him, and a few weeks only after liberation he was sent back to prison with a life sentence. "East" completely baffled his jailers on the score of work, literally "never doing another stroke"; though how, this deponent declineth to say. The life sentence was for his record, of course, not for the frustrated theft.

Regarding the efficacy of imprisonment as a deterrent on offenders under sentence, there is a very simple and conclusive test. If imprisonment justifies itself as a deterrent, none or but a slight proportion of such offenders will be re-convicted, re-sentenced, and re-imprisoned. Contrariwise, however, some two-thirds of the denizens of prisons have been previously imprisoned. Probably the proportion is in reality larger than the records give. In many prisons convicts who have served other sentences are entered in the prison books as first-timers. Naturally no formal notice is—or can be—taken of previous convictions if imprisonment occurred sufficiently far away. Hence prison statistics are misleading on this point. What then becomes of the theory of deterrence through imprisonment?

THE MESSAGE OF PAUL¹ TO THE PRESENT AGE.

THE HON. LADY WELBY.

WHEN we are fully steeped in the spirit of the age which is making all things new, we may find ourselves in a fresh sense the representatives of Paul. Not of his despotic dogmatism ; not of the antiquated "scenery" of his mind ; not of the imagery which belonged to his day. We shall owe little to the framework of thought and emotion which he inherited, nothing to the passionate prejudices which belonged to his race, nothing to the only translation he could then give us of the Divine message now being given in the pregnant name of a Nature, the witness to which lies in the very phrase already familiar to us, the *Divine Nature*.

As one reads, one hears through the echoes of the ages the pleading voice of a real Man, of a very present brother, who appeals to us to understand him, not as he had to be in his age, not in his narrowness of race or character, but *as we have all to become in ours*.

To that real Man we shall owe much: to the man of undying value, who tells us that unless we claim as not merely

¹ It seems desirable to explain that I have omitted the title "St," because it has been habitually given to men and women of a type wholly unlike and often very inferior to Paul. (For example, in the HIBBERT JOURNAL for July 1909, Professor Montet defines a saint as "celui qui manifeste d'une façon violente ses convictions religieuses. La voie de la sainteté se confond souvent avec celle du fanatisme. . . .") His very passion was threaded through and through with the network of a critical sanity.

human, but natural, his vision and his inspiration ; unless we labour patiently till we include what he had to tell us in what science has to tell us ; unless we humble ourselves to learn the divine lesson in a divine way as faithful wayfarers through Truth to the very Life which is still to us a problem while we live it, we shall never know the significance of his message for the present day. Unless, again, we have, not mere beliefs—God forbid !—but faith, to do this in steadfast loyalty to the Real, we shall never know the salvation of which we so glibly talk, or reach the clue which is to lead us to a Christ who calls us onward into worlds that are to ours as the world we call human is to the world we call animal, or even inanimate.

We may find ourselves, then, in a new sense representatives or at least descendants of Paul : of the Paul who ever told us of newness of life, of deliverance from the body, of a death not truly ours, and above which we must rise ; who knew that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared to the glory of which either they are condition or revelation. The whole world, indeed, waits for the revealing of sons of God, of children, not now merely of a pure atmosphere, a Holy Air which we are to breathe and thus grow divine, but beyond that of an Ether which we are beginning dimly to suspect. . . . But with patience we must wait for this.

For assuredly, in the true Humanity—in that which is the Way, through truth born with the higher brain, to a Life compared with which ours is still but vegetative—in *that* Manhood we are more than conquerors. Neither birth nor death—both processes of life—neither height nor depth, neither cold nor heat, neither barrier nor blankness, neither things present nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from that all-embracing love which is revealed in Man as the Way to Life.

Well may he quote the cry : “ How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things ! ” Glad tidings which do not ignore but interpret and consecrate the world’s problems, its suffering and its death : glad tidings, not of “ glory for me,” not of a reward of eternal happiness and

pleasure for a denial of nature here ; not of a partisan heaven, with sectarian angels and a dogmatic, perhaps a papal, God : but glad tidings that on a really discovered pathway we are passing through a stern country of tested knowledge to a blessed country of eager, willing, illuminated service ; the country of that self-gift of which at last science has, in radio-activity, discovered the natural witness and parable. There at last we must find Life, and remember this present Life as at best Incubation ; as the hidden storage, the secret growth, which precedes a birth into the splendour of our Sun.

There is among us a self-adoring spirit of stupor, eyes holden that we should not see, ears that we should not hear. Now the fall of this is the riches of the world ; self, from absorbing despot, becomes willing slave. " O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God ! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past tracing out." But we, in our incalculable ignorance and our infallible though mutually destructive creeds, have been tracing, mapping them out in elaborate systems of doctrine to be " believed " in fanatical fervour or mechanical exactitude. Would it not be better meanwhile to present our bodies and minds a living, whole, wholesome sacrifice ? Not one of waste, distortion, or destruction, but such a sacrifice as food-stuff undergoes as it turns into that precious " chyle " which is the pabulum of our life. May we all be that :—" This is my body, my blood, given for you. . . ." For there is the note of divine vitality. " Be not overcome of evil "—whether as iniquity or as ignorance—" but overcome evil with good "—not only moral, but intellectual ; by love according to knowledge. " The night is far spent, and the day is at hand : let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light." This is the message of science.

" Let us not therefore judge one another any more : but judge ye this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block in his brother's way, or an occasion of falling." Let us rather place for him stepping-stones or a ladder. Overthrow not

for *any* sake the Divine work, but be one of its workers, filled with all goodness, filled with all knowledge, which is the fulness of the divine blessing. For "as it is written"—*"they shall see, to whom no tidings of him came. And they who have not heard shall understand."* Yea, better than *we* do, who think we have the only heritage!

If we would express, however imperfectly, the simpler because higher and deeper Significance of Life and Mind, we are often driven to paradox. The very foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men. Things that the planet-centred worldling reckons "wisdom" are brought to nought. He that glorieth, let him glory in the divinely, the cosmically glorious. And for this he must understand the Divine as the very Breath of our life, physical and mental, and see that here we have the essential factor of all existence. Yet even thus we must beware of glibness, of much talk. The kingdom of true divinity is not in word but in power. That alone is the test. There are diversities of gifts, of ministrations, of workings, but the same Spirit and Lord and God; the same essential power which we know as supremely vital. One has the word of wisdom, another the word of knowledge, another the gift of faith, which is thus but one of many gifts to be utilised for good. By implication, the steward of wisdom and knowledge may be without faith, and yet serve in the highest sense. But "faith" here seems to mean only readiness to believe: true faith is seen in the divine: God is faithful. . . . That is, He is to be trusted from end to end. The truly divine never fails us. Let us see that we are trusty guardians and loyal servants—of unfailing truth.

Then we come to the famous definition of love. Yes, one may be the child of the Paul who wrote that: the Paul who knew that the childish things which we so carefully cultivate and make into a life-destroying framework of belief must be put away, at whatever cost to comfort and prejudice. With what a passion of self-spending that prophetic Paul

would have rebuked our faithless terror of new light! Ay, indeed, and our careful garnering of *his* inevitable childishness; not childishness, of course, in his day, but assuredly that in ours. For thus we get the husk which makes for division: we miss the kernel which makes man one. Divine truth ever makes a new heaven, a new earth, a new life; the old has the value of a hallowed record, but to force it on the budding, growing life is that worst of vices, the unnatural, abortive vice. In this day we are still doing that very thing—in the name of religion!

Above all, the speech we use must be to our own age significant: that which has helped to call out the latent powers of man, and has enabled him to resist degrading, reverting tendencies, has always been fully this. The old words are often noble and beautiful, so that we recognise the thoughts they embody as inbreathed from an atmosphere of life-giving purity. But there must be a power of interpretation and fearless translation into the terms of growing knowledge, beyond all that we have yet reached. Else our understanding is untruthful; our mind points backwards. Now Paul, who in this anticipated the very spirit of modern science, had rather speak five words with the understanding, and thus really to be understood, than ten thousand in the irresponsible jargon which we too often, as men did in his day, call spiritual. What a rebuke for too many of us who claim to be Christian, or even religious!

The power to interpret the order of the world has manifestly passed to science (although as yet in halting and tentative form), since the scientific spirit is the heir of that truly religious spirit which says, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," without stipulation as to the conformity of the Word to our desires and preconceptions, personal or inherited. This is also the condemnation of that "letter"—that *literal*—to which we are enslaved.

As yet, alas! there is a veil over the heart which calls itself religious; and this can only be taken away by that faith

which means entirely fearless liberty,—the liberty, the free-thought which dwells in the very Spirit of the Lord of our lives. In this true freedom the unveiled human face reflects as in a mirror the divine glory, and is thus divinely transformed. Those whose faces are unveiled to truth must be seen by all as luminaries in the world, holding forth the word of *life*; a word, that is, the truth of which could be denied by no reasonable being. For whatsoever things are true, honourable, just, pure, lovely, of good report, those belong to the man whose unveiled heart, as in a mirror, reflects the divine reality. Thus, as having nothing of our own, we yet possess all things: nature becomes translucent; astronomy, physics, chemistry, and, above all, biology, have a revelation, a gospel, which is entirely one with all that has made for the greatness of man.

But we must frankly surrender the old to which we cling. Religion has always been a bringer of new light, and has involved an uncompromising, in short, a faithful and therefore drastic revision of the old. And because men as ignorant and prejudiced—that is, as not human enough—always resist the call to change which ascent must mean, always distrust and often repudiate the new and the young, therefore the heaven-light does not struggle through the clouds. We must no longer merely tolerate the sciences or the scientific method while protesting that they are entirely apart from religion. Everything they bring us calls insistently for translation into terms of religion. Only we must be patient, we must see that such translation is not premature: it must, indeed, be always provisional, always tentative. It is the “earthly man” of Paul who constructs a fixed and final revelation, a framework which, being lifeless, becomes rigid and death-bringing, cleaving in two the world of immeasurably complex unity which is our true heritage.

To Paul, earth is no ultimate centre: the earthly man must give way to the heavenly man; our true centre is solar; we belong to a great “heavenly” system, and that, again, to the illimitable universe. Before it is anything else, the Pauline

appeal is unconsciously post-Copernican. It is indeed part of our strange blindness that we have missed in this passionate pleader the note of unconscious anticipation of Copernicus. Truly he was greater than we know, and in a greater sense than we think. He tells the men of Corinth that his mouth is open to them and his heart enlarged. Not in him were they, just as not in him are we, straitened, confined. We are sanctuaries of a living God; it is meet, therefore, to cleanse ourselves from all defilement of flesh and spirit. And what is there that any of us can suffer which is not shared by this true messenger of human nature in its widest range? Who is weak and he is not weak? Well, if we glory, let it be in the very things which, in our blindness, we reckon weakness. For if the world were ashamed of its dependence on its mother-sun for light, and tried to set up a rival light of its own, what wreck of life and order and beauty would ensue!

Again, what a lesson is here read us on our fatal literalism, which beguiles us into bondage of that "letter" which, as may be shown from this very sense and context, is nothing less than a killing of the truth. "I have been crucified with Christ." What, on Golgotha, then? "Yet I live"; but "no longer I, but Christ liveth in me." So, literally, there is no longer any Paul. Yet assuredly there is more than ever of the human gift to which we give that name. For, after all, nothing matters in the end but a new creation, a fresh start. Observation, tradition, have their value while they stand good; but chiefly as pointing us to the great example of the fearlessness of life, unresting, striving onwards into ever fresh regions, using the ended Yesterday but as stepping-stone to the dawning To-day and the imminent To-morrow.

And so we come to the passionate outpouring which we know as the Letter to the Ephesians. The note sounded throughout the words of Paul, and rising above all that separates our present needs from those of the distant centuries, which we can no longer even picture rightly to ourselves, is that of the essential unity of the worlds in their Sun, whose

Light of the World is the symbol of the Christ, that is, of the Man in Men, the Man waiting ever to be born again, and to die only to rise and ascend. No longer merely "I," or rather merely my Self. Someone greater than any Self lives in us; one who in a true sense sums up all things on our earth and in our heavens.

Then comes the wonderful prayer that the Fatherhood—which we in our day cannot be tempted to sever from Motherhood—may grant us to be strengthened with a new and consummate power; that we all, being rooted and grounded in love, may know, with all who in the world's history are saints—that is, are worthily human—"what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," that we may be "filled unto all the fulness of God." What more is there to be said? "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect. . . ." "For it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father that speaketh in you. . . ."

Have we even begun to see that this also is the lesson of Nature, as we are beginning to learn the a b c of her august revelation? Have we yet even discovered, much less taken to heart, the significant correspondence, coming ever more clearly into sight, between the highest utterances of religion and the greatest generalisations of modern astronomy and astrophysics? Have we yet penetrated to the unity which comprehends the difference between "Nature" and "Spirit," and reinterprets them by uniting them? We have emphatically no right to tie ourselves finally down to any theory, however apparently invulnerable, within which science tentatively works in our own momentary day. But we have not only the right, we are bound in duty to fact and truth to give effective recognition to the greatest of all such revisions of cosmical assumption, that of Copernicus. We must at least recognise the natural presumption that the same order, in a broad sense, applies in our mental and spiritual experience. The Copernican discovery has been and is being succeeded by

revisions made possible by revealing instruments—virtually extensions of human sense into the further environment—which man is always devising or perfecting. Have we yet discerned that all this has an intimate bearing upon the whole field of our thought and our faith?

If not, it is surely time that we seriously consider these matters, and realise that, if he lived again now, Paul of Tarsus would not fail to learn this God-sent lesson, that science herself being a revelation, what we owe first of all to the Divine Parentage of a spiritual universe is to live, not for the Passed, not for the Gone-By, but for that which is Coming to Pass, and in which the Passed is not lost, but for ever being taken up and transmuted. What else, indeed, is the keynote of all that we can value in Old and New “Testament”? It is beyond all else a call to live for the ever new ages, fresh developments, and rising ideals which are symbolised by the dawn and the sunrise, by the world’s return in its northern hemisphere to its sun at Christmas; and most of all by the mysteries of conception and of birth.

For in every sense we have to be, as in Nature we already are, born not merely again, but from above.

V. WELBY.

HARROW.

THE REVISION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

THE REV. W. MANNING, M.A.,

Secretary of the Churchman's Union.

AT a meeting held in the north of England, the chairman, a liberal Churchman, addressing the company of liberal Churchmen, said in a rhetorical parenthesis, "I should like to see the man who would write a new prayer book." The remark was received with one of those expressions of suppressed approval which indicate the full accord of the hearers with the speaker. Explicitly the remark conveys the idea that the rewriting of the Prayer Book is a task of tremendous importance, and one which needs gifts of scholarship and of tact, of devotion and of liturgical knowledge, of statesmanship such as to make the possessor a man to be seen. Implicitly the remark involves the idea that the rewriting of the Prayer Book is a task impossible, and therefore not to be considered among the practical politics of the Church.

The present writer holds that revision of the Prayer Book is both possible and needed, and while he claims to possess none of the gifts necessary for the task, it will be his object in this paper to state some considerations precedent to that revision.

I. It is obvious that the question of revision will assume in our minds the form of a desirable and possible work, in the degree in which we adopt one or another concept of the Church. If we conceive of the Church as an organisation fixed in its intellectual beliefs, committed by its Founder, either

directly by Him during the forty days or during the earliest centuries by the Holy Spirit, to a definite and fixed liturgical form, and settled for all the ages in one unalterable system of government—then, of course, any progress in thought necessitating any revision of formularies, or any alteration in the discipline, requiring a form of government other than that by bishop, priest, and deacon, will appear not only unnecessary but impious. But, though this conception of the Church is that of the majority of ecclesiastically-minded clergy and laity, there is a minority among the clergy, and probably a majority among the laity, who do not thus think of it, but who think of the Church rather as a living body with resident spiritual forces which are capable of procuring progressive belief, of changing the form of government, and of altering its liturgical expression of worship. While these are conscious that such changes should be introduced with the utmost precaution, and carried out with the greatest respect for the religious feelings of those to whom by long use the accustomed forms are dear, they insist upon the proper and inherent right of the Church to adopt its forms of creed, of liturgy, and of discipline to the exigencies of the time, and to the stage of intellectual evolution reached to-day, and they are of opinion that the condition of the Church of the day urgently demands a revision of the Book of Common Prayer.

The conception of the Church which renders revision possible and makes it appear desirable is succinctly set forth by Dr Lyman Abbott: "Christ gave to His disciples neither a creed, a liturgy, nor rules for the construction of an ecclesiastical organisation. He has told us very distinctly for what He came into the world. 'I have come,' He said, 'that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.' 'I give unto them eternal life.' . . . He came that He might give life, and this life has expressed itself in intellectual forms, that is, in liturgies; in institutional forms, that is, in Churches. But He gave neither a creed, a liturgy, nor a Church to the world."

If, then, the liturgy be not of Divine institution, but the emotional expression of the Life, it follows that this liturgy must and will assume a progressively varied form, in accordance with the *ethos* and the spirit of each nation and age which desires to express the Life.

II. The ample provision for the alteration of formularies which the Church has made in its articles of association is scarcely sufficiently recognised by Churchmen themselves. Those articles anticipate that the need for revision will arise, and provide the means by which it may be supplied.

Article XX. states: "The Church hath power to decree Rites or Ceremonies, and authority in Controversies of Faith." Another article, No. XXXIV., explicitly states that change and diversity are lawful: "It is not necessary that Traditions and Ceremonies be in all places one, or utterly like; for at all times they have been divers, and may be changed according to the diversities of countries, times, and men's manners, so that nothing be ordained against God's Word."

Our first consideration is therefore that a revision of the Prayer Book is neither disloyal to the Head of the Church, who gave no liturgy, nor disloyal to the Church, which anticipates and provides for revision, when rendered necessary by "diversities of countries, times, and men's manners."

Prayer Book revision is neither impious nor illegal.

III. Another fact to be taken into consideration is the effect upon our religious ideas which Biblical criticism has produced. The higher criticism is no longer the possession of the scholarly few; it is not limited to the experts, but it is percolating through the press and the pulpit to the rank and file of Christendom, while earnest and serious Christian men are advancing with reverent questionings and unsolved difficulties to meet the critics. Already the pioneers of each party are in communication. This movement is altering our conceptions of theology and modifying our ideas of the character and content of the Bible. Now, it seems an irresistible conclusion that, as Biblical knowledge varies, a Church

whose basis is the Bible, whose authority is the Bible, whose appeal is to the Bible, must change the forms of the expression of its belief and of its worship.

Everywhere in the constitution of the Church the Bible is stated to be the final authority of the Church's opinions and practices. "Though the Church be a keeper and witness of Holy Writ, yet as it ought not to decree anything against the same, so besides the same ought it not to enforce anything." The constant and unique limitation to the freedom of the Church is thus phrased: "So that nothing be ordained against God's Word"; "So that it be not repugnant to the Word of God."

A Church, therefore, which is based upon the Bible cannot escape the relentless necessity of revision of its formularies, when once it has admitted the revision of the canonical Scripture. Nor can that Church escape the irresistible conclusion, that if the content of Holy Scripture be changed, the meaning of the liturgical expressions taken from the Scripture must proportionately alter.

History confirms the contention. Prayer Book revision always follows Bible retranslation.

It is not maintained that the translation of the Bible was the only cause of the revision of the Prayer Book; but the religious mind of the age came to feel the need of Prayer Book revision as soon as it was instructed by the possession of the Bible, and in so far as the Bible translation furthered the revision of the Prayer Book, the former may legitimately be considered the cause of the latter.

IV. That these alterations are admittedly neither unique in their occasion nor final in their intention, but that they proceed from a principle proper to a living Church, is sufficiently clear from the preface to the Book of Common Prayer, in which we read: "It hath been the wisdom of the Church ever since the compiling of her publick Liturgy, to keep the mean between the two extremes, of too much stiffness in refusing, and of too much easiness in admitting any variation from it."

It further insists upon the variability of forms: "The particular forms of Divine worship, and the Rites and Ceremonies appointed to be used therein, being things in their own nature indifferent, and alterable, and so acknowledged; it is but reasonable, that upon weighty and important considerations, according to the various exigency of times and occasions, such changes and alterations should be made therein, as to those that are in place of authority should from time to time seem either necessary or expedient."

Having herein claimed and justified their right to revise, the revisers proceed to enumerate under three classes the various kinds of changes which they have made:—

1. In the rubrics: "For the better direction of them that are to officiate." 2. In the text: "For the more proper expressing of some words or phrases of ancient usage in terms more suitable for the present times." 3. In the passages of Scripture used in the offices: "For a more perfect rendering of such portions of the Holy Scripture as are inserted in the Liturgy . . . and are now ordered to be read according to the last Translation."

These are exactly the changes for which the most keen adherent of revision asks. He is merely claiming that the Church should put into operation a proper constitutional right, for which provision has been made. The Church is a democratic body, and as soon as public opinion in the Church is educated to see the necessity for change, and bold enough to express its conviction, there is little doubt that "those that are in place of authority" will deem such change to be both "necessary and expedient."

V. A third consideration which points to the need for revision is that there is a growing conviction both of the necessity and the expediency of some alterations.

(a) Generally it is morally bad, both for priest and people, that the pulpit should have to be used to explain away the prayer desk. "I always say the Athanasian Creed and then explain it in the pulpit," say many clergy. Now, this need

for explaining gives colour to the statement that the Christian teacher has to strain the meaning of words and to explain away many of his official pronouncements. To say in the prayer desk that a man who does not think in a certain way of the Trinity will perish everlastingly, and then within an hour to go to the other side of the Church and to explain that it does not mean that the man who does not think thus of the Trinity will perish everlastingly, is scarcely a method of inspiring confidence in one's hearers. The Church should not use words which need explaining in this way. This constant need for explaining creates an intellectual shiftiness in the clergy, produces confusion in the minds of the people, and lowers the reputation of the official teachers for intellectual honesty.

In the morning and evening prayers there is little perhaps that needs explaining; but in the occasional offices there are statements which it can be fearlessly asserted that not a bishop on the Bench would accept, as the assumption is that they do accept, in their "true literal and usual meanings," "in the plain and full meaning thereof," "without putting his own sense or comment to be the meaning of the article which he is to take in its literal and grammatical sense."

Presumably twenty-two thousand clergy say every Ash Wednesday that it is much to be wished that the godly discipline of open penance which obtained in the primitive Church should be restored. But who ever from one Ash Wednesday to another raises a finger to procure the restoration of open penance as it was practised in the primitive Church? No bishop has yet introduced a Bill for the purpose in the House of Lords, nor is any bishop likely to do so.

Presumably the exhortation in the Communion office is read at or before the time of the celebration of the Communion, and yet no one believes, without putting his own sense or comment upon the words, either that sore punishments hang over the heads of those who neglect that ordinance, or that "we provoke Him to plague us with divers diseases

and sundry kinds of death," or that they who receive it unworthily "eat and drink their own damnation."

If we are allowed to put our own sense and comment upon the formularies, of course we can accept and use much ; but the need of thus *explaining* is inexpedient, because the explanation creates in the mind of the laity the idea that the minister is practising a casuistical method of dealing with words, and that he is lacking in straightforwardness. Some alteration is therefore necessary and expedient upon the general ground of "the proper expressing of some words or phrases in terms more suitable to the language of the present time."

And alteration is also desirable that we may have more alternative services, more selection. We are hampered by having too few forms of service. The widely diverse needs of congregations in different stages of education, in varied conditions of life, and graduated progress of religious growth, cannot find an adequate expression of their religious instinct in one unalterable, fixed liturgy. The order for morning prayer, which expresses admirably the instinct of worship for a congregation of men and women educated and trained in the atmosphere of Church life, is not the best conceivable for an uneducated congregation. The office for the burial of the dead, admirable as it is in its solemnity and beauty for the burial of an adult, is pathetically inappropriate as the last office for an infant or for a child. The legal necessity for saying Matins, Litany, Ante-Communion, and Evensong every Sunday, and the wholesome modern practice of at least one celebration, and sometimes more than one, on Sundays, produces the result of our having too many obligatory offices, which leads either to prolonged services or else to the pernicious custom of some of the services being said because of the legal obligation, than which there can be nothing more materialising to our conception of worship or more harmful to the character of the officiating minister.

(b) In the services themselves the revisers will be wise to allow a wider sphere of selection in the Psalms and lessons.

The Psalms contain many expressions which are utterly meaningless, on account of the obscurity of the text or the faultiness of the translation—*e.g.*, Ps. lviii. 8: "Or ever your pots be made hot with thorns: so let indignation vex him, even as a thing that is raw"; and Ps. lxviii. 30: "When the company of the spear-men, and multitude of the mighty are scattered abroad among the beasts of the people, so that they humbly bring pieces of silver." Of course the critical student knows what these and similar passages may possibly mean. But they can convey no meaning whatever to the average worshipper, and the sight of a congregation reciting these passages would be humorous, were it not such a sad and pathetic waste of time and misdirection of spiritual energy.

Dr Peters in his excellent book, *The Old Testament and the New Scholarship*, gives a forcible example of *unintelligibility* in the Psalms, an example which well illustrates the kind of revision needed. Ps. lxviii., verse 11, reads: "The Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers." The verses following this read: "Kings with their armies did flee, and were discomfited: and they of the household divided the spoil. Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove: that is covered with silver wings, and her feathers like gold. When the Almighty scattered kings for their sake: then were they as white as snow in Salmon." "Now while the individual clauses in these verses make sense each for itself as far as it goes, they do not make sense taken together, and quite manifestly have no connection with one another in thought. In point of fact they are headlines of hymns. The action of the psalm is dramatic. It is a processional, and the first part—the first ten verses—is a description of God's victorious procession out of Egypt through the wilderness, full of miraculous mercies towards His people, ending with the grant to them of the land of Canaan as their inheritance. Then He bids the company of women, or, as the Prayer Book version has it, 'preachers,' to celebrate in song what He has done. The

verses following are the first lines of the songs which they sing, and to sing them as the consecutive verses of a psalm is precisely as it would be to make such a hymn-verse as this:—

“ ‘ My God, permit me not to be ’
‘ Nearer, my God, to Thee. ’
‘ Hail the day that sees Him rise ’
‘ From all that dwell below the skies. ’ ”

In the matter of the lectionary, the future revisers of the Prayer Book will be well advised to authorise the use of the Revised Version, to omit many of the chapters now read, and to avoid the selection as lessons of passages which give only a part of an argument which loses its meaning by its isolation from the other parts. It is at least considerable whether some verses of Romans i. and whether 1 Cor vii. are appropriate for public reading in the Church to-day. Much may be said both for and against the public recitation of these passages, but at least we may claim the expediency of consideration of the point.

One further point we would urge, though it may appear a counsel of perfection to some, and too radical a change to others—the inclusion, among selected passages for the lessons, of some carefully chosen chapters from the best of our own English literature. If the age has had revealed to it the universal immanence of the Deity, there is no longer the need for conceiving of His operation as limited to the growth of one people or one age, and the distinction between sacred and secular history fails. If Pentecost has been the outpouring of the Spirit of God upon all flesh, and if God is teaching to-day the hearts of His faithful people, there is no longer any possibility of limiting inspiration to any one literature. The time has surely come when we may frankly recognise the truth of St Paul's statement that “every scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness.”

W. MANNING.

THE FUTILITY OF ABSOLUTISM.

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ABSOLUTISM is betrayed by its speculative ambition into three characteristic errors.

1. *Formalism*.—An ultimate principle in which every concession has been made to *generality*, is grossly inadequate to everything to which it applies. What is gained in breadth is lost in thickness. The rich nature of concrete objects is left wholly out of the account. Now this sacrifice of sufficiency to generality, or neglect of the insufficiency of categories selected in the interests of generality, is the error of formalism.

Thus Plato's Absolute Good owes its claims to supremacy to its being identified with the intelligible; but in so far as it is thus a purely logical conception it is unequal to what metaphysically is demanded of it. Spinoza cleared himself of the Platonic confusion between logic and teleology, and sought to establish his system upon the firm basis of the deductive method. All things without exception are definite, that is, possessed of certain inherent attributes; and all things without exception are implicative, that is, possessed of a power to generate modes of themselves by logical necessity. In this sense, according to Spinoza, all things are substance. But though this be a true characterisation of reality, it is necessarily inadequate. It throws no light whatsoever on what things are, and on what they imply. They might be and imply anything so far as this definition is concerned. The

conception is, and remains, a logical conception, referring to the most general or abstract aspect of experience, and leaving all that remains, the vast bulk of nature and history, wholly out of the account.

Now it is certain that Plato did not mean to define reality in terms of bare intelligibility, and that Spinoza did not mean to define it in terms of bare substantiality. But it is none the less true, I believe, that they did not succeed in doing more. So far as the terms they employ are unambiguous, and so far as these terms refer to general elements of experience, they are limited to a logical application, and do not sufficiently explain any single concrete object or event. This formalism is obscured by equivocation.

2. *Equivocation.*—The good did not, it is true, signify to Plato the purely logical intelligibility of things, but rather an individual in which supreme goodness and perfect intelligibility were united. But how is such a being to be defined? Experience doubtless affords analogies, but only analogies that are essentially limited in application. Thus a well-organised society, in which human interests are harmoniously adjusted and brought to fulfilment, may be said to owe its meaning to the propriety and excellence of its activities. To be understood at all it has to be understood as good. But the concepts of political theory are of limited generality. Not even society in its historical form can be said to be a true polity, while nature falls quite outside the range of such principles. Similarly, art, where this is ideal, is both intelligible and good. But neither is nature art, nor is all art ideal. The ultimate good, then, can be neither a perfect society nor a perfect work of art, because these conceptions, while they are sufficient and illuminating in a certain context, are not all-general. There is a third sense in which the intelligible is good: as the consummation of the theoretical interest—the truth sought and won. But here again it is clear that we have to do with a particular and complex process which it is impossible to generalise. There is no reason to suppose that

all things whatsoever are comprehended within one moment of ecstatic contemplation. Without the use of the subjectivistic principle (of which Plato was happily innocent) such a contention cannot even be made plausible. The truth that is enjoyed is but a small fraction of the being that is. Furthermore, though we narrow the world to the process of thought, it must yet be objected that not all thought is crowned with success.

What, then, is that wholly good being, advanced as a sufficient explanation of the totality of things? Clearly it is not a case of moral goodness, or of beauty, or even of truth, in the sense of intellectual happiness. And yet Plato freely attributes all three of these values to it! But does he mean to do so *literally*? It is impossible to say; for at this point the absolutist begins to speak a strange tongue. God is not good in any known sense, only because He is of surpassing goodness. He is more, not less, than virtue, beauty, and insight. Now to be virtuous, and to have virtue enhanced by other values beside, this truly is to be more than virtuous; but to be lacking in virtue through excess of it, to be more than virtuous and yet not virtuous at all—this passes comprehension. And yet precisely this profound and misleading equivocation lies at the root of all Platonic mysticism. To give the ultimate principle meaning it is necessary to employ terms that have meaning, terms that refer explicitly to certain distinguishable experiences, moral, æsthetic, and cognitive. But at the same time the very definiteness of these terms forbids their application to a principle that is by definition absolutely ultimate. Consequently the terms are both withdrawn and retained: withdrawn so far as exact definition is concerned; retained for their powers of suggestion, for their vague practical and emotional implications.

In its endeavour to give some definite meaning to its ultimate principle, absolutism thus falls into one or the other of two errors. Either the truly general elements of experience are falsely regarded as sufficient to the complex objects in

which they are found; or certain conceptions that are truly sufficient within limits, are rendered equivocal through being applied symbolically or analogically beyond those limits. These errors obscure the fact that the ultimate principle is not definitely conceived. The all-general, all-sufficient principle is not found, because the most general categories are limited in sufficiency, while the most sufficient categories are limited in generality. The absolute remains, then, a problematic conception. But if such be the case, is there any good ground for asserting it? To that question we now turn.

3. *Dogmatism*.—May it be asserted that there is an all-general, all-sufficient principle, even though it is not discovered, or defined except in these problematic terms? There is but one argument that can be used to justify such a procedure. It may be contended that nothing is really known without reference to such an absolute principle: that so long as knowledge is limited either in generality or in sufficiency, there is no final knowledge. It would follow that in postulating the true being of anything—that is, the nature of a thing as fully known—one postulates a principle in terms of which unlimited knowledge is possible. This argument is open to suspicion, because it both uses and condemns *limited knowledge*; using it as the type and pattern of all knowledge, and at the same time condemning it as not knowledge at all because limited. Let us turn again to the case of Plato.

He would say that we know things in so far as we apprehend them as good. But in every verifiable case of such knowledge the goodness of things is limited. Thus, for example, the activity of the wise ruler is good and intelligible in that it answers to the demands of social life, and to concrete historical exigencies. Without reference to these limiting conditions it is impossible to define the goodness of the ruler; and if that reference be condemned, then the *method of definition* is condemned. There is no ground here for the conception or assertion of a perfection so exalted that it shall be limited by no conditions whatsoever. Nor is the situation essentially altered if a more

general conception of value is employed. Suppose that we define the activity of the ruler in terms of the demands of social life, and then define these in terms of the demands of human nature. Social life itself may then be understood in the Platonic way, as the organisation of activities necessary to the expression of the ideal essence of man. But even so, although what man does may now be understood as good in terms of what man is, the ideal essence of man has to be defined in terms of categories that are not teleological at all. And if this be regarded as vicious, then the whole method is vicious. We are not justified in projecting a good that shall be all good, for that requires us to abandon elements indispensable to our conception of good.

Thus every case of knowledge by teleological principles involves the apprehension and acceptance of elements which are not wholly determined by those principles. This being an inalienable feature of the method, there surely is nothing necessarily fatal to knowledge in supposing that the world contains a variety of teleological principles whose plurality and inherent differences must be apprehended and accepted in the same way. If it is impossible that a good thing should be wholly good, surely there is no reason why various good things should not be indifferent to one another; why, even if we accept Plato's teleology, the world should not be governed by innumerable purposes. It has now become simply a question of fact, and not a question of *a priori* necessity.

It may be objected that I have not done justice to the consideration that all things must be regarded as standing in some universal relation, thus composing a world-totality. This consideration does, it is true, lend some support to the position of Spinoza. Substituting the terms of Spinoza for those of Plato, is there not some ground for asserting an all-general, all-sufficient principle, even though it remain problematic, in view of the fact that there is a universal totality which, like all other beings, must possess the logical form of substance? To answer this question it is necessary to

remark precisely what is demanded in order that a system shall comply with this most general logical requirement. The most conspicuous systems in human knowledge are those in which, as in the case of Euclidean geometry, or the Newtonian mechanics, the axioms, postulates, indefinables, variables, etc.—that is, the terms and propositions that are not deduced—are few and fruitful. The investigator doubtless makes them as few and as fruitful as possible. But there is no *a priori* principle that determines how few or how fruitful they shall be. The deductive method, which is the basis of Spinoza's system, clearly requires some elements that are not deduced. These elements stand in certain simple relations, such as difference, to one another; but they are not brought under the determination of the principles of the system itself. Now this being the case it is clearly absurd to infer an absolute system in which every element shall be deduced—a system in which, through excess of deductive cogency, the very conditions of deduction shall be removed!

Or, if this be untrue to Spinoza's real intent, it is at least gratuitous to infer that there shall be but *one* deductive system. There is, let us grant, a universal totality; but is there any reason why it should possess any definite degree of deductive unity? Is there any reason why that totality should not be composed of many systems, which are related to one another as are the non-deductive elements of these several systems? Now if it be contended that this is equivalent to the assertion of a single all-embracing system, of which the particular systems, such as geometry, mechanics, ethics, etc., shall be the axioms, then we have only to remind ourselves of the entire insignificance of such a contention. There is no ground for determining whether these several systems, together with such systems as exceed present knowledge, form a highly coherent or a loosely collective system. It is entirely possible that together they imply nothing other than that which they imply severally, except the collective totality of all that they imply. In other words, we are justified in saying no more

than that if we knew all the first principles, we could deduce all objects and events. No self-respecting philosopher would go to the trouble of proving this, and it is certain that Spinoza did not mean to assert so trivial and obvious a proposition. But the dilemma is unavoidable. Either he is limited to that conclusion, or he must be charged with attempting to override his own logic—with seeking to find an argument for an absolute deductive system by condemning the deductive method itself.

The attempt of absolutism to escape dogmatism is, then, the source of a very insidious, persistent, and fatal error. It is necessary to define a method of knowledge, and then discredit it, in order to justify the assertion of some other knowledge than that in which the method is already exemplified. This error involves more than inconsistency and failure—it involves the denial of all positive knowledge, and the substitution for it of an unrealised and impossible project. It encourages the sweeping condemnation of science, and an irresponsible and autocratic procedure in philosophy.

Such, then, was the state of absolutism at the time of Kant. In the interests of the speculative dogma, ambitious to formulate an all-general and all-sufficient principle, it neglected the essential formality and abstractness of logic (the discovery of which was its great achievement); it violated the meaning of ethical, physical, and other conceptions by over-generalising them; and disparaged actual knowledge, by arbitrarily asserting a problematic conception of ideal knowledge. We have now to consider whether modern idealism, profiting by the insight of Kant, has succeeded in avoiding formalism, equivocation, and dogmatism.

Idealists agree that Kant created a new epoch in philosophy, but they do not agree as to just what his epoch-making discovery was. According to a strictly logical interpretation, that philosopher is commended for his re-discovery of the categories, and for his contributions toward their complete formulation and systematic classification. In this inter-

pretation the emphasis is placed on Kant's polemic against the English philosophers of the eighteenth century. Hume, for example, had overlooked the fact that it is impossible to define anything whatever in the terms contributed by the several senses, and without the terms contributed by thought. Sense by itself cannot know ; consciousness cannot pronounce judgment on an object, except there be called into play certain ideas, forms, or categories which are mediated by the higher cognitive faculties. Furthermore, it is possible to enumerate those ideas, forms, or categories which are distinguished by the fact that they are all involved in every known object. These Kant calls *the categories, par excellence*. They are such as causality, substance, quantity, and quality. But Kant did not merely enumerate a list of categories ; he defined them as the necessary implications of one supreme category, the category of *synthetic unity*. In other words, each object must be endowed with such formal properties as condition its systematic relations with all objects.

If Kant's list of categories be accepted, together with his theory of the priority of space and time, it follows that naturalism is justified, since the fundamental concepts of physical science are proved to coincide with the properties of object-in-general. Or, since these categories, although they were defined as the instruments of synthetic unity, exhibit a fatal incapacity to attain it, involving the knower in hopeless relativity and indefiniteness, it may be concluded that the analysis simply demonstrates the limitation of human knowledge to the partial sphere of physical nature. But idealism avoids materialism and positivism alike by denying Kant's list of the categories, and his theory of the *a priority* of space and time ; while accepting his supreme idea, that of synthetic unity, and attempting to develop truly universal categories from it. Such is the course adopted by the strict constructionists among present-day Kantians ; and is the motive that underlies the present-day emphasis among all Kantians on the category of coherence. "We cannot play the game of

thought," says Edward Caird, "without taking our stand upon the idea that the world is a self-consistent and intelligible whole."

But this is a strange sequel to what has for a century been celebrated as a philosophical revolution! There is no virtue in this insight to redeem absolutism from its pre-Kantian failure. Indeed, the fact is conceded by many who, having been born and baptised Kantians, have turned to the peaceful and non-metaphysical pursuit of logic. They are distinguished only by the fact that having been school metaphysicians, they play the new part somewhat awkwardly, and are excelled by those who own no allegiance to tradition.

Now, if this logical interpretation of Kant be set aside, there is, so far as I know, but one alternative. If Kant's insight does not consist in his discovery of the category of synthetic unity, then it must consist in his discovery of the category of subjectivity—that is, in his assertion that the categories, the universal conditions to which all intelligible objects must conform, are supplied, enacted or created by consciousness. So far as I know, there is no idealist who does not sooner or later betray his acceptance of this fundamental principle, to the effect that things are necessarily related to consciousness. So-called "objective" and "subjective" idealists do not differ as respects the general principle, but only as respects their theory of consciousness.

For both alike, the categories are no longer simply the most general properties of objects, or the properties of the universal object, but the general object-making instruments of mind. In place of a supreme category of synthetic unity, or orderly totality, we now have spiritual process or activity, that in uniting its objects and setting them in order, creates the universe. To understand the principle governing the procedure of this creative mind would be to understand all things without exception. And this is indeed a new absolutism, whose claims of superiority to Plato and Spinoza are deserving of consideration.

"Objective idealists," through their anxiety to avoid the charge of subjectivism, have succeeded only in enveloping their fundamental contention in obscurity. It is ridiculous to attempt to belittle the momentousness of that contention. "The result of Kant's teaching," says Edward Caird, "was not to cast any, even the slightest, doubt on the reality of the external world, but only to show that a new element must be added to all that we know of it as an external world, namely, its relations to a subject."¹ Now it is possible that this is intended to be a whimsical utterance, like Leibniz's famous *nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit in sensu, nisi intellectus ipse*. In any case, baldly stated, it means that nothing is unreal about the external world *except its externality to consciousness*. But the very essence of "the external world," if that phrase has any proper use at all, is its ability to dispense with "relations to a subject," and thus to be indifferent to consciousness so far as its existence and inherent properties are concerned. The radical character of the idealist contention cannot be concealed. That contention must either be abandoned, in which case the difference between pre-Kantian and post-Kantian absolutism disappears; or it must be proclaimed. A growing unwillingness to proclaim it is, I think, largely responsible for the profound ambiguity of contemporary idealism and for its notable loss of power. I do not propose to undertake a refutation of subjectivism. I wish only to make it clear that idealism's claim to originality rests on the assertion that to be implies being perceived, thought, appreciated, willed, known, or in some way dealt with by consciousness. This is not a simple and obvious truth, as many idealists would have us believe; it is a universal proposition of a very complicated character, requiring proof, and having very grave epistemological implications. But let us waive objection to this subjectivistic contention, in order the better to test the absolutist principle with which, in the case of idealism, it is

¹ "Idealism and the Theory of Knowledge," reprinted from the *Proceedings of the British Academy*, vol. i, p. 4.

united. Does the subjectivistic principle free absolutism from formalism, equivocation, and dogmatism ?

1. *Formalism*.—Idealism proposes to define and establish an all-general, all-sufficient principle with the aid of the postulate that being is conditioned on consciousness. In other words, it proposes to define an act, state, or process of consciousness from which all objects and all events without exception can be deduced. The idealist, like the pre-Kantian absolutist, necessarily turns to those properties of things which have the maximum of generality. Otherwise he must confine himself to the confessedly empty assertion of a consciousness of things as they are ; which would simply add to each and every item of reality the property of consciousness. The idealist, then, depends for the fruitfulness of his universal principle upon the categories. Indeed, his universal consciousness must be defined exclusively in terms of these categories, since no other attributes will measure up to its unlimited generality. The Kantian category which has assumed fundamental importance is, as we have seen, that of synthetic unity, or systematic totality. The absolute consciousness, then, is that which contributes to all things, by the thinking or the willing of them, those determinate inter-relationships by virtue of which they form a consistent and orderly universe. The world is one systematic whole, thought or willed.

Now such is the power of words that this rings like an important conclusion. And yet it explains so little that a scientist, moralist, or religious believer would be justified in conceding it without hesitation. For as respects the issues of science, morality, even of religion, it is utterly non-committal ; it is consistent with *anything*. Were the idealist to proceed further and enumerate certain subordinate categories, such as difference, identity, quality, etc., wherewith the absolute consciousness unites things into a systematic whole, he would have to reckon with the logician, but he could still be safely ignored by everyone else. In other words, if consciousness is to be generalised, it must be defined in logical terms ; and when so

defined it serves to explain the logical elements of experience and nothing more. To explain the other aspects of experience one must look to other and, as will inevitably be the case, less general principles.

How can it be, then, that as a matter of historical record idealism has proved stimulating and fruitful? Conceding that idealism, like pre-Kantian absolutism, has been of service in discrediting the pretensions of materialism, and conceding the various incidental services rendered by individual idealists, the broad and significant fact remains that the old inspired idealism, the idealism of art and literature, the idealism that made difference, has been discredited by idealists themselves. And this has been due, I think, to an inevitable refinement of idealist conceptions.

Let anyone contemplate, for example, the difference between Hegel and his disciple Bradley. The weakness of Hegel, from the modern point of view, lay not in his general programme, but in the fact that he boldly set about carrying it out. He made too many positive assertions. Now the fact that Hegel did make positive assertions about natural evolution, about historical development, and about international politics, accounts for the fact that his philosophy was of vital consequence, and to many a source of inspiration. But to-day no one is more ready than the idealist to point out that Hegel made the mistake of applying the *a priori* method to nature and history. He tried to deduce the actual process of experience from his basal principle that the real obeys the dialectic of the thought process. Now it is generally conceded that he failed. Everyone but the idealist explains his failure by the falsity of the first principle. The idealist, however, attributes his failure to his premature definition of the categories. The new way is either with Mr Bradley to define the universal thought process in negative terms, or with the majority to declare once and for all that the universal thought process coincides with things as they are. Then if you require more definite information you must wait until scientists, historians

and others discover what things really are. But this is what the world has long since been doing anyway. The only distinction the idealist enjoys is the hope that some day, when the returns are all in, he may rise triumphantly and say—" *That is the Absolute.*" But meanwhile he must wait like the rest of us, or himself engage in the lowlier task of studying nature and life.

An analogous case is presented by the gradual devitalisation of the Fichtean and Romanticist tendencies. One would scarcely expect an orthodox neo-Fichtean to preach a national uprising; for he is a quietist like his friends of the intellectualist wing. Carlyle and Emerson would find little to their taste in present-day accounts of the "over-individual will." And the reason lies in the fact that the absolute will has gradually been reduced to a will that things shall be as they are, or rather to the will through which things are as they are. It was once supposed that the primacy of the will, or the creative originality of genius, had something to do with a man's power over his environment. Idealism was the justification of the religion of self-reliance. As an idealist a man might substitute his affections for the alien categories of mechanical science, and discern behind the hard outer aspect of nature a response to his own longings. He might assert himself, and yet claim the world as his own. Idealism was the justification of faith in the triumph of the human spirit over its adversaries—the triumph of the individual over authority, of the nation over its conquerors, of humanity over fortune. But this moving idealism is now condemned for its anthropomorphism. Its claims were so specific that they were exposed to refutation. The universe is not necessarily responsive to any historical individual interest. "All things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked." If, then, "will" is to be retained as the originating condition of being, it cannot be your will or mine, for these prefer special claims which events in their neutrality are not disposed to regard; it must be an "over-individual will," whose essential character is

that it shall will things as they are—whatever they are. But such a will is identical in all but name with that very impartiality or indifference from which the romantic faith promised deliverance. There remains only the grim and ironical religion of last resort: the promise that the world shall be his who asks of it only that it shall be itself.

It is little wonder that the religious implications of the revised idealism are unverifiable. Idealism of this type *has no implications* that touch those issues of which religion is solicitous. The religious belief in God relates to specific good things of which God is the guarantee. God is the will through which the universe shall in the end prefer happiness to misery, good to evil, life to death—and thus carry through to some eventual triumph the adventure in which man is presently engaged. Religious hope and fear, like all hope and fear, are discriminating. They issue from the love of some things and the dread of other things. The believer looks to God for a boon, knowing well the sweet from the bitter. Hence the assurance that things are one, orderly, coherent, systematic; even the assurance that they are thought or willed to be so, leaves him unmoved. He must know incomparably more before, in his religious perplexity, he knows anything.

Similarly, the religious belief in immortality arises from a solicitude that is specific and unmistakable. Its root is the dread of annihilation, of the severance of ties and the cessation of activities that are presently good. Immortality is a prerogative by virtue of which man hopes that he may continue thus to live, after that natural-historical event called death. Idealism assures a man that his life, whether long or short, is unique, indispensable, and out of time. By virtue of the world-sustaining thought or will, he belongs to a universal totality within which he has a determinate relation to all other things!

It is doubtful if this would be recognised as even remotely relevant to the religious issue, were it not disguised in such phrases as "the eternal life." In any case its barrenness is

unmitigated. After the idealist has offered his consolation, the real object of hope and fear, man's chance of life *after* death, remains in as great darkness as before.

2. *Equivocation*.—In spite of the fact that when strictly interpreted idealism is no more than a logical formulation of life, leaving wholly out of account those matters with which religion is primarily concerned, it has nevertheless been offered, and is still offered, as a confirmation of religious belief. This is possible, I am convinced, only by virtue of terms borrowed from religious tradition, and used without a nice regard for their meaning. In other words, idealism, like pre-Kantian absolutism, avoids the appearance of formalism only by making a virtue of equivocation.

The fundamental equivocation in idealism is its use of terms that ordinarily refer to characteristic elements of human life, such as "thought," "will," "personality," and "spirit." Since this matter can be so much more profitably considered in the light of an independent analysis of consciousness, I shall dismiss it briefly here. Suffice it to point out that *the moral and religious significance of consciousness* is bound up with those very elements which must be eliminated if the conception is to be employed as an unlimited generalisation. Thus "thought" suggests a stage of development in life, a prerogative of man, distinguishing him from the greater part of his environment; but a *universal* thought, an *absolute* idea, must be co-extensive with the totality—and exhibited as truly in the mechanisms of nature as in the purposes of man. Indeed, the greater the stress laid on the universality of thought, the more is one compelled to identify it with nature *rather* than with man. The term "will" belongs inseparably to the assertion of particular interests, in the face of indifferent circumstance, and in the midst of other wills that may be friendly or hostile. But an "over-individual will" must coincide with all particular interests and also with their environment. Its over-individuality is better exhibited in the environment than in the interests themselves. Now when the

Absolute is described as thought or will, and offered, thus qualified, as a conception of God, the unsuspecting layman understands these terms in the first sense, in the sense in which he can verify them in his own experience. The *suggestions* of these and other like terms, must inevitably outweigh their technical meaning in the discourse of idealistic philosophy. The layman is never really taken into the confidence of the augurs. Hence he is readily led to believe that he is guaranteed the triumph of civilisation over the mechanical cosmos, and of good over evil. He is persuaded that the Absolute takes sides with him against his foes and promises him the victory. Little does he suspect that such a being must by definition stand uncommitted to any cause, the impartial creator and spectator of things as they are.

But the most signal equivocation of which idealism has been guilty is its use of the terms "good" and "evil." Indeed, this phase of traditional idealism has not, even among idealists, the repute that it once enjoyed. There is an increasing tendency to meet the problem of evil with a *non possumus*. I want only to make it clear that the fault of the traditional solution of that problem lay in an equivocal use of terms. Equivocation is involved even in the *project* of such a solution as that which idealism undertakes. Evil constitutes a problem because it opposes, retards, or defeats the good will. If evil were not in this sense uncompromisingly alien to good, defined in contradistinction to it, there would be no problem. Now, to solve this problem, in the idealistic sense, means to discover some way of regarding evil as conducive to good, as good for good, as part of a whole that is better for its presence. But such a project necessarily involves a new definition of good, in which the old good shall be neutralised through the complicity of evil. And this is undeniably the case with every interpretation of the Absolute's goodness that idealism has formulated. Good and evil are united in a new conception of value, the very essence of which is its implication of *both* good and evil. The most ancient conception of this type is the Heraclitean

strife of opposites, πόλεμος πατὴρ πάντων. Now assuming that it is possible to formulate such a conception, and to attribute to it the unlimited generality that absolutism requires, it is certainly impossible to call it "good" without equivocation. For that term will continue to suggest what is now construed as one of its partial aspects. And the new conception appears to be a solution of the original problem only because of this suggestion. It seems to assert a victory of good over evil, whereas it really asserts only a perpetual and doubtful battle between the two, giving a certain fixity and finality to the very situation from its promised deliverance.

The equivocation of which idealism is guilty can scarcely be said to be an accident. It is a method of escape from formalism. And if equivocation is strictly avoided, there is, so far as I know, only one alternative method of escape remaining; namely, the assertion of this absolute as a problematic concept, or as an ideal that cannot be fulfilled, but only postulated. It remains to inquire whether idealism is any better prepared to make such an assertion than was pre-Kantian absolutism.

3. *Dogmatism*.—Idealism positively and explicitly commits itself to the assertion of a principle that shall be both all-general and all-sufficient. Is it not, then, an astonishing commentary on the power of words that this philosophy should be taken to mean so much in spite of having failed to formulate its central conception? Much idealistic literature is like the ceremonious introduction of a guest that never appears. We hear his name repeatedly, and our expectations are pitched high by references to his exalted station. But while everyone else feels that nothing has happened, the idealist appears to be satisfied with the ceremony itself, and dismisses us with a benediction calculated to transmute our disappointment and confusion of mind into a state of mystical reverence.

Admitting it to be impossible to define the absolute principle except symbolically or equivocally, idealism is supposed to justify the contention that there *is such* a principle.

Adopting the subjectivistic theory, it is argued that since reality is now made answerable to consciousness, one has only to discover the ideal of consciousness in order to reveal the very programme of creation. Now, how is such an ideal of consciousness to be defined? In the first place, it is clear that it must be no less general than consciousness itself. Consciousness has various particular interests, but there is no reason why any one of these should be satisfied in all quarters of experience. It is necessary to discover an interest that *invariably* governs consciousness. This may be phrased, perhaps, as the interest in interests, or the ideal of purposiveness, or the aim of rationality. The absolute, defined *a priori* to satisfy consciousness, may then be formulated as *the ultimate rationality*.

But does "ultimate rationality" mean *all the rationality that there is*, or a definable *maximum of rationality*? If the former, then it is clear that the *a priori* affirmation of it means no more than that the world as a whole, or all of the truth, is what consciousness would possess if it thought or willed everything. What that would be is known no better than before. On the other hand, if "ultimate rationality" means a definable maximum, then it is only just to demand the definition. Here it will not suffice to offer a problematic conception, because we are supposed to be dealing with the *grounds* upon which a problematic conception is asserted; and these must be articulate, or, for the purposes of the argument, they are negligible.

Is it possible, then, to define a maximum of coherence, purposiveness, or rationality? That it seems to be possible is due, I think, to the loose quantitative suggestions of the terms employed. Thus it is fair to say that a living organism is more coherent than a sandbank, in that there is a greater cross-reference of parts and inter-dependence of function. One gets more light on each element from its relations to all the other elements, in the former case than in the latter. Similarly, it is possible to suppose an assemblage even more

coherent than the living organism. But between this supposition of an *absolutely* coherent unity there is an immeasurable gulf. A difference of degree in coherence throws no light on a pure and unlimited coherence; the simple reason being that coherence means nothing without impurity and limitation. Every element of coherence, purposiveness, or rationality for which a concrete illustration can be provided, is conditioned on the presence of an element of separateness, indifference, or fact. *And there is no means of determining what proportion of these two elements shall constitute the ideal of consciousness.* Thus there is as little ground for the assertion of an absolute unity as for the assertion of an absolute severalty. The idealist has gone to great trouble to assert that all things are embraced within a rational totality, that there is no plurality without unity. But this is not an important observation. The real question is: How far do these all-ramifying relations, such as difference, go toward defining the terms so related? That the terms cannot be wholly defined by these relations is obvious; *nor is there any definite degree of significance that must be attached to them in order to satisfy the demands of consciousness.* Grant that the world is some sort of unity in variety, of permanence in change, and the alternatives still range from a vital unity to a loose aggregate. A consciousness that aimed at entire unity or permanence would defeat itself; and there is no maximum that can be defined *a priori*.

It might, I think, readily be proved that this whole procedure involves confusion and error. It is impossible in any given case of knowledge to say: "By this I know, by that I am prevented from knowing; therefore if that were wholly replaced by this I should know without limit." There is no negative element *in* knowledge, such as plurality, unrelatedness, incoherence, or meaninglessness. There is a negative cognitive element only in so far as I do not know, that is, am confused or unaware. The conditions of knowledge are fully satisfied when I know positively and clearly. And from

this it is possible to infer only that things are *precisely* what they are—a conclusion which decides no philosophical issues.

But I cannot here do justice to these considerations. I can hope only to have shown that as the idealist employs the term “consciousness,” or such terms as “thought” and “will,” his absolute, thus qualified, is metaphysically as empty, doubtful, and arbitrary as Plato’s Good or Spinoza’s Infinite Substance. Such conceptions are irrelevant, without application, to the issues in which religion takes so fearful and importunate an interest—the problems of the origin and fate of humanity, the potentialities and destinies of the individual, the lesson of history, the ground of hope in things unseen and yet to come.

There is a religion, it is true, for which idealism does offer a fresh and adequate justification—the religion of renunciation. But this religion is compatible with any philosophy, and most of all with those philosophies which deny men’s first hopes. This is the religion in which nothing is demanded of the world save that it shall be what it is—regardless of any interest. Now, if one is to have a religion of renunciation, it is desirable that the lesson of disillusionment shall be taught without the creation of fresh illusions. If the first hopes are to be abandoned, let us also abandon the language in which they are traditionally expressed; or let us openly profess that such language is employed only in a poetic and devotional sense, to make men brave and without complaint in a merciless environment. But renunciation is not the only religious implication of philosophy. There is good ground for hope, provided only that hope does not defeat itself through the very extravagance of its claims; through denying the very fears that gave it birth, and seeking to make peace while the enemy is still in arms.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

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MOSLEM SERMONS.

Preached in Constantinople.

[THE four sermons which follow were delivered by well-known preachers in Constantinople at a time when great changes were taking place in the Turkish Empire. They have been translated for the HIBBERT JOURNAL from the Ottoman Turkish by the Rev. Stephen van R. Trowbridge, of the American Mission at Aintab; Professor Loutfi Levonian assisting in the rendering of quotations from Arabic sources. They are given here in order that Western readers may judge, from first-hand evidence, what is the nature of the appeal which Islām makes to the national and moral life of its adherents. Mr Trowbridge says that his object in selecting these sermons and translating them has been “to interpret the fundamental changes which are taking place in the Turkish Empire, not from the view-point of a traveller or missionary or Oriental student, but from the very mind and eloquence of the chief Moslem doctors in Constantinople. These sermons and addresses, delivered in the famous old mosque of St Sophia, have had an immediate effect at the capital. Week by week they have been printed in the *Sirat-i-Mustakeem*, a leading Moslem weekly which commenced its career immediately upon the constitutional proclamation of July 1908. So that all through these interior provinces the influence of these able and well-poised interpretations of Islām in relation to the social and political changes is being felt in a marked degree.

“Frequently missionaries condemn Islām as ‘a false

system,' or as a 'social evil,' and they fail to study it closely and thoughtfully. My object is not a defence or a discussion, but a making known of the better elements and aspirations as they are declared by those doctors of the canon law who are not 'Muhammedan fanatics' but rather intelligent and patriotic educators."—EDITOR.]

I.

THE PREACHERS OF ISLĀM.

By AHMED NA'IM EFFENDI.

ONE of the greatest blessings of which we have been deprived in the period of tyranny is the blessing of preachers. When mismanagement and immorality had degraded us to the abyss of destruction and ruin, and our hopes of deliverance and safety were almost cut off, even then not a single word of warning or good news came forth from the lips closed by the leaden seal of the Government. Not one of the traditions of the Prophet and the gracious verses (of the Quran) which are the guarantee of deliverance and safety for the nation—not one of these reached the ears of the people.

The eyes of the people were condemned to turn neither to the right nor to the left from the dark, bloody, fearful, poisonous and curse-fostering environment of the past. The verse, "They are deaf, mute and blind, and so they do not understand," portrayed the real condition of the preachers and those preached unto. The true and able doctors of the canon law of Islām were driven away from the preaching-desks. Sensible men who knew themselves were withdrawing from listening to the clergy. Men's ears again and again failing to hear genuine sermons and genuine counsel, men's eyes long since being unaccustomed to see a genuine preacher in the pulpit, finally the very meanings of sermon and preacher were verging into oblivion. This dying nation's hope of enjoying prosperity began to be cut off.

For example, doctors of the canon law, like our reverend Isma'il Hakki Effendi of Monastir, who were aware of the inner condition of affairs, were the rarest of the rare. Furthermore, we ask his excellency the doctor if some days he did not forfeit the lesson from the pulpit, lest it should be said (by the spies), "He is gathering a large congregation around himself." He used deliberately to puzzle the congregation regarding the days of public preaching, in order to decrease the multitude of the gathering.

Did he not feel himself obliged to weigh every word which he spoke from the pulpit? And when with the impulse of excitement, and without intending it beforehand, he threw himself into the most earnest discussions, then suddenly realising what he was saying, did he not feel himself obliged to return to observations which could not possibly hurt anybody's feelings? You must ask him how much he suffered in being obliged to turn from its true channel the natural current of that knowledge and science which is an ever-gushing spring and an ever-flowing deep.

What is a preacher? He is the refiner of the nation; he is the teacher of moral heroism; he is the communicator of knowledge; he is the inheritor of the duty of prophecy.

It is an amazing fact that the holy function of preaching which is in reality established for so sublime a religious purpose has remained as an artery of wickedness used by governments for hundred of years past to give the strength of life to the heart of tyranny. Those truth-seeking preachers who refrained from carrying on this accursed business have now passed into the legion of honour.

It is a natural result of the despotic politics which have been kept up in order to choke the capacity of the men of the Moslem commonwealth and to kill their noble feelings, that under the old régime the preachers were held in lower esteem than the teachers in the religious schools, and that preaching was assigned for those who were not able to pass the religious teachers' examination or who through intrigue were not

permitted to secure diplomas. Therefore our capable divinity professors came to such a pass that they did not condescend to preach. And little by little they became unable to put together a score of words for public address. And, on the other hand, the preachers, because they were elected from among the incapable, were with rare exceptions brought so low as to move sensible men to tears and to make us clowns in our enemies' sight.

As a matter of fact, if carefully examined, the rightful position of the preachers ought to be higher than that of the religious teachers. After the ceasing of revelation the inheritors of the function of declaring truth to the people have been the preachers. This divinely privileged class, who are the fore-runners of the nation, are commanded to declare the purpose of the mission (of Muhammed), the sublime meaning of which is expressed in the verse: "I was sent that I should fulfil the beauty of morality."

Then let the holiness of those honoured with the inheritance of the function of prophecy be pondered. Consider how heavy is their responsibility to humanity, to the Creator of humanity, to the Prophet, and to the Moslem commonwealth. A preacher must be a man of learning; he must know the divine injunctions and prohibitions, the obligations of canon law and the orthodox traditions of the Prophet—these essentials he must know with all their minutiae. He must be to the utmost degree occupied in the study of the commentaries of the Quran. He must have learned by heart many of the traditions of the Prophet. He must be so familiar with the mental sciences as to be able to silence an atheist. A preacher must be a thoughtful and eloquent orator so that his arguments may take by conquest the indifferent, so that the harmony of his rhetoric may influence the hearts of men.

A preacher must put into practice his knowledge, and he must be so rigorous in self-discipline as to be an example to his congregation. There is no influence in the words of a preacher whose conduct contradicts his words, whose eyes are

blindfolded by selfish gain, and who is eagerly clasping the vanities of this world. If his heart does not grieve when he utters his warnings, his words can produce no more than a temporary awakening in his hearers.

In short, a preacher must be a wise man, a man of common sense. He must appreciate the need of his congregation at the moment. He must know how to guide to the virtues of thrift a nation which prefers vain acts of religious worship to diligent effort and support of the family. He must know how to guide to the virtues of worship a people whose eye of observation is closed by the impulse of selfish advantage and which, by reason of worldly desire, has forsaken the hereafter for this present world. He must know how to guide by a gospel a congregation which will thereby be inspired to good undertakings, and by warnings how to guide a community which will thereby be saved from a condition whose evil end is to be dreaded. And he must reveal just at the fitting moment the subject of the words to be spoken and the ripeness of the time.

Such preachers, we regret to confess, are so rare among us that we may say they do not exist. Though I cannot know those who are to be among us in the days to come, it is true, alas, that most of the preachers we have met thus far have been acquiring qualities the very contrary of those which have been demanded above. Thus far, the real motive of preaching has been aggrandisement. The outspoken and also the implied meaning of the words which came from the lips of a legion of preachers who were caught in the current of an ebb and flow of private aggrandisement which surged from the provinces into Constantinople and from Constantinople back to the provinces, this twofold meaning practically resulted in the offer: "Whoever gives the alms of the fast of Ramazan *to me*, will enter Paradise."

I do not wish to criticise unkindly—God forbid!—those helpless individuals. For their very condition is a sign of the nation's open ingratitude towards its clergy. These poor

fellows are to be excused. The fault and even the crime belongs to the nation which leaves its clergy hungry and obliges a class, which should be the nation's forerunners and its prophets, to beg for a living. What could the preacher do? If he devoted himself to scholarship he had to be stretching out his hand as a beggar. And because he could not long endure hunger he was obliged to forfeit his higher culture to secure a worldly livelihood and to mount the sacred forum of the pulpit before having learned even the rudiments of his profession.

Picture him to yourself as he mounts that exalted place, without any share of the rich capital of learning. In order to hold the attention of the audience, as best his wits suggest, he begins to whack the desk, and in order to entertain the assembly he begins to busy the hour with fables which circulate among the vulgar throng. These fabulous inventions, to which God and His Prophet are foreign, lead the people astray. Hundreds of our young men, who have not learned anything at home or at school concerning the religion, are by these fables thrown into misapprehension and suspicion about the faith of Islām. These fables make patriotic Moslems indignant. They are the occasion for foreigners to deride us with laughter. At last the time for putting an end to this state of affairs has come.

In the name of religion, in the name of science, in the name of patriotism, in the name of national honour we demand that the Sheikh-ul-Islām consider this situation and find a means of relief. On whatever depends the uplifting of the Muhammedan rites, whose gradual verge toward ruin we see with sorrow in our aching hearts, from henceforth let the necessary reforms be undertaken and let preachers come forth who are worthy of Islām and of the Moslem ranks.

II.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS, PAST AND PRESENT.

By ESHREF EDIB BEY.

THE religion of Islām has not been able to remain free from the influence of the despotism which has brought all our institutions into decline. In a comparatively short period the ideas of the people have become contradictory to one another. Sometimes so great a divergence of beliefs has existed between two persons belonging to the same religion that thoughtful observers cannot refrain from regret. And yet the objective of the two is the same. Both desire eternal happiness.

While the goal of both is the same, how does it come about that there is such a difference of belief between them? The most important of the various causes is our mutual misunderstanding. Never has the truth been sought with sincere fraternity, with impartial mind and with fair judgment. At no time has it been our lot to be delivered from the extremes of excess and shortcoming. Ignorance and tyranny have constantly hindered us from an impartial search for the truth.

What is religion? What are the fundamentals of religion? The fundamentals have been smothered under countless minutiae. The force of the religious commandments has not been taken into consideration. And for a slight fault a man has been convicted of infidelity and has been excommunicated. We have not understood one another, and even now we fail to do so.

We have not learned the Faith from the books which are the original sources, but traditionally from the deeds and conduct of our fathers and our ancestors. And we have even dared to publish the scanty information thus inherited. No one has been able to remain free from subjection to his own notions and to his environment. Each individual, in the pride of his information, has thought himself a Chief Justice.

But he has said these things not as of private opinion, but rather as religion itself. Each writer has added some particular restrictions or modifications. As a result, what opinions have been uttered! And what vain disputes have taken place! We have not understood one another, and even now we fail to do so.

These restrictions caused Islām to appear in the eyes of non-Moslems as a religion whose practice is extremely difficult. Islām, which is a faith admirably adapted to human nature and all of whose judgments are liberal, after taking this restricted form, became a target for the criticism of hostile foreigners. Expressions like this began to be heard: "Muhammedanism is a hindrance to progress! Under these restrictions progress is impossible!"

As a result, persons whose education has been deficient and who have not been able to keep themselves free from personal bias and local environment and from the influence of the ruling class, have given forth their private opinions in the name of religion. And because these things have been spoken in the name of religion the enemies of the faith have dared to stand forth against Muhammedanism rather than against the individual who is at fault. In this way they have brought into existence many malicious publications. And the minds of our young men, who are ignorant of the truths of Islām and of the philosophy of religion, being confronted by these hostile and harmful considerations, have remained in doubt and wavering uncertainty. Indeed, it has not been possible to speak forth the truth. The cursedness of despotism has prevented a worthy defence against all criticisms. And as a result irreligion has become widespread.

Another preventive cause has been that the works of religious literature are written in Arabic, and the common people are not versed in that illustrious language.

Let me summarise the causes of decline. Departure from the fundamentals, divergence of sects, criticisms from hostile persons, lack of freedom to make the necessary defence, selfish

considerations, the new current of European philosophy, deliberate misinterpretations, failures to be aware of the situation, the daily degeneration of the national morality, and the despotic ideas which have been dragged along from the end of the Rashid caliphate (the Middle Ages)—all these causes have brought about the depreciation of Islām and the deterioration of all Moslem governments.

We have finally come to such an abasement as has caused men to say, "Show us a progressive Muhammedan government." And we are in such a condition that we can scarcely frame an answer to this challenge. Moslem government, which once upon a time exerted a wide influence over the politics of the whole world, has now suffered such a reverse that it ranks lowest among the nations of the European circle of civilisation. In fact, Moslem rule has become an object of ridicule. What a bitter fact! What an unbearable degradation!

We have arrived at this predicament because we have gone afar from the essential requirements of religion. In proportion as we fell to plundering we were overtaken by poverty and disgrace. In proportion as we established countless houses of idleness (*i.e.* pashas' palaces) we were left in the rear of progress. Our ignorant pulpit-orators and fool-preachers, who have never seen a divinity school, kept crying out: "Leave the world. Strive for the hereafter only!" In proportion as we were captivated by such words and withdrew into an isolated life, as we abandoned industry and effort, we fell into the very depth of misery. As we worshipped the world and preferred our selfish and earthly advantage to everything else, we became the slaves of all men, and especially the slaves of our vicious and prodigal aristocrats. As we trespassed the rights of all the non-Moslem subjects of this empire, Greeks, Bulgarians, Armenians, Jews, whom his lordship our Prophet (may God commend and salute him!) has described as "God's trust" to us and whose rights he emphatically commanded us to respect, we were, in direct ratio to our trespass, deprived of the help of God. And our

own rights we were treading under foot. As we crushed thousands of innocents with the heel of oppression and put out of existence thousands of sufferers by death in the desert or by murder on the high seas, as we rejoiced in demolishing homes and hearths and in extinguishing the lives of ancient families, as we made the heart of humanity ache with our cruelty and intolerance, as we were afraid of venturing our lives in self-sacrifice, as we did not think it worth the cost to leave our comfortable nest, as we counted it an honour to unite with that Satanic crew (*i.e.* the palace courtiers)—we became in that very proportion the objects of God's wrath. We became detested by our Gracious Apostle and accursed by the whole of humanity.

While this heavy cloud was settling down upon us in our low estate and while we were dragging the huge Moslem world along with our own selves into the maelstrom of doom, who knows out of regard for what servant of God, out of regard for what pure heart or for the sorrow of what oppressed soul, divine aid finally reached us? With the light of thirteen centuries ago the sun of victory and guidance shone forth from the Macedonian Balkans in all its purity and in all its splendour. Glory be to God!

Let us walk with perfect unity and sincerity in this Upright Highway, in this royal road of guidance which opens up before us. Let us learn what Muhammedanism is and what manhood is. In an epoch when all the inhabitants of the earth are advancing into new realms of science, in a period when all cities and all nations are going through an evolution toward a final ideal, let us escape from this laziness which has caught us in its grasp. Let us free our lives from this dark veil of ignorance. Let us deliver our minds from obstinacy and bigotry. Let us lift up our eyes from the self-admiration and egoism which for many years have been absorbing our attention. Let us see the wonderful achievements in arts and industries, and let us observe the immense strides which have been taken in the royal path of science.

Let us take our steps accordingly. For we must confess that we are very far behind. Let us think of the purpose of our creation and the duties of our life. There is no use in striving among ourselves. It is a great mistake to condemn for fanaticism or delusion men who are exerting themselves for the hereafter. And it is unfair to pronounce atheists those who are absorbed in the struggle of this world. Are not this and the next world ours? Let us work both for our passing life and for that which is eternal.

It is by condemnations and denunciations that we have brought ourselves to this condition of decline. By hindering the useful undertakings of one another we have been for centuries retarded in the slough of ignorance and violence. Let us henceforth clasp hand to hand and with perfect unity let us strive for advancement. May God forbid that in the opening future mutual misunderstandings should be the cause of national calamity!

III.

THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE.

By ISMA'IL HAKKI EFFENDI.

Text : "Verily God bids you pay your trusts to their owners, and when ye judge between men, to judge with justice" (Quran, sura iv., verse 61).

THIS divine command is to all men, great and small. It is not restricted to the Muhammedan commonwealth, but is universal for mankind. It is addressed primarily to those in authority. If a ruler be over ten men only, he nevertheless comes within the jurisdiction of this command. The text states that by requirement of our canon law and our religion those who are our rulers should safeguard the rights of all their subjects whether Moslem or non-Moslem.

Once the question was asked of the sovereign of the prophets (*i.e.* Muhammed), "O Apostle of God, when will the havoc of the last judgment be?" Bukhari quotes the

answer as follows, "When the trust is lost, then be on the watch." The meaning is, "Do not be perplexed about the resurrection. It will be neither in my day nor in the days of the early caliphs." There is more than one kind of resurrection. In this world, as well as in the next, there is the havoc of the judgment day. Those intrigues, those dangers, those sweeping calamities, the sudden downfall of a nation, the overthrow and extinction of a government, these—*these* are the Day of Judgment. May God forfend our land from all such harm!

Perhaps you have not quite understood the phrase, "Pay your trusts to their owners." The administration of the affairs of a nation is the supreme trust. In proof of this we have the Prophet's comment: "Whenever administration is surrendered into the hands of incapable men, then be on the watch for the judgment." Other sacred traditions of the Prophet confirm this. For example, there is the famous tradition regarding governors. By governors are meant all those who are in control of affairs. And this includes the Sultan and all princes having any authority whatever over the Moslem commonwealth. "When any duty falls to the governor, if he does not serve with sincerity and goodwill, if he does not work for the people's rights as he exerts himself to safeguard his own advantage, God in the day of resurrection will have him thrown into the fire of hell." Another sacred tradition runs as follows: "Whoever appoints an inferior man to take charge of any public affair, especially if he knows that there is a more intelligent and a more trustworthy man available, will be guilty of treachery first to God, then to our Gracious Apostle, and lastly to the whole Moslem congregation."

As we resume the text, what is God's next command? "And when ye judge between men, judge with justice." That is, if you are judging among the people, believers or unbelievers, do not be a respecter of persons. Refrain from partiality. Judge with justice. Do not make an exception

in your dealing with any man because of his religion. Right is right. And you must dare to call the unjust unjust, and the rightful rightful.

Observe in what order the divine commands are given. First fulfil the trust in your own self. Whether the claim be of God or of men, see to it that you accomplish your share. And after that guard the rights of the people. If a man does not do his duty by himself, and if he resorts to extortion, is it likely that he will care about righteous judgments among the people? Can you expect the light of justice from a heart that has chosen to remain in darkness? "But the provision of God is better and more lasting for those who avoid great sins and abominations, and who, when they are wroth, forgive, and who assent to their Lord, and are steadfast in prayer, and whose affairs go by counsel amongst themselves, and who, of what we have bestowed upon them, give alms, and who, when wrong befalls them, bestir themselves to justice" (sura xlii. 35-37).

What great fundamental truths! The glorious Quran has left nothing lacking, but has heralded to us every kind of guidance and peace. It is not required by the law of Islām to stand helplessly suffering wrong, to live abjectly, bereft of every right. Behold, the verses of the Quran illuminate our pathway against any such dark fatalism. When injustice is committed, when private rights are trespassed, the believers do not remain in abjection like paupers. They demand their dues, they appeal for God's assistance, they take vengeance, they take refuge in equity. God does not love believers who bow their necks to tyranny and who do not bestir themselves to justice.

Divine assistance, and revenge—but to what degree? Here again there must be no trespass. One's rights must be exercised within the sphere of justice. For even as you say, "I will have my right by the oppressors," you yourself become one of them. You must ever be willing to abide by the decree of the law. You must take refuge in the equity of God.

The punishment of every evil deed has been appointed according to its gravity. So if the claimant goes too far he himself becomes guilty of trespass. "For the recompense of evil is evil like unto it; but he who pardons and does well, then his reward is with God; verily, He loves not the unjust" (sura xlii. 38).

Against whom, then, is the wrath of God? "It is only against those who wrong men and are wanton in the earth; these—for them is grievous woe." For them there is naught but humiliation and helplessness, condemnation and overwhelming defeat. For those who harass and crush the people, who monopolise everything for themselves, who regard neither property nor honour, God has reserved a thousand terrors and calamities.

There are three things whose retribution does not wait for eternity, but comes in this world. First, deceit and hypocrisy. Second, injustice and violence. Third, the betrayal of a trust. But of what use is this retribution? What we need is an awakening—a widespread awakening. We must learn from the events which are transpiring in our very midst. Likewise the histories of the past are rich in profitable examples. "So think not God careless of what the unjust do; He only respite them until the day on which all eyes shall stare" (xiv. 43). And when is that dreadful day? No mortal knows. Sometimes it comes in this world.

What great truths we have learned from the liberty so recently achieved. Broken hearts began to find cheer. The task-masters began to feel their retribution. The foundations of justice were laid. For there is no decree in the constitution contrary to our canon law. The constitution is the very means to fulfil the rulings of the law. It gives governmental authority to the people, and grants to them the right of supervision. Our early caliphs ruled by the principle of consultation. Was it not his excellency Omar the Just who said, "From among all men I love him most who tells me frankly of my faults"? Then the grace of God is upon the citizen who

counsels aright his king and his caliph and who tells them of their faults.

What can a king do? He is only a man. One individual cannot understand all kinds of public affairs. He is obliged to seek advice. Now, if his courtiers and counsellors prove to be selfish and vicious men, however good the king's purpose may be, he begins to surmise trouble. He becomes perplexed and anxious.

Such has been the case with our Sultan. The courtiers estranged our sovereign from his people. But, thank God, he was saved from their malice. And so our monarch followed the example of the Prophet. He agreed to the common desire of the people and he entrusted them with authority.

We are yet between death and life. It is the day of our destruction if any acts of ill intention, either to Moslems or to Christians, should be perpetrated. In that moment havoc would break loose. At that very minute the foreign fleets would arrive. There would be the end of our liberty and happiness. Therefore act with moderation. I recommend moderation to all of you, and especially to the religious students. For our foes are many, very many, both at home and abroad. The reactionaries whose hearts for thirty years have been hardened with malice, do not hesitate to make fierce and savage attacks on every side. And some foreign governments are trying to use every kind of intrigue. One ignorant and misguided act of the people would overturn everything.

But, thank God, we have saved ourselves from autocracy. We have broken that chain of slavery. This is an evident success and a great gift of God. After this we shall have our rights like other nations. Our progress shall be made by maintaining unity. So this is not the day of conservatism.

We must realise that we have not the power of our olden days. Science and education have lifted other governments to the sky, while we have fallen low. We have constantly been impelled downward, until neither trades nor sciences,

neither morality nor wealth remain. Everything, everything, material and spiritual, the entire strength of the Muhammedan commonwealth, is well-nigh ruined. To-day our hope of reconstruction is in the hope of unity. We must deal with non-Moslems as with brothers, because we are all the sons of one fatherland.

IV.

JUDGMENT WITH JUSTICE.

A continuation of the sermon on "The Rights of the People."

By ISMA'IL HAKKI EFFENDI.

Text : "God bids you, when ye judge between men, to judge with justice."

HE who fulfils this command is the God-fearing man. Does any judge who has not the fear of God in his heart maintain equity? What will be the fate of a people whose government is a tool for bribery in the hands of the traitors, and is used for the making void of civil rights? A mighty force is needed to put into execution the divine decree of our text. Merely the fear of God will not achieve the task, because in many men that very instinct is lacking. Faith must be well rooted in a man's heart that the fear of God may dwell there. In the sacred traditions we read that God puts down wrong-doing by means of the sovereign still more than by means of the Quran. You must obey the Book. But those who reform themselves through its influence are very few. God Most High overcomes wickedness by means of the Quran and still more by the fear of the sovereign. But "sovereign" must mean a just government.

Those who fear God are few in number, for there is a tendency to evil in human nature. Cruelty is deeply rooted in a man's instincts. Because of self and lust he commits transgression as opportunity befalls. Consider how corruption grew apace in our national life. Neither at the capital nor in the provinces was there any virility left. Everyone had

given up hope. Macedonia and Asia Minor were about to slip from our hands, and the turn would soon have come to Constantinople. The Ottoman Empire, whose fame once filled the world, was perishing.

The supreme reason for our falling into this misfortune has been our failure to work in unity. No two persons dared sit down together and discuss the situation. It was for this same reason that the huge Andalusian Empire (the Moorish realm in Spain) sank below the horizon. It was lack of unity that put an end to its greatness. That whole country was in the turmoil of intrigues, massacres, and internal insurrections. Then the enemy came and seized everything. Indeed, we must take warning from those tragic events.

God permits men to take revenge. But to forgive is noble. God's reward is manifold upon him who forgoes his right. This holds true for human rights, but there is a right of the Almighty which must inevitably be avenged.

There is here a supreme duty for the doctors of the canon law. The common people look to them for authority and counsel. Therefore the doctors (the preachers and jurists) must not incite the people to believe in superstitious conservatism. But, on the contrary, they must inspire the nation to such convictions as will be profitable in this world and in the hereafter. We doctors who constitute the 'Ulema must with absolute sincerity lay hold of the sciences and understand the trades. Our national finances have approached bankruptcy. The government has not a month's salary to pay anybody, because a large part of the revenue has not been reaching the treasury. Regular taxes and the incomes of immense religious estates have remained in the hands of whoever snatched them. Meanwhile, in Europe canals have been constructed, steamship lines established, and railroads built. And so European merchants have made their millions, while we turn our pockets inside out to pay a clerk's salary. Loan after loan, and the end of it all is bankruptcy! Often no more than a tenth of the original loan was available by the

treasury, because the interest was exorbitant and half of the loan went into "fees" and commissions. Now we must make amends for these losses. Our preachers and our jurists must concentrate their counsels to this end. Heretofore, if ten men met together to discuss such matters, they were exiled to the borders of the Sahara.

The jurists of Persia, it seems, are against constitutionalism. Those rascals have always been on the side of autocracy! A group of the Persian 'Ulema belonging to the royalists are clamouring for despotic government. It suits their private purposes, because they are long accustomed to idleness. The preachers (who are also of the 'Ulema) defend the Shah, and the Shah commits outrage as he pleases. Both together they rob the helpless common people right and left. And in expression of his gratitude the Shah gives bounties to the preachers. Both king and counsellors reach the goal of their desires. And the jurists solemnly declare that this is not their own ruling, but that of the canon law of Muhammedanism. They pretend to think it just that millions of people should be surrendered into the hands of a knavish despot to be ruled at his caprice. He may hang and slay, and no one shall dare to utter a word. Why? "Because he is the Shah, the King. What do parliaments and legislatures amount to? They are of no significance. In every country there should be but one head." According to the false notions of the Persian 'Ulema, Islām does not permit of constitutionalism, but is an absolute monarchy!

Oh, *reverend* jurists, there is no religion, no code, which advocates constitutionalism as strongly as does Islām. You yourselves know this. But, alas, the craven spirit of personal advantage demeans the godliest men and brings the wisest into abasement. Of such a type are the doctors of the canon law in Persia. I am sure that those religious colleges in Tabriz and Teheran were founded with a noble purpose. But now look at their graduates, the doctors of law—let us not dignify them by that title! Look at those white-turbaned

hypocrites! In an underhanded way they are taking sides with the Shah and are maintaining despotism. And then, instead of being ashamed, they are clamouring, in the name of religion, against representative government. As if nobody had any common sense! As if Europe would believe what they say! All these are foolish ideas of monarchy. All these are but relics and reminders of the Middle Ages.

Does government mean that at the head of the nation one man stands, and that he is left to his own devices, to reign according to his caprice? Our canon law demands obedience to the sovereign, but with a fundamental condition. If he drives you into improper and unjustifiable acts, if he impels you along a path whose end is a precipice, if he precipitates you into folly and error, then you must take refuge in God. You must appeal to the Almighty. Study the canon law and the orthodox statutes, because in them are the means of safety. If the prince deals righteously he is to be obeyed. The text of our sermon commands us first of all to guard the rights of the people which are our sacred trust. Then, God bids all magistrates to judge with justice. And finally, He enjoins obedience to those who are in authority. For the words in the Quran which immediately follow our text are these: "O ye who believe, obey God, and obey the Apostle and those in authority amongst you." Does it not follow from this sequence that if the Sultan does not act with justice, you are not to obey him?

But suppose you disobey, what are you going to do next? You must manage your public affairs by the principle of consultation. Do not leave the caliph to his own devices. You must supervise, you must take him under control. Let him remain in his station. Let him continue as sultan and caliph. But do not make the pathway thorny between him and the people. There must be freedom of access to his presence. As it is written in the law books, the Imam (*i.e.* the caliph) cannot be hidden. He must be in the open. The common people must be able to come to him freely to complain against

any extortioners. But if these very extortioners surround him and bind his hands, then it matters little to us whether the caliph is hidden or apparent, whether he exists or perishes. Perhaps, under those circumstances, it would be an error to say that he exists.

The caliph, then, must rule according to the conditions which are lawfully placed upon him. In dealing thus he will achieve true exaltation. He will in verity be a glorious king. As a matter of fact, after the recent revolution took place, our Sultan declared, "I have but now attained my liberty." Personally, the Sultan is very wise and sensible and shrewd. He is *capable* of every kind of justice. And we are bound to honour his person and his station. We are bound to do this by reason of our religion.

Consider the situation fairly. What can one man do all by himself, even if he is the Sultan? Thousands of criminal characters had surrounded him. They used often to alarm him and throw him into suspicion. And it is natural for a man to think of means for assuring his own safety. But you will say, "After the empire has been wrecked, after the nation has perished, how many coppers is the Sultan's personal safety worth?" Our last word is this. He cannot be entirely excused. After so many bitter experiences, he ought to have done away with those traitors. Why did he acquiesce through all those years? Why did he keep silent? That, indeed, is something for all of us to think about.

DISCUSSIONS

N.B.—The contributions under this heading refer to matters previously treated in the "Hibbert Journal." Reviews of books are not open to discussion. Criticism of any article will, as a rule, be limited to a single issue of the *Journal*. The discussion ends with a reply from the original writer.—*Ed.*

CATHOLICISM AND HAPPINESS.

(*Hibbert Journal*, January 1910, p. 382.)

I.

EVERY reader of the article *Catholicism and Happiness* in the January number of the *Hibbert* will share the writer's desire for the amelioration of the lot of the "dim common population," but the reader may well have his doubts as to how far such amelioration can be secured by Mr Gales' Catholic prescription.

"If in some prenatal state," he says, "one could have chosen the scene of one's entrance into this planet, knowing only that one must be one of the toiling myriads, the 'dim common population,' where would one have chosen one's lot?" According to Mr Gales, the question would not need to be considered. The "must-be" worker in search of a birthplace would, without hesitation, choose a Catholic country; Scotland would be passed by, the Tyrol chosen; some corner in Brittany or Spain, in preference to Leeds or Sheffield. But if the Catholic atmosphere is *the* essential to happiness, why should a new injustice be done to Ireland, why should Connemara be neglected? If, again, Leeds or Sheffield is impossible, is Barcelona passable?

We read on in search of some justification of the would-be worker's choice. Very little is offered. It appears that in the Middle Ages the workers amused themselves by building and decorating cathedrals! Well, the cathedrals have all been built, so that cannot count as a source of pleasure for the worker of the twentieth century. It is said that the workers of those far-off happy centuries built Catholic cathedrals for their amusement: what unfortunate change has come over them that they will not now build Protestant Forth Bridges for pleasure? Judging from what human nature is and must have been, it is, I think, safer to conclude that the "worker's pleasure in cathedral building" is all in the imagination of the writer. It is a bit of the tepid sentimentalism of the neo-Catholic. We know, as a matter of stern fact, that the long gaunt arms of the Forth

Bridge were riveted in blood, and we may be sure that a great deal of the same material must have gone to the cementing of the tall, slender towers of our grim and magnificent temples of the Middle Ages. The price has always to be paid for such things. The making of them can never be a holiday task.

We read on, and our doubts become protests. What is the average Briton, reared on the ten commandments, to make of the following statement from Mr Gales' paper?—"The sale of indulgences was no doubt not the best way by which to raise money for the building of a church, but it is extremely improbable that it ever did any real harm to anybody in the world, and the building of St Peter's was incontestably an immense gain." There is no need for arguing or controverting here. The appeal is to an instinct lying deeper than argument. It proceeds from a temperament rare in our country, and sternly reprobated and repudiated where appearing. This is what we used to call the perversion of the moral sense. This is purity. It is to be hoped that very few would consent to secure "Catholic happiness" at the price we are here asked to pay for it.

We read on, and as we proceed we leave the "toiling myriads" far in the rear, to shift for themselves. Mr Gales has gone out on a new search—to find a stout stick to beat the Puritans with. It may be an unchristian thought, but one suspects that this, rather than a suitable birthplace for his "must-be" worker, has been his object from the first. He laments the "ennui of the Reformation," the decay of beggars, the destruction of fiddles in the Highlands. The last calamity is quoted as one of the deadly fruits of Puritanism. But the temptation to "go" for a fiddler must have come to men who were no Puritans; but let that pass. Mr Gales has drawn out, for our edification, that sad procession of the victims of Puritanism; how often have those unfortunate people had to do their turn? It reminds one of the temperance orator's sad procession of the victims of strong drink; only the orator holds the patent, and Mr Gales is only an imitator in a business that has been worked for all it is worth. Newton and Cowper are dragged from their dreaming Ouse; Boston and Edwards from their flocks; Carlyle and his wife (unhappy ghosts!) from the poor sanctuary of their fireside. The latest additions to the ghastly spectacle are the Gosses, father and son. What are we to say to these things? Is the suggestion true that Puritanism is to blame for their unhappiness? Certainly not. This procession of unfortunates is an outrage on the sacred institutes of humanity. To blame any type of religion for the ills which flesh is heir to—the ills which it may soothe, but cannot wholly cure—is a caricature, and falls wholly short of what is looked for in the grave impartial treatment of a high theme.

It would be easy enough to turn the tables on Mr Gales. The list of unfortunates drawn from the Catholic Church would surely be very long and very appalling. If Mr Gales will read through *La Maison du Pêché*, he will find there, to name only one instance, a record of black sorrow, wrought by religious perversion, compared with which the naggings and

pinpricks of the Carlyles and Gosses are paltry and tame. But suppose we grant that Puritanism had all to do with the Carlyle misery, and dyspepsia nothing, it still remains true that all Puritans were not like that. Has Mr Gales ever heard of the Col. Hutchinson household; and has it occurred to him to ask, if Puritanism be the cause of the squalid unhappiness of the people he selects, to what is the serene happiness of the Hutchinsons to be attributed—or how would he explain the charm of this description of a Puritan's home, with the dew of the morning still fresh upon it? (Carlyle's *Oliver Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 88)—“There are two or perhaps three sons of Cromwell's at Felsted School by this time: a likely enough guess is that he might have been taking Dick over to Felsted on that occasion when he came round by Otes and gave such comfort by his speech to the pious Mashams, and to the young cousin, now on a summer visit to Otes. What glimpses of long gone summers, of long gone human beings in fringed trouser-breeches, in starched ruff, in hood and fardingale—alive, they, within their antiquarian costume, living men and women; instructive, very interesting to one another! Mrs St John came down to breakfast every morning in that summer visit of the year 1638, and Sir William said grave grace, and they spake polite devout things one to another. They are vanished—all silent like the echoes of the nightingales that sang that season, like the blossoms of the rose trees in which they sang—O Death, O Time!—”

Passing over Mr Gales' doctrine of happiness, which is open to serious objection, but which cannot be touched on here, it is quite apparent that he has been to Mr Chesterton's school, or rather he has been to Mr Chesterton's workshop and has cut his fingers with Mr Chesterton's tools. More plainly put, Mr Chesterton, in his *Orthodoxy*, has drawn a pleasing picture of what the Pope can do for us, and this has fascinated Mr Gales. There are indeed two pictures—Herbert Spencer and his cosmic prison-house; and the dear, good Pope, with his children in the walled-in island. Says the Pope to his children: “Go all of you and play over your island, but don't come near those horrid precipices that surround it, and don't, I beseech you, interfere with the wall that I have built for your protection; and don't you be looking for gaps in the wall, or be pulling stones out of it—only bad and wicked boys do that.” Mr Gales reads this, and is solemnly impressed: “what a service indeed if the Pope could only do this for us.” He does not see that the wily Chesterton must be smiling to himself all the time. For what's the difference between Spencer's cosmic prison and the Pope's walled-in island? The Pope adds a few “sweeties” to the prison fare—that's about all.

No boy worthy of the name would be satisfied with either, nor would, I should think, the tired and weary workman of the twentieth century.

For my part, I would have the philosophy of life of Tennyson's sailor-boy in preference to Chestertonian milk and water of neo-Catholicism which has evidently captured the heart and obscured the intelligence of Mr Gales. This is the sailor-boy's philosophy, and a breezy and healthy

philosophy it is. It has the smell of the salt and the bite of the wind in it; how exhilarating compared with the suffocating sentimentality and incense-laden atmosphere of neo-Catholicism!

"He rose at dawn and fired with hope
Shot o'er the seething harbour bar,
And reached the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart
Far worse than any death to me."

DAVID HOUSTON.

ST. OLAF'S MANSE, LERWICK, N.B.

II.

MR GALES'S contrast between Medievalism and Puritanism seems to rest upon ignorance of the Middle Ages—that is, of at least half of his subject. Even the enumeration of the medieval authors who contradict his main assumptions would exceed my space here. I must therefore content myself with the briefest indications. He writes: "So far as I am aware, the awful spiritual anguish of those who imagined themselves reprobate, their despair of salvation . . . were miseries inflicted on mankind by Puritanism alone, and were unknown before the Reformation." And, like all writers who hanker after the Middle Ages, he uses Franciscanism as the main stick to beat Puritanism with. Yet, to go no farther than chapter xxix. of that Bible of Franciscanism, the *Fioretti*, we find Brother Ruffino "most grievously assailed" with the conviction "that he was damned," that St Francis and his father were damned, "and whoso follows him is led astray." Yet Ruffino was one of the Three Companions, the Saint's bosom friends, and his experience was shared by Giles, a name equally great among the Franciscans of the first generation, who was so haunted by the devil, even forty years after his "conversion," that, when he went by night to his lonely cell, he was wont to say, "Now I look forward to my martyrdom" (*Chron.* xxiv., *Generalium*, p. 112). Chapter xlv. of the *Fioretti*, again, tells how one of the principal brethren believed himself reprobate, "wherefore if any asked him how he fared, he would answer, 'Ill, since I am damned'"! Chapter xlix. records spiritual anguish almost as painful. St Catherine of Siena, like many other canonised saints, is recorded to have fought with devils and doubts on her deathbed; Bunyan might almost have drawn the last moments of Christian and Hopeful from this medieval record. In all the above-quoted cases, as with Bunyan, this despair was a passing phase; but records of religious suicide are common in medieval documents. When Mr Gales writes "so far as I am aware," he evidently does not mean that he has searched even the most obvious medieval records for these things, but only that he does not find them in

the modern works upon which his indictment of Puritanism is really based. Most of the things that he condemns in Puritanism were thoroughly medieval. The hopeless damnation of unbaptised infants was a commonplace of pre-Reformation theology; so also was the joy felt by the blessed souls to see the torments of the damned. To weep in prayer was almost of the essence of sanctity. Some of the greatest medieval churchmen condemn Church art almost as strongly as Bunyan himself. For full references on this and similar facts ignored by Mr Gales you will perhaps permit me to refer to Nos. 3 and 4 of my *Medieval Studies*, and chapters vi., xxiv. of *From St Francis to Dante*.

G. C. COULTON.

SAVAGE SUPREME BEINGS AND THE BULL-ROARER.

(*Hibbert Journal*, January 1910, p. 394.)

IN Mr Marett's essay on this topic he speaks with much courtesy of my book, *The Making of Religion* (second edition). I have pointed out to him that he has inadvertently misstated my "theory of the origin of savage Supreme Beings" (p. 396).

Mr Marett and I are agreed in holding that these All Fathers, as Mr Howitt styled them, do exist in savage and barbaric belief. But in 1899, as Mr Marett says, he himself proposed the conjecture that in Australia "their prototype is" the noisy bull-roarer, though other causes have contributed in their formation. Meanwhile Mr Marett is content to look into "Mr Lang's ætiology" (which he has misunderstood), and "the tendency to attribute personality to the bull-roarer." He then examines the mental condition of women, children, and neophytes, as affected by the mysterious sounds of the bull-roarer and by the *exoteric* myth of its patron, "Hobgoblin," who, under many names, is the "boy" or son, or deputy of the All Father, but is known, in many cases, by the men to be a myth, and exists merely as such where no All Father is found (Mr Spencer's Arunta and most northern and north-western Australian tribes).

Mr Marett appears to suppose that the bull-roarer itself came first, then the myth of Hobgoblin, whose name in some south-eastern tribes, as Daramulun and Tundun, is the name either (1) of the All Father, (2) or of the Hobgoblin, and (3) of the bull-roarer itself. But here we need minute criticism, for which there is no space. I know but one case, that of the Kurnai, where the name of the bull-roarer, Tundun, is the name of the Hobgoblin, the deputy of the All Father. In one other case (p. 405, note 3) we are told that the name, Dhurumbulam, of the bull-roarer is that either of the Hobgoblin Daramulun or of the All Father Daramulun, but the evidence is weak and ambiguous. On this point I happen to possess curious unpublished information. Mr Marett, however, decides that "in the south-east" (he means in one or two tribes of the south-east) "Daramulun the bull-roarer gave place to Daramulun the thunder-god of the heavens" (p. 409). But he at once adds: "Real thunder is awe-

inspiring enough, in all conscience, for mystic fear to provide the groundwork of the conception."

That is exactly my point. We find both the All Father and his "boy" or son, or deputy (as Zeus and Apollo), in many parts of the savage and barbaric world where the bull-roarer is either not found, or is unconnected with religion. My own view is that things in general, the universe as known, thunder among other things, required an explanation, which was found in the good, just, more or less creative All Father. In many places he has his son and intermediary, where there is no bull-roarer. In Australia, after the bull-roarer was invented and exploited, the deputy looked after the bull-roarer and the mysteries, and in certain cases became Hobgoblin.

Now wherever the great animistic and evolutionary system of central, northern, and north-western Australia became predominant, Hobgoblin survived as a purely exoteric myth for the women and uninitiated. The moral and more or less creative All Father, such as Baiame, in this large region dwindles by marked degrees, for a creative being could not coexist with an evolutionary philosophy—the Alcheringa system; and the future life in Baiame's world could not coexist with the theory of constant reincarnation of primary souls. Finally, among Mr Spencer's Arunta, and, as far as I know, in the northern and north-western tribes, who are all evolutionists, the sky-dwelling being faded out entirely.

But this was not the case in the central tribes. We happen to be able to study there the All Father through every degree of decadence. The nearest neighbours of Mr Spencer's Arunta in the north, the Kaitish, have but partially assimilated the northern and Arunta evolutionary system, Alcheringa reincarnation system, and endogamic totemism. They have a *creative* sky-dwelling being Atnatu, who is father of half of the tribe; the rest were evolved. He is strict about ceremonies, indifferent in human morals. The women know nothing of Atnatu; their Hobgoblin is Tumana. (Spencer and Gillen, *Northern Tribes*, pp. 153, 154.)

Much more decadent is the sky-dweller of another tribe of the centre, the Loritja. They have a superior being, Tukura, who dwells in the sky, and, like the similar Altjira of Mr Strehlow's Arunta, and the Ulthaana of the heavens among Mr Gillen's Arunta, has an emu foot. His only duty is to superintend his own celestial ceremonies. The stars are his camp-fires. Women and children know about Tukura, as among the Arunta they know about Altjira. The old men vow that they themselves believe in Altjira and Tukura; in the Hobgoblins, the Maiutu, of course, they do not believe (Strehlow, *Aranda and Loritja Stämme*, vol. ii. pp. 1, 2, 48, 49, note 3 p. 2). But the belief is not among these tribes so prominent as the totemic legends.

The Arunta of Mr Strehlow's district have the same exoteric Hobgoblin myth; as among Mr Strehlow's Arunta, the being is named Twanyirika. His voice, the sound of the bull-roarer, frightens the women and children (Strehlow, vol. i. p. 102). The superior sky-dwelling being

of these Arunta is named Altjira. He is good (*mara*) and eternal (*ngambakala*), the *ungambikula* of Messrs Spencer and Gillen, whose tribe knows no Altjira. No regard is paid to him; he is neither feared nor loved; he never did anything in particular (*ibid.*, vol. i. pp. 1, 2). He has nothing to make with Hobgoblin (*Twanyirika*) or with ceremonies. One more degree of neglect, and Altjira must cease to be remembered.

The Loritja and the Arunta of Mr Strehlow are professors of the animistic Alcheringa and evolutionary system of Mr Spencer's Arunta and of the northern and north-western tribes. Under that system there is absolutely no need of a creative All Father. Yet a sky-dweller belief is not wholly extinct. *Stat nominis umbra*.

The strength of my theory lies in the very faintest vestiges of the belief in the sky-dwelling neglected being among peoples whose animism is their practical religion, and evolution their ætiological philosophy. Their animism offers no *raison d'être* for the belief. Had they always been so strongly animistic and evolutionary, how could they have invented the superfluous sky-dweller? Happily the Kaitish show us but a half-accepted Alcheringa doctrine of evolution, a but half-accepted animism, and among the Kaitish Atnatu survives: he *made* the Alcheringa, and gave men all that they possess. Even a section of the Arunta, or two sections rather, have the useless sky-dweller Altjira, and Mr Gillen's "Great Ulthaana of the heavens."¹ Like Altjira and Tukura, he has an emu foot. The Arunta who believe in him believe in a land of the Souls, not in constant reincarnation, it appears.

I can easily see that tribes might simply exploit the bull-roarer to frighten the uninitiated, and invent Hobgoblin to satisfy female curiosity, and never attain to a conception of the sky-dweller at all. Perhaps this has actually occurred in northern and north-western tribes. But it scarcely seems to me that the Kaitish invented Atnatu, and then half abandoned Alcheringaism and evolution. Rather do I suppose that Alcheringaism and evolutionary views, in proportion as they became universal among the tribes, robbed Atnatu of his ethical aspect, and Tukura, Altjira, and the Great Ulthaana of almost every attribute,—*Mara*, "good," applied to Altjira, being a very faint survival.

ANDREW LANG.

ST ANDREWS.

¹ Gillen, *Horn Expedition*, vol. iv. p. 183.

PTOLEMAIC AND COPERNICAN VIEWS OF THE PLACE OF MIND IN THE UNIVERSE.

(*Hibbert Journal*, October 1909, p. 47.)

I MUST content myself with a few short observations on the remarks made in the January number on my article by Mr Eshleman and Mr MacColl. I deplore sincerely the loss which has been suffered by philosophy through

Mr MacColl's death, which has occurred since the beginning of this year. I will only observe now that his use of the idea of infinity is different from mine, which was borrowed from Dedekind, and that in describing the series of even numbers as a *part* of the series of numbers, I was using the word *part* in the sense of that writer, namely, that every one of the even numbers got by doubling the numbers is contained in the system of numbers and at the same time leaves a remainder in that system. It would be out of place to enter, even if I were competent, into the further discussion of what seemed to me, and seems to me still, an illuminating conception.

I have more difficulty in dealing with Mr Eshleman's remarks because they suggest a doctrine which would need many pages to discuss, and which is not made sufficiently clear from his note. So far as concerns myself, I fear he has misunderstood my meaning. I used the contrast of Ptolemaic and Copernican to illustrate the difference between an attitude of mind which regards mind as central, and one which regards minds as a class of things in the Universe, with a just claim to be very important, but no just claim to be central. I do not see how this is affected, even if it were true, as he thinks, that I confine mind to human beings, and do not recognise its existence in lower animals, or in God. I am indeed puzzled to know how Mr Eshleman comes to attribute to me such absurdities. But they would be irrelevant even if they existed. I am equally unable to understand how he can describe as "radically materialistic" an article which expressly describes mental action as something which marks a new feature of things. If he chose to say that it was radically empirical, I should not object, but I should not wish to set myself either in competition with or in opposition to Mr James, who has the first claim on the phrase for himself.

Mr Eshleman meets my refusal to describe the Universe as a mind by urging that the cosmic mind has its own body to react upon. But if the Universe contains both "cosmic mind" and "cosmic matter," then the whole Universe cannot be mind alone. The cosmic matter must be external to the cosmic mind. Even if the cosmic matter is the body of the cosmic mind, it needs for its life, if it is a body, to react upon external matter. But I am not clear enough as to his conception of what he calls a "psychical ego as fundamental as the body," which he says it is the present tendency of psychological thought to accept, to pursue the discussion without the evidence upon which he relies. For my own initial principle, I may add, it appears to me to be the description of the simple fact of perception, and unless it is a faithful description, it has no value. The doctrine is purely empirical.

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REVIEWS

The Survival of Man.—By Sir Oliver Lodge.—Methuen & Co., 1909.

SIR OLIVER LODGE's book may be welcomed as the first authoritative pronouncement, since the publication in 1903 of Myers's *Human Personality*, on the evidence accumulated by the Society for Psychical Research for the survival of the soul. But already a certain difference may be noted in the treatment of the problem. The main thesis of Myers's great work was the establishment of the survival of the soul as a necessary consequence of its structure and attributes. In brief, he essayed to prove that the human soul never receives its full manifestation in the fleshly body; that, in particular, it is dowered with faculties which no process of terrestrial evolution could have fashioned, and for whose exercise no form of terrestrial activity provides adequate scope. Chief amongst these faculties he named clairvoyance, prevision, and telepathy. It is important to note the treatment of this aspect of the problem in the present book.

Of clairvoyance, in the sense of the communication of facts not within the knowledge of any living person—that is, beyond the possible, or even probable, scope of telepathy—Sir Oliver Lodge is able to quote but a single instance, and the instance is respectable only from its antiquity—the story related by Kant, in his *Dreams of a Ghost Seer*, of Swedenborg revealing to the widow of the Dutch Ambassador in Stockholm the whereabouts of a missing receipt.

Of prevision, again, two illustrations only are quoted. The first is an account of a premonitory dream of a railway accident. The dreamer was an engine-driver, and presumably therefore familiar with accidents: in his account he mentions six in which he had been personally concerned. And the dream was first committed to writing thirty-three years after the event. The second case, the "Marmontel" incident recorded by Mrs Verrall in her account of her automatic script, is certainly very remarkable, and it is not easy to imagine any normal explanation of the coincidence. But it stands almost alone in the whole literature of the subject.

There remains the question of telepathy, and on this Sir Oliver Lodge speaks with no uncertain voice. "That this community of mind or possibility of distant interchange or one-sided reception of thoughts exists, is to me perfectly clear and certain. I venture further to assert that persons who deny the bare fact . . . are simply ignorant. They have not studied the facts of the subject. . . . Any dogmatic denials which such persons may now perpetrate will henceforth, or in the very near future, redound

to the discredit, not of the phenomena thus ignorantly denied, but of themselves, the over-confident and presumptuous deniers" (p. 114). And Sir Oliver Lodge's own experiments, as set forth in this book, furnish good ground for the faith that is in him.

But the explanation of the facts is another matter. The communication may take place between brain and brain, or it "may conceivably be purely psychological, and the distant brain may be stimulated, not by the intervention of anything physical or material but in some more immediate manner—from its psychological instead of from its physiological side." The question can only be determined experimentally. "If the fact can be established beyond doubt that sympathetic communication occurs between places as distant as India or America and England or the terrestrial antipodes—being unfelt between, or in the neighbourhood of the source—then I should feel that this was so unlike what we are accustomed to in physics that I should be strongly urged to look to some other and more direct kind of mental relationship as the clue" (p. 116). But crucial experiments are wanting.

It will be seen that recent investigations have done nothing to strengthen Myers's main position. The question of clairvoyance and prevision remains as before. The proof of survival must be sought elsewhere. As a matter of fact, since Myers's death the evidence derived from automatic writing and trance communication has been greatly strengthened; and it is to these enigmatic utterances that the second and larger section of the present book is devoted. Sir Oliver Lodge again makes his position commendably clear. As he writes in the preface, his "conviction of man's survival of bodily death—a conviction based on a large range of natural facts—is well known." Many of the communications purporting to come from the dead which are here quoted are certainly very impressive. Some of the latest results it may be added, as yet unpublished, are even more strikingly accordant with the hypothesis of spirit communication. But in this region above all others the material needs critical handling. Two serious objections to taking these messages at their face value meet us at the outset. The first is the constant and well-established tendency of the subliminal or automatic consciousness to create pseudo-personalities. The second is the intimate connection of these trance utterances with physical phenomena of a character hardly any longer to be called even dubious.

Of the power of dramatic invention displayed by the dissociated consciousness, and its fondness for posing in imaginary, and especially suggested, characters, it is not necessary to say much. The records of hypnotism, of traumatic and other pathologic forms of secondary personality, and the history of modern spiritualism furnish countless examples. It is not so generally remembered that Mrs Piper herself and other trance mediums investigated by the S.P.R., in the earlier stages of their careers at any rate, displayed similar characteristics. Mrs Piper's first control was the Indian maiden Chlorine, who later gave place to a band of spirits which included Sebastian Bach and Mrs Siddons. Then came Phinuit, whose

character was vouched for by Sebastian Bach. Phinuit in turn yielded to "George Pelham"; and Pelham a few years ago was superseded by the present band of controls, of whom Emperor and Rector are the chief.

And this brings us to the second objection. Emperor and his band claim to have been the controlling spirits of the late Rev. W. Stainton Moses. The claim can hardly be regarded as substantiated. "I conjecture," writes Sir Oliver Lodge, "that whatever relationship may exist between these personages and the corresponding ones of Stainton Moses, there is little or no identity" (p. 310). But whether the "Emperor" and "Rector" of Mrs Piper be identified or not with the "Emperor" and "Rector" of Stainton Moses, the fact of the claim being made involves awkward consequences. For Stainton Moses was not only an automatist, through whose hand the dead purported to write (a chapter of the present book is devoted to his communications); he was also a physical medium. His physical phenomena nearly always took place in the dark, always in the midst of a circle of trusting friends, and always under circumstances which leave it open to suppose that the "spirit lights" which formed a prominent feature at his séances were caused by bottles of phosphorised oil, and that the "apports" of books, candlesticks, statuettes, and seed-pearls were conveyed into the darkened room in the medium's pockets.

In the advertisement on the paper cover issued with the present book the publishers state that the concluding section would deal with "the controverted and often discredited physical phenomena associated with exceptional mental states." It is to be regretted that the author's original intention was not fulfilled. For whatever the explanation of the physical phenomena—and in the view of the present writer the latest contribution to the subject, the report of Mr Feilding and his colleagues on the performances of Eusapia Palladino, adds one more stone to the cairn of a superstition whose offence cries out for burial—it is impossible to treat the trance messages without reference to these associated phenomena. For Stainton Moses was in this respect a typical, just as Mrs Piper, who has never dealt in physical phenomena, is an exceptional, trance medium. There is no space in the present review to discuss the significance of the constant association of presumably fictitious physical miracles with the trance utterances. We should not be justified, however, in imputing conscious fraud to the medium. Rather these sham miracles seem to fall into place as part of the general scheme of make-believe incidental to such abnormal mental states. But it need hardly be pointed out that the constant association of the two classes of phenomena imposes upon us extra caution in attempting to interpret and evaluate the trance messages.

But whilst it would be a mistake to ignore these difficulties and objections, it would be a still greater mistake to let them prejudice the reception of the new facts. For new facts they unquestionably are. No candid student can read the illustrations cited by Sir Oliver Lodge, many from his personal experience, without recognising that there is something at work which neither chance nor fraud nor self-deception

will explain. Take the following case, for instance. Mr Isaac C. Thompson and Sir Oliver Lodge were holding a sitting in Liverpool with Mrs Piper, when "a message interpolated itself to a gentleman living in Liverpool, known, but not at all intimately known, to both of us, and certainly outside of our thoughts—the then head of the Liverpool Post Office, Mr Rich. The message purported to be from a son of his who had died suddenly a few months previously, and whom I had never seen, though Isaac Thompson had, it seems, once or twice spoken to him.

"The son addressed I. C. T. by name [at the date of the sitting, messages through the entranced Mrs Piper were generally conveyed by word of mouth] and besought him to convey a message to his father, who, he said, was much stricken by the blow, and who was suffering from a recent occasional dizziness in the head, so that he felt afraid he should have to retire from business. Other little things were mentioned of an identifying character; and the message was a few days later duly conveyed. The facts stated were admitted to be accurate; and the father, though naturally inclined to be sceptical, confessed that he had indeed been more than ordinarily troubled at the sudden death of his eldest son, because of a recent unfortunate estrangement between them which would otherwise have been only temporary.

"The only thought-transference explanation I can reasonably offer him is that it was the distant activity of his own mind operating on the sensitive brain of the medium, of whose existence he knew absolutely nothing, and contriving to send a delusive message to itself!" (p. 219).

Or take this other case. A lady absolutely unknown to Mrs Piper, and sitting under an assumed name, received several communications purporting to come from a deceased friend, whose full name—Joseph Marble—was given by the entranced medium. On the medium coming out of the trance a number of men's photographs were placed in a row before her. "She immediately pounced on one without the smallest hesitation. 'That is the man I saw. I saw him. That is the man I saw. I saw him up there. Such a nice face. I could see him. I could see Mr Hodgson pushing him up to the front.' The photograph selected was that of Mr Joseph Marble" (p. 318). This is not the only occasion on which Mrs Piper has recognised photographs of "spirit" communicators.

Again, if the messages which of late years have purported to proceed from Myers and Hodgson are really due to telepathy from living minds, it must be frankly recognised that it is telepathy of a kind for which the experiments and observations of the last thirty years offer no apparent parallel. The substantiation, in short, in the human mind of such extraordinary powers of telepathic assimilation and such capacity for dramatic construction and impersonation would in itself be an achievement worth all the labour that has been spent and that must yet be spent on the problem. For we are standing only on the threshold, to peer into the pregnant obscurity beyond.

FRANK PODMORE.

Introduction to the New Testament.—By Theodor Zahn. Translated from the third German edition under the direction and supervision of M. W. Jacobus, assisted by C. S. Thayer.—In three volumes.—T. & T. Clark, 1909.

THE first edition of Zahn's *Einleitung in das neue Testament* was published in 1897–1899 at Leipzig, and the value set on the work is shown by the fact that, expensive as it is, it has reached a third edition, from which this translation, recently published, was made.

Professor Zahn, in the preface to this translation, has recognised the difficulties of the task of presenting his work in English, on account of "the plan and style which render his work difficult to read—especially for foreigners—and to translate." He excuses himself on the ground of the "great variety of the material handled and of the observations to be made." In any case, many of those who have used the original will be glad to be able to use it more freely in the translation, while those who have hitherto been debarred will be glad that "the stores of critical investigation . . . which this renowned scholar's years of scientific study have gathered into the two large volumes of his great book" should have been unlocked and put at their disposal in English. The difficulty of the task has been emphasised by editor as well as author, and the work has been divided among a number of students, all connected with Hartford Theological Seminary, whose labours, begun in 1900, have only reached a conclusion last year. Of the translation, it must be said that the work seems on the whole successfully done where we have tested it, though in some few places it has been necessary to refer to the original to ascertain the author's meaning, and in a number of places one is arrested by unusual turns of English and by curious words. Among these may be noticed "errorists," "fragmentists," "as evidenced by," "a Christian *by* the name of," "the resemblance . . . presupposes *on* more," "belong *in* the summer," "such members . . . who." Some misprints have escaped detection, e.g. pseudonomous (i. 138), become (iii. 334), *show* for *shows* (iii. 223), διαθηκαις (iii. 406), and a more serious one, Beroea for Peræa (i. 35). Occasionally the English might have been made to run more smoothly if the auxiliary verbs had been more accurately used; thus we find *shall* for *will*, *can* for *may* (as a translation of *können*), *could* for *might have*, *did* for *had*. An occasional pronoun has no definite reference, e.g. *they* were to be (ii. 368): an unintelligible reference is left in S. 89 (ii. 410); the un-English form Casaubonus occurs (ii. 447, 491). There is an ungrammatical and unfinished sentence (The very fact that . . .) due perhaps to a superfluous "which" (ii. 375). Occasionally we have been puzzled by the meaning of the English, and had to refer to the original, as in the sentence, "The earlier Tübingen School dated the letter about 150. They explained *it* as growing out of opposition to Paul's doctrine of justification, leading *it* to place a construction upon this doctrine," etc. (i. 137). Here, however, the original German is particularly involved.

A rather absurd turn is given (i. 165) by the rendering:—"He calls them his own children, whom *he, like a mother, had born* (sic) with travail" (Gal. iv. 19), where the German "Er nimmt sie als seine Kinder für sich in Anspruch und vergleicht sich der Mutter, welche diese Kinder damals unter Schmerzen geboren hat" gives no ground for the absurdity of the English.

Another passage sent us to the German owing to its curious use of the word *straddle*. "Others," we read (iii. 337), "not so decided in their opinions, seek to straddle the question of the Gospel's genuineness by a reinterpretation either of the tradition or of the internal evidence of the Fourth Gospel," where the original is . . . "unsichere Mittelwege zwischen dem Ja und dem Nein auf die Frage nach der Echtheit desselben suchen" (Ed. I., ii. 552).

But we do not wish to indulge in captious criticism of the translators, to whose labours English theological students ought to feel deeply indebted. We must also include in our gratitude the publishers, who have produced in excellent type a work which, on account of its necessary costliness, may not prove remunerative.

We turn from the translation to the work itself to indicate some of the points which give it such great value for students, both in regard to Dr Zahn's methods and in regard to his conclusions.

He himself mentions as one of the sounder tendencies affecting the literary criticism of the New Testament a "greater appreciation of the tradition, without which it is impossible for any criticism to make an historical presentation." In this he is now supported by Harnack's "Back to tradition," though we fancy that Zahn has himself never ceased to emphasise its importance. After all, the *phenomena* presented by tradition are among the facts with which we have to reckon, and these *phenomena* are, of course, of very varying value according to the circumstances of time and place with which we can definitely associate the traditions under consideration. The discussion of the writings of St John (iii. 174 ff.) illustrates as well as any other book Dr Zahn's method in regard to tradition. He points out how much nearer to the time and place of their origin tradition goes in regard to these writings than in respect of St Matthew and St Luke, and even St Mark. Further than that, there is in regard to these writings an "unbroken tradition from Jesus to Irenæus, *i.e.* from 30 to 180, with only two links between them, namely, John of Ephesus and Polycarp of Smyrna." Moreover, there is unanimity of tradition. "All tradition which is ancient, and in general worthy of notice, agrees in representing John as writing after Matthew, Mark, and Luke, at a great age, and during his residence in the province of Asia, or more specifically in Ephesus." From such tradition as this Dr Zahn differentiates statements in the literature of the Church "so late and so manifestly confused that they do not deserve the name of tradition"; and, while much of the tradition in regard to St John is accepted, there are other traditions of which it is "difficult to determine how much trustworthiness attaches" to

them. Similarly, in regard to the Synoptic Gospels, the starting-point of the investigation is the tradition embodied in the early statements of Papias and others, and objection is rightly taken to theories as to the composition of the Gospels which "contradict the internal testimony of the Gospels and the first century tradition regarding their origin, and which at the same time leave this tradition and internal testimony entirely unexplained."

Another point to be emphasised is Dr Zahn's exhaustive collection of all the facts which help to make that historical presentation, of which he speaks in the passage already quoted as the goal of literary criticism. The substitution of attention to such facts in place of *a priori* theories is well exemplified in the volumes before us, and both in the collection of such facts and in the estimate placed on their value Dr Zahn seems to us to set a very high standard of industry, honesty, and judgment. Let us illustrate his position by a few quotations. "A book cannot be understood without taking the standpoint of the author and his first readers." "In historical matters no writer is infallible, but each must be judged according to his historical position and probable intention in writing . . . in chronological questions the authority of even a mediocre historian who gives a connected narrative is greater than that of chroniclers who group together separate dates." How necessary is the warning (ii. 376) that the imagination—Wordsworth's "awful power"—"has a place in historical science only in so far as it serves to set in a clear light the possibility and probability of the presuppositions which are demanded by the actual facts," that it has no "rights over against a tradition . . . until it is shown that the latter is without basis in fact, and therefore false," that it "must guard itself carefully against postulates which have possible support only in the narrow experience of scholars whose vision is bounded by the four walls of a study." And again this of hypothesis: "Learned hypotheses, no matter how old they may be, do not deserve the name of tradition; all that they show is the greater or less degree of intelligence possessed by those by whom they are made" (ii. 396).

It will be obvious that students of method have much to learn from investigations pursued in the light of such principles as these, and with that "candour which is indispensable to scientific thinking." It will be obvious also that the resultant conclusions will tend to be conservative, and so, practically without exception, they are on such points as the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, the Pastoral Epistles, and ii. Peter. The verdict on most of the conclusions of advanced criticism takes the form of non-proven. Into the details of the steps by which the verdict is arrived at in regard to each book of the New Testament in turn we are forbidden by considerations of space to go, but no student of any book can fail to find much that is suggestive, and he will often find much that is helpful, not only in regard to introduction, but to points of exegesis also. It may occasion surprise that, amidst the enormous wealth of references to authorities, there are apparently none to articles in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, or the

Encyclopædia Biblica. In the discussion of the chronology of the New Testament, we might have expected a reference to the conclusions of the article on Chronology. But, after all, English students will value most, perhaps, the references to foreign authorities.

We will conclude this notice by a reference to three or four *obiter dicta* which will illustrate the shrewd judgments and interesting facts scattered over these volumes, judgments which are at once stimulating and suggestive, even if they are not always convincing. In discussing the length of our Lord's ministry (iii. 168) Dr Zahn writes: "The language which Luke uses in iii. 23 must also be considered very strange if he was not aware that a number of years elapsed between the baptism and death of Jesus. No intelligent writer would say of a man who *ceased* to work at the end of the same year in which his work *began*, 'he was, when he began, about thirty years old.'" This is perhaps not very convincing, in view of St Luke's use of ἀρχομαι elsewhere, nor is it a strong argument as between the alternatives of a one or a three years' ministry, but it is to the writer a novel suggestion. Another passage which may be mentioned occurs in the discussion of the discourses of our Lord in St John as compared with those in the Synoptics, where Dr Zahn shrewdly observes (iii. 345): "Whoever assumes that John used a large degree of liberty must remember that this is more natural in the case of one who has heard and who feels certain that he is in possession of the essential historical truth than in the case of one farther removed, who is dependent upon the accounts of those who heard." A last illustration may be taken from the discussion of the book with seven seals in Rev. v. 1 ff., in reference to which we are told (iii. 394) that "just as in Germany before the introduction of money orders everyone knew that a letter sealed with five seals contained money, so the most simple member of the Asiatic Church knew that a βιβλίον made fast with seven seals was a *testament*. When the testator dies, the testament is brought forward and, when possible, opened in the presence of the seven witnesses who sealed it." In proof of this assertion, Dr Zahn quotes a variety of references. Many more instances might be quoted from these volumes did space allow. As it is, we can only express the hope that the venture will be so financially successful that the *Einleitung* may be followed by Dr Zahn's almost equally indispensable *Geschichte des Kanons*.

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The Principles of Religious Development: A Psychological and Philosophical Study.—By the Rev. George Galloway, D.Phil.—363 pp.—London: Macmillan, 1909.

No one will be surprised, after the favourable reception given to Dr Galloway's recent *Studies in the Philosophy of Religion*, that it is followed now by a more systematic work. The new book is a metaphysical account

of religion on the basis of a psychological study of its development. Of its ten chapters, the first considers how far the idea of development is applicable to history at all. The next indicates the broad facts of religious development with which it is proposed to deal. The five following chapters set forth the psychological factors of the religious consciousness, and the way in which they behave under the process of religious development. The last three chapters give an outline of "the kind of speculative theory to which the psychology of religion points."

In the psychological part (the five middle chapters) the traditional classification of mental functions into Feeling, Thought, and Will is adopted. Religion is an attitude of mind into which all three enter. No success attaches to any of the efforts to reduce it entirely to any single one. At different stages of religious development, however, the three factors have different degrees of relative prominence. And the psychological part of the book consists largely in tracing the operation of each factor during the course of religious evolution.

Feeling has its most prominent place in early religion. Emotions of fear and hope induce the individual to take steps to propitiate the dreaded object, and so form the original incentive to religion. The growth of religious observances—war dances, witch dances, sacrificial feasts, and the like—afford outlet for the emotions, and through these the feeling-element in religion develops. At the point where Polytheism arises, the emotions become purified into stable and rational sentiments. In the higher religions these attach themselves to a whole circle of sacred things and persons connected with worship, binding them together and sending the roots of religion deep into the community. As religion develops Feeling preponderates less and less, though it is subject to late recrudescences, such as Dionysian orgies, Montanism, or the phenomena of modern "revivals."

Feeling on the whole is a conservative force in the evolution of religion. Thought, on the other hand, has been more consistently on the side of progress. In primitive religions there is a comparative absence of Thought. Thought first begins to play a distinguishable part when the stage marked by the worship of natural phenomena or spirits dwelling in them has passed, and a more or less complete mythology has arisen. Mythology is man's first attempt at explanation. A further stage is again marked by the rise of polytheism. At a higher point still, where tribes coalesce into a nation, and the claims of the various tribal deities have in consequence to be adjusted, Thought assumes its final or reflective form. In this form Thought may take either of two attitudes to religion: "it may either aim at rational reconstruction of religion from within, or . . . criticise it from without." The one movement culminates in an intellectualised religion like Brahmanism; the other gives philosophy the place of religion, as in the Greek thinkers.

To trace the function of Will in religion is to follow the development of man's conception of the service which religion requires of him—the

development of the cultus and of the moral life. What begins in rude superstitious rites develops into an ethical way of life.

The psychological part closes with an account of the interaction of the psychical elements in religion. This appears explicitly only in the higher religions. In barbarism the interaction is of the grosser kind, which comes from the clash of tribe with tribe and the gradual rise to national life. But in its higher phases, religion can be seen checking its own one-sidedness, and striving towards a perfect balance of the theoretical, emotional, and practical functions. Wherever we have mysticism rising against the mere intellect, or moral zeal against mere ritual performances, we have evidence of a movement on the part of the religious consciousness directed towards a wholeness of function in which Feeling, Will, and Thought are harmonised.

Such is the psychological account. Plainly, there is a kind of question connected with the subject to which it has given no answer. Religion has a content. It is an evaluation, so to speak, of life and the real world. And no account of it can be complete which refuses to consider how far this evaluation is correct. The transition to this aspect of the subject is made through a consideration of the moral ideal. Morality makes demands upon the world. It postulates certain things—duty, freedom, responsibility, and the like. Part of the function of religion has always been to substantiate these demands. Developed religion makes postulates which corroborate those of morality—postulates traditionally summed up in the conceptions, God, freedom, and immortality. Any treatment of the subject approximately complete must say something about the ultimate nature of things, and how far it meets these demands. To this purpose, therefore, the last two chapters of the book are devoted. The issue is positive. Relying on a modified version of the metaphysics of Lotze, the author finds reality to be of the nature of will; and it is related to finite “centres of experience” in such a way as justifies us in regarding it as self-conscious and man as free.

It is in the metaphysical part of the work more than in the other that the author enters upon debatable ground. Everyone will concur with the demand that the facts of the history of religion be studied first, and metaphysical construction attempted only on the basis of these. Yet the reader is conscious of a certain break as he passes from the one part of Dr Galloway's argument to the other. To say that the metaphysics had simply been added on to the psychology, would, indeed, be much too strong. But it is certain that the argument suffers for want of any attempt to define clearly what the “psychological” and the “metaphysical” treatment of the subject respectively mean. There is neither clear delimitation between the two spheres, nor clear reduction of the one into an aspect of the other. And the fundamental difficulty of the book seems to lie in this: that the author's sympathies are all with the separation of the two spheres, while his aims require their identification.

A glance at the opening and the closing chapters of the book should

make this clear. At the beginning we have a discussion of the idea of development; and it results in the view that the conception is not directly applicable to human history. Civilisation cannot be properly conceived on the analogy of organic growth. In the evolution of the organism each phase "has a positive function and value" as a step towards the end; whereas in the history of civilisation phases occur which contribute nothing to the end, or even lead away from it. It is vain, therefore, to seek in the history of religion for "the constant unfolding of an idea, potential in the beginning and strictly fixed in all its stages." On the basis of this view rests the distinction between the two methods of treating the subject, so far as the author has defined the distinction at all. An account of religious evolution which presupposes such a "constitutive idea," and looks for it, is what the author calls "metaphysical." The "psychological" treatment is one which declines to commit itself to any such hazardous hypothesis.

Here we have a separation of the two methods; and it is not unnatural that the author's sympathies should go with the latter of the two. For the "psychological" method has an undoubted immediate advantage. It gets one over a certain crux which must occur in every treatment of the subject, and which meets the author in the second chapter. The crux is this. We are to deal with religious phenomena. We must, then, have some criterion to tell us what phenomena are religious. We are thus thrown back on the question, What is the essence of religion? In their answer to this question the two methods part. If it be presupposed that there is a developing Idea in religion, then the "essence" of religion must be the "Idea" in question. We must therefore lay hold of the "constitutive Idea" thus early in our discussion, and express it, and so far anticipate what should have been our final result. We must find in the most elementary religious beliefs and observances the same "essence" which comes at length to fruition in religion of the highest form. On the contrary, if we presuppose no development in any genuine sense, we have an easier task. We then only need to fix upon some psychological feature common to all forms of religious mind, which runs unchanged through them all, like a string through beads, and links them together. This is very much the method to which the author has recourse. The view which he takes of the "essence" of religion is substantially that of Tiele—a student of the "science of religion" and a follower of Max Müller, but a writer with much less of real metaphysical grasp than our author himself. The view would be paraphrased, but not essentially misrepresented, by describing religion as a relationship between the individual and the divine being which requires of the individual certain acts, and results in a sense of inward harmony. This sense of harmony characterises religion in all its forms. It does, indeed, develop. It gradually acquires an "ethical and spiritual" content. But it does not develop in such a way as to give us any rational grounds for calling it higher. We call it higher simply because it appeals to us so.

Here we have a tempting way out of the "circle" which is implicated in any adequate treatment of the subject. But is the adoption of it compatible with the author's aims? If his task had been only to recount the psychological incidents in the history of religion it might have been sufficient. But, as he clearly recognises, an account of religion demands more than this. It must attempt a metaphysical justification of the religious attitude. But for this two things are necessary. The religious attitude must be itself something definite; and it must be that which metaphysics justifies. We must be able, after metaphysics has shown us the nature of things, to look back and say, "There was something which the religious consciousness *always* believed to be true, and that was it." The content of developed religion, in fact, must stand in a double relation. It must be the truth of the lower forms of religious faith; and it must be that of which metaphysics shows the truth. For this we must treat the partition between "psychological" and "metaphysical" as non-existent. We must be dealing with the ultimate problem all the time. Our so-called "psychological" explanation of lower phases of religious belief must so far *constitute* a metaphysical justification of their content.

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Spinoza's Short Treatise on God, Man, and his Well-Being.—Translated and Edited, with an Introduction and Commentary and a Life of Spinoza, by A. Wolf, M.A., D.Litt., etc. etc.—London, 1910: Adam & Charles Black.—Pp. cxxviii + 246.

It may be questioned whether the *Short Treatise* is—as Dr Wolf believes—well adapted as an introduction to Spinoza's philosophy. The work suffers greatly from the form in which it has come down to us. It was written by Spinoza in Latin, and put aside before it had received a final revision. We possess only a Dutch translation which is far from perfect as a rendering of the original, though it faithfully reflects its want of finish. Moreover, the condition of the two surviving MSS. (A and B) is not of a kind to inspire any great confidence. It seems to be established that Monnikhoff, a doctor who lived at Amsterdam in the eighteenth century, wrote out B with A before him, and incidentally inserted "page-headings, chapter-headings, cross-references" and occasional corrections in A. But it is not possible to determine whether the improvements which B manifests as compared with A were derived by Monnikhoff from a third MS. which is now lost, or whether we owe them simply to his own "common sense or fastidious taste." Altogether apart from these unfortunate defects in our version of the *Short Treatise*, that work is itself immature and very inferior to the *Ethics*. No doubt the study of it throws considerable light on the latter work; and no doubt it contains many brilliant and suggestive passages. But I cannot believe that the

beginner would be well advised to read the *Short Treatise* as an introduction to Spinoza's philosophy. The result would be to give him a relatively low conception of Spinoza's philosophical genius, and unnecessarily to perplex and confuse him. It may perhaps be urged that Spinoza himself must have regarded the *Short Treatise* as an adequate exposition of his philosophy, since he intended to publish it in 1661, and desisted only because he did not wish to provoke the theologians. But it is, I venture to think, inconceivable that Spinoza would have been willing to publish the *Short Treatise* in later years, when once he had made progress with the composition of the *Ethics*.

Fortunately, however, Dr Wolf's book is intended not only for beginners, but also for "more advanced students of Spinoza"; and to these it may be most heartily recommended. Dr Wolf has spared no pains, and may be warmly congratulated on the result.

His *Life of Spinoza* (pp. xi-cii) is both accurate and interesting; and the reader will profit from Dr Wolf's knowledge of Jewish history and life, as well as from the careful use which he has made of the materials collected by Professor Freudenthal, Dr Meinsma, and Dr W. Meyer. Perhaps a critic might complain of an occasional tendency to sentimentality (e.g., p. xix), and of a few unfounded speculations as to what "may" have been Spinoza's feelings and experiences (pp. xix, xx, xxi, xxii, xxviii, xxix). When, e.g., we are told that "on such an occasion it may have been that Spinoza heard of the martyrdom . . . , " or " . . . may have witnessed a play," or that "here also he may have met Rembrandt, who . . . lived in the Jewish quarter and was probably on friendly terms with Manasseh," it is difficult not to reply (after *Joe Gargery*), "He may. Similarly he mayn't." But apart from these few passages, the "Life" is a solid and scientific piece of work.

The remainder of Dr Wolf's introduction is an admirably lucid account of the history, the MSS., and the component parts of the *Short Treatise*. And the student will be grateful to Dr Wolf for the facsimile reproductions of Monnikhoff's handwriting, and of a few pages of A and B, which will enable him "to judge for himself on various matters which would otherwise have to be taken on trust."

The translation of the *Short Treatise* (pp. 1-162) is all that could be desired. Dr Wolf has done well to reproduce all the "variant readings and notes which are likely to be of any importance"; and, so far as I can judge, he has made good his claim that his version "is more complete than any of the published editions or translations." I have noticed only two passages in which the accuracy of the translation appears doubtful. On p. 26, ll. 23, 24, the Dutch means (unless I am mistaken) "the one without the other and the other without the one," i.e. Extension without Thought and Thought without Extension. And on p. 43, ll. 16-18, Spinoza's argument would perhaps be brought out more clearly if the translation ran: "We deduce this from his perfection (because, in God, it would be an imperfection to be able to omit to do what he does),

but not from the supposition that there is a subsidiary provoking cause in God, whose function it is to move him to action: for then he would be no God."

Dr Wolf's commentary (pp. 165-240) is good; and perhaps it is ungrateful, where he has given so much, to ask for more. Still in one or two places his notes suffer from their brevity, and there are occasional slight inaccuracies. Thus on p. 199 the reference to Descartes' *Meditations* requires correction. "Sassendi" is a misprint for Gassendi, the author of the *Obiectiones Quintæ*; and the reference (as Dr Wolf informs me) should have been to Descartes' reply to Gassendi's criticisms of the third *Meditation*. The statement on p. 200 that "Understanding and Motion are referred to in the *Treatise on the Improvement of the Understanding as res fixæ et æternæ*" is not strictly accurate as it stands; and in any case further explanations are desirable. The note on Descartes' conception of the *Animal Spirits* (pp. 216, 217) ought to be both fuller and clearer. Descartes maintained that the movements of the *pineal gland* altered the direction of the flow of the animal spirits, and that changes in the direction of the latter altered the position of the pineal gland. But he offers no explanation as to how the changes in the position of the gland coincide with changes of the *soul*. There is no longer any reason for ascribing to Descartes the view that "*the soul directed the animal spirits.*" Descartes, in fact, leaves the problem of the origin of sensation, and of the connection of bodily movements with volition, without any answer: his attitude is that of Occasionalism. L. Robinson's discovery (to which Dr Wolf refers in a footnote) that Regius originated the theory that the soul directs the animal spirits, clinches the matter; but in any case there is no ground (apart from a remark of Leibniz) to ascribe the theory to Descartes.

Again, Dr Wolf's note on p. 225 suggests—by undue compression—that Aristotle's distinction between *βούλησις* and *ἐπιθυμία* occurs only in the *De Anima* and the *Rhetoric*. But of course this distinction is constant in Aristotle.

Lastly, the note on pp. 227 and 228 gives a clear account of Spinoza's conception of the relation of Thought and Extension—viz. that they are different expressions of the same; but it is surely erroneous to identify this view with that "which has since become familiar as . . . psychophysical parallelism," i.e. with "the favourite working-hypothesis among psychologists." The stress in Spinoza's conception is at least as much on the identity of the one Substance, as on the reciprocal independence and correspondence (i.e. the parallelism) of the Attributes.

In conclusion, it should be mentioned that Dr Wolf has added a good index to his excellent volume.

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The Ethic of Jesus according to the Synoptic Gospels.—By the Rev. James Stalker, M.A., D.D.—London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1909.—Pp. x+403.

THIS book sadly disappoints the expectations awakened by the title, as well as by the preface. "The peculiarity of this attempt," the author says, "is that it always draws directly on the words of Jesus themselves, to the study of which, in both their great masses and their minutest fragments, the author has devoted the labour of a lifetime." His effort has been to "reproduce the mind of Christ," as reflected in the teaching of the Synoptic Gospels, on the conduct of life. But to do this with any measure of success, it would clearly have been necessary to take the fullest account of the results of the critical study of these sources, and not to attach any more importance to particular statements than was warranted by these results. Another condition of success in such an undertaking must surely be the careful differentiation of the original teaching of Jesus from later, apostolic and post-apostolic, developments of it. Instead of this scholarly care, what we find in Professor Stalker's book is a treatment of the sayings recorded in the Synoptic Gospels just as they stand, the Sermon on the Mount and similar series of sayings being assumed to be continuous discourses, and each individual saying and parable, as well as each recorded event, being regarded as of equal value. The author says that "it requires a happy intuition so to distribute light and shade as to bring out the relative proportions of the parts and the shape of the whole." But, in truth, it requires more than "happy intuition" to reconstruct from such fragmentary sources anything like the whole mind of Jesus, as distinguished from the mind of the Church, on the problem of conduct; and the medley of exposition of, and pious reflection upon, the text as it stands, which we are offered in this volume, is a poor substitute for that careful reconstructive effort which alone could yield results of real value in this field. One can only conclude that, in spite of the promise of its title, the book is intended rather for edification than for instruction; and, notwithstanding its defects, perhaps even by reason of them, it may very well appeal to the general reader, all the more that it is written in a graceful and attractive style, and is always easy reading.

What must strike the better-informed reader as the fundamental defect of the book, apart from the faults of method, above suggested, is the absence from it of the great guiding ideas of the kingdom of God, of the divine Fatherhood, of fellowship or communion with God and man, and the ignoring throughout of the apocalyptic or eschatological point of view which was such an important factor in the consciousness of Jesus. Dr Stalker betrays a strange antipathy to the idea of the kingdom, and makes a curious and artificial distinction between this idea and that of "the Gospel." "The Gospel is the superior idea, beneath which the other is subsumed; and it is not a matter of indifference which is taken first." How entirely inadequate is his understanding of the idea of the kingdom

appears from the statement that "in our Lord's conceptions of Himself and of His plan there mingle two elements—the one temporary and local, the other universal and eternal—and, while the former of these might come under the general title of 'the Kingdom,' the latter would naturally be described as 'the Gospel'" (p. 24). Yet in another place he says that "the reason which most of all makes it surprising that Jesus employed this term for the highest good is that it brought him into conflict with the ideas and expectations of His contemporaries and fellow-countrymen. It might seem to have been in accommodation to these that He made use of the phrase; but it turned out that under this name they and He were thinking of entirely different things" (pp. 45, 46). The crudeness and superficiality of such a statement as the following on this central idea of Christian ethics is hardly credible:—"I question, however, whether 'the kingdom of God' is likely again to come into general use as the name for Christianity. To the common ear it has a forced and foreign sound. Kings and kingdoms do not appeal to the modern as they did to the ancient mind, some of the most advanced modern nations being republican. Still, as having been the favourite term used by our Lord for His own cause, it will always have a certain attraction for the Christian mind; and its use in two familiar sayings will always prevent it from becoming obsolete—the petition in the Lord's Prayer which makes us say, 'Thy kingdom come,' and the sacred word about the little children, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven'" (p. 45). How absolutely the eschatological point of view is ignored is shown by the dictum: "It can be proved from His words that He foresaw and foretold a slow and gradual development of His cause such as history has actually exhibited" (p. 25).

The conventional and unilluminating, not to say misleading, character of the interpretation of "the ethic of Jesus according to the Synoptic Gospels" offered in this volume is well illustrated by the account of "the things of God," "such as public worship, the Bible, the Sabbath, prayer, and the like" (p. 265). The three opening petitions of the Lord's Prayer, we are told, "relate to the things of God," and "the prominence thus given to these proves the value placed on them by Jesus" (p. 280). Yet one of these very petitions is for the coming of the kingdom, and another "Thy will be done." The author's determination to limit the application of the teaching of Jesus about "the things of God" to the province of worship and "religion" in the conventional sense leads him into strange freaks of exegesis. That "Jesus was not an enemy of public religion" he proves by the fact that "on His trial He was accused of saying, 'I will destroy this temple made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands'; and, although the testimony of the witnesses brought in support of the statement did not agree together, the probability is that it was so far true as to indicate that He had predicted the passing away of the worship of the temple; but He did so only on the assumption that He was to put another form of public worship in its place. In the same way, although He attacked the rabbis with unsparing severity,

yet He foretold that He was Himself to send forth into the world rabbis of a different description: 'Behold I send unto you,' were His words, 'prophets and wise men and scribes' (Matt. xxiii. 34). Thus He assumes that the worship in which these functionaries had assisted must go on, with only the difference that it was to be modified in accordance with the spirit of His Gospel" (pp. 268, 269). Similarly in the words, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," Dr Stalker sees "a vindication of the right of man to have the observance of the Sabbath so arranged as to be no yoke, but a palpable relief and benefit"; but adds: "Nevertheless, the first part of the statement obviously looks back to the creation of man at the beginning and implies that the necessity for a Sabbath is rooted in the human constitution; so that it must last as long as man is what he is. Thus the Sabbath holds a place in what may be called the law of creation. To this primeval sanction there is added another through its occurrence among the Ten Commandments, which Jesus expressly re-enacted" (pp. 271, 272).

It is unnecessary to illustrate further the defects of the book, which are so fundamental as to deprive it of all value as a work on "the Ethic of Jesus." But I cannot close this notice without referring to evidences which occur, quite incidentally, of the author's defective knowledge of philosophical ethics, a shortcoming which may in some measure explain the deficiencies of the book as a whole. "To Aristotle," he says, "the welfare of the State was the supreme object, and, in his philosophical scheme, Ethics formed a branch of politics. To him personal character was important, but only as means to an end—as the means of producing an effective citizen. To the modern mind, on the contrary, character is an ultimate good, sacred above all other objects and deserving of pursuit for its own sake. To the ancient mind virtue appeared desirable in citizens, because a state composed of virtuous citizens is strong; by the modern mind every political arrangement is tested by the kind of man it produces" (p. 6). Apart from the very questionable contrast here drawn between "the ancient" and "the modern mind," the author has simply reversed Aristotle's estimate of the relative value of the citizen and the State; the latter exists, Aristotle holds, for the sake of the best life of the individual (*τοῦ εὖ ζῆν ἕνεκα*); its function is the education of the citizen in "excellence" or "goodness." Again, we are told that "when, in the ancient world, the question was asked, What is the chief end of man or the highest good? the answer to it was practically unanimous—that it is happiness"; and after a quotation from Aristotle to the effect that "as to its name, I suppose, nearly all men are agreed, for the masses and the men of culture alike declare that it is happiness," it is added that "against this, indeed, the Stoics in the ancient world protested; and some have protested in modern times—Carlyle, for example, who was never tired of pouring scorn on this idea" (p. 37). The clear implication of this statement is that Aristotle regarded happiness, in the sense of pleasure, as the highest good, as if he had not sharply distinguished between *εὐδαιμονία*, generally trans-

lated "happiness," and *ἡδονή*, or pleasure, and as if the Stoics, while combating the hedonistic interpretation of *εὐδαιμονία*, had not used the latter term for the highest good. With these statements about ancient ethics may be paralleled a remarkable account of modern Socialism. Speaking of "those who look upon the sacredness attaching to marriage in the popular mind as one of the principal obstacles standing in the way of the new era which they hope to introduce," Dr Stalker says: "Thus has been generated what is held by such to be the true and the modern doctrine on the subject: the family is, like the State and the Church, merely a venerable figment, the underlying conception of which cannot stand the light of scientific investigation; and all three—State, Church, and family—are destined to be swept away together." "This," he tells us, "is the voice of Continental Socialism": it is not to be doubted that "beliefs of this kind are being diffused by propagandists among the labouring classes of such countries as France and Germany" (p. 334). Whatever Socialism may propose to do with the family and the Church, one had never dreamt that it had designs upon the State; one had supposed it was the individual that was in danger at the hands of socialistic propagandists.

It should be added that an Appendix on "The Church and the Social Teaching of Jesus," contributed by the Rev. Fred. J. Rae, contains a well-informed and illuminating discussion of the subject. The writer is very clear as to the social duty of the Church. "It is not enough to open mission halls and preach a spiritual gospel. It is not enough even to organise Institutional Churches. These are not really solving the problem. What is wanted is what Jesus gave, a definite effort to deal with the facts which stand in the way of happiness and freedom for the very poor. What is wanted is a brave Christian handling of such facts as . . . sweated labour, unemployment, and low wages. . . . Until . . . an honest and courageous witness is borne by Christian men in regard to these intolerable evils, the Gospel of Christ will find its way to the hearts of the poor and the outcast closed" (pp. 380, 381).

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The Person and Place of Jesus Christ. The Congregational Union Lecture for 1909.—By P. T. Forsyth, M.A., D.D., Principal of Hackney College, Hampstead.—Hodder & Stoughton.—Pp. 357.

I FRANKLY confess that the earlier chapters of Dr Forsyth's book moved me to unqualified admiration. The tone is so high, the thought so clear and massive, so plainly the achievement of one who writes in the strength and light of a great spiritual experience. It is many a long day since anything so strong and stimulating issued from the Nonconformist churches. I say this the more readily because I dissent fundamentally from Dr Forsyth's argument.

In this book the Principal of Hackney College appears once more as the uncompromising foe of what may be called "Liberalism"—of the modern movement towards undogmatic Christianity, towards a religion which exhausts itself in social ideals and social service, towards an evolutionary explanation of the Christian religion and its Founder. Concerning this movement he says many hard things, but not one of them is undeserved. His initial contrast, of which he never loses sight, is between Liberalism on the one hand and the Evangelical Faith or New Testament Christianity on the other. In his judgment, these are two different religions, and the former is the poorer. What is the Evangelical Faith? According to Dr Forsyth, it is the religion of the Cross rather than of the Incarnation. In other words, it is a religion of redemption, and is characterised by the saving work in human hearts of the ascended and glorified Christ. That saving work takes the form of a "new creation"—the new birth—and experience of this salvation, and of Christ immediately operative therein, is said to be the ground, not of Christian faith, but of Christian theology. Faith is a *condition* of Christian experience, and Dr Forsyth is not concerned with the *conditions* of Christian experience, but with the content and postulates thereof. His book is a contribution to theology, not to apologetic. Like Ritschl, he starts with the Christian community, and then he goes on to exhibit the theological construction which, in his judgment, is implicit in or presupposed by his experience within that community. He explores the theological "Hinterland" of Christian experience, and he is not immediately concerned to give a philosophical doctrine of Christian assent.

Although Dr Forsyth contends so vigorously for the primitive faith—for "New Testament Christianity"—his own fundamental thought is distinctively modern. One surmises that he accepts without qualification Father Tyrrell's characteristic saying that revelation is *experience*, not *statement*. The "great note of modern theology," he tells us, is that it "does not deal with thoughts but with facts" (p. 3). "We begin with facts of experience, not with forms of thought" (p. 10); and theology arises by reflection upon "facts of experience," not by inference from statements. What, then, is the experience which is thus fundamental for Christian thought? In one place it is described as "saving faith in Jesus Christ" (p. 3), in another as "justifying faith" (p. 3), in yet another as "the evangelical experience of every saved soul" (p. 10). That evangelical experience is described as "experienced faith in the holy work of a changeless and saving God in Christ" (p. 216). In another place we are told that "the fact on which Christian theology works is the Christ of faith and not of history only, of inspiration and not mere record, of experience and not of memory. It is the Christ of the Church's saving, justifying faith" (pp. 3-4). In these words the Ritschlian note is clear, and, indeed, Dr Forsyth seems to be an unavowed Ritschlian—of a kind. He mentions none of the familiar Ritschlian names, except that of Hermann, "the noblest German of them all"; he makes no reference to value-judgments,

but he lifts us into an atmosphere which is unmistakably Ritschlian, and his seemingly independent phrases constantly remind us of the characteristic conceptions and controversies of the Ritschlian school.

As we have seen, Dr Forsyth starts, as the Ritschlian theologians start, from experience within the Christian community, but (as in the case of Albrecht Ritschl, so also in the case of Dr Forsyth) it is very difficult to form a perfectly clear conception of the experience which is thus made fundamental. Is Christ Himself immediately present therein as a recognised object and agent? *That* is the cardinal question, but even a close scrutiny of Dr Forsyth's pages leaves me doubtful of his answer to it. I say "a close scrutiny," for at first sight Dr Forsyth's answer seems quite clear. Over and over again he asserts, or plainly implies, that Christian experience is a recognition of a saving and present Christ. He quotes with unmistakable approval Hermann's declaration that "Christian religion can only grow from what a man himself experiences of the present reality of the person of Christ" (p. 133). He speaks of "direct personal communion with a gracious and saving God in Jesus Christ" (p. 23), of "personal dealings with the risen Christ," nearer and dearer than his own flesh and blood (p. 196). He meets with Him in his own inmost soul (p. 205). Christian experience, we read, is "not psychological, but theological"—"not an experience of the soul's own past, nor even so much of its own new self, but of its new Creator and King, its Lord and its God" (p. 281). In another place Christian faith is described as "the experience of having in Christ, His cross and His victory, that salvation, that pardon, that new life which God alone can give" (p. 8). At the Reformation, we are told,—the Reformation seems to be as important for Dr Forsyth as it was for Ritschl,—the key to the Christian religion was found "in moral and religious experience, in the contact of a historical Redeemer with our own living and personal experience of redemption" (p. 218). Again, we read that the "final thing in Christianity is an experience in which Christ is . . . the creator of the new man" (p. 253). All this seems quite clear. Apparently, Christ is a real and efficacious presence in Christian experience. If this were final, we might say that, according to Dr Forsyth, Christian experience is not merely of *values*, but of *Christ creating values*. Such an inference, moreover, would be strikingly confirmed by Dr Forsyth's superstructure. This is conspicuously Ritschlian, but it seems to presuppose quite plainly that the experience upon which it is based is an experience wherein Christ is *given*. "It is the work of Christ that gives us the key to the nature of Christ" (p. 346). "Christ's work," we are told, "is the master-key to His Person: His benefits interpret His nature" (p. 6). "The fulcrum of any vital doctrine about the person of Christ must be an experimental faith in him as Redeemer" (p. 244). "We explore the New Creation. It is from experience of Christ's salvation that the Church proceeds to the interpretation of the Saviour's person" (p. 332). "Soteriology is the way of access to Christology" (p. 220; cp. pp. 6, 330, 372). We should

interpret the person of Christ by what the "saving action of God in him requires" (p. 6). "What we have to ask about Christ, then, is this, What account of Him is demanded by that work, that new creation of us, that real bringing of us to God? . . . We are to think about Christ whatever is required to explain the most certain thing in the soul's experience—namely, that He has given it the new life of God" (pp. 346-347). The "deity of Christ," we read, "is at the centre of Christian truth for us because it is the postulate"—this word reminds one of Scheibe—"of the redemption which *is* Christianity, because it alone makes the classic Christian experience possible for thought" (p. 6). "It cannot be too often recalled that the article of Christ's deity is the theological expression of the evangelical experience of His salvation, apart from which it is little less than absurd, and no wonder it is incredible" (p. 74). It seems clear that in this development of theology from experience—a development which is strictly governed by experiences of *value* and strongly reminds one of Kaftan's development of theoretical propositions from value-judgments—we have the explication of a *given* Christ, of a Christ immediately known in the work which He accomplishes within us.

"A *given* Christ"—but can Christ be immediately known to-day in any human experience? With a sufficing immediacy I certainly know my friend. Can we with similar immediacy and certainty know Christ—the Eternal and Incarnate Word? Dr Forsyth does not wholly ignore this question. He imagines the following criticism:—

"These experiences may be of great personal value to you, but they give you no warrant for stepping outside your own feelings. . . . You can never be quite sure that the Saviour you meet is a personal reality. You can never make it quite certain to any that He is a continuous personality with the historic Jesus. . . . In your so-called communion with Christ you have no more real right . . . to build on the objective personal reality of your *vis-à-vis* than the Roman Catholic girl had to believe in the real presence and speech of the Virgin at Lourdes. If it is Christ who visits you, it was the Virgin that visited her" (p. 196).

What is Dr Forsyth's answer? It is three-fold; but the first part of it is the most important, and that part may be summarised thus:—

"My contact with Christ is not merely visionary, it is moral. . . . Because what I have in Christ is not an impression, but a life change. . . . In my inmost experience, tested by years of life, He has brought me God. . . . And any faith I have at all is faith in Christ not merely as its content nor merely as its point of origin, but as its *creator*. I know Him as the *author* as well as object of my faith in God. I know Him, therefore, as God. . . . If certainty do not lie here, where can it be found in life? If He is not real, moral reality has no meaning. . . . This moral certainty is the truly rational certainty. Christ approves Himself as a divine reality by His revolutionary, causal, creative action on that inmost reality whereby man is man" (pp. 197-201).

Dr Forsyth's criterion seems to be somewhat pragmatist. His test is

efficacy; but this test plainly presupposes an actual presence—a presence which is determined by its efficacy to be real and not illusory. Behind the verification there is an experience—an experience wherein Christ is *given*. The conclusion seems clear, even though it be incredible. But is this Dr Forsyth's final conclusion? I think not.

The experience which, according to Dr Forsyth, is the root of theology, is experience within the Christian community. It is described as saving and justifying faith. The Christ who, as we are told, is at once the object in our experience and the creator of our experience is said to be "the Christ of faith and not of history only," "the Christ of the Church's saving and justifying faith." And what is faith? It is "the grand venture in which we commit our whole soul and future to the confidence that Christ is not an illusion but the reality of God" (p. 205). Its highest form is seen in the apostolic inspiration whereby the apostles found in Christ "the reality of whatever ideas they had learned from the age around them." But this discovery is described as "a great leap" (p. 174). Dr Forsyth tells us that, when faith "rises to inspiration," it "gives us the reality of its object by giving us its power" (p. 181). Of course it does, and so would quite uninspired intelligence if the given power were obviously *its* power—the power of a given agent. Dr Forsyth's meaning appears to be that, by a "great leap" beyond the data of experience, faith posits an object and an agent not immediately given among those data. This would bring Dr Forsyth very close to the Ritschlian Left—somewhere near Bender. I am sure that he does not belong there. But should not his conception of faith's function take him there? And if (when once there) he continued to affirm the objective validity of his theological construction, could he reasonably confirm that affirmation except by some appeal—such as he plainly thinks would not be Protestant—to collective experience and general faith?

I have space for only one word more. Dr Forsyth gives us a long discussion of the Two Natures in One Person. His ultimate conclusion seems to be that Christ was wholly Divine. There was no "taking of the manhood into God," but merely an acceptance of human conditions—something perilously like a "conversion of the Godhead into flesh" (pp. 352-353).

ARTHUR BOUTWOOD.

LONDON.

The Idea of a Free Church.—By Henry Sturt.—Pp. xiii + 309.—
London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co., 1909.

THIS is in some respects a notable work. It is individual and piquant both in manner and matter. Shrewd observations are made on several aspects of life, but the resulting impression on the mind of the reader is distinctive and fairly definite. It is a provoking production, often irritating, sometimes offensive, but always readable. When the author

makes you angry with his grotesque caricatures of Christianity you are suddenly won back to good humour by his penetrating thrusts that pierce through the joints of all dogmatic armour to the quick flesh of the faith. A keen sense of comedy saves many of his extravagant remarks from brutality; and even his most deliberate affronts are honest when not salutary. Sometimes one laughs with him and not infrequently at him: *with* him when he deprecates young men entering the clerical profession, where they must assume "a gravity of exterior which would be pathological if it were genuine"; *at* him when he gives among examples of the things an Anglican clergyman can do which a nonconformist minister is not supposed to do—cricket, golf, football, taking part in local government, sitting upon a bench of magistrates! Wild and random shots altogether wide of the target crack on almost every page, but they alternate with others that go straight to the mark and leave you expectant and wondering whether the next will be a miss or a bull.

The title is hardly an indication of the work. Except for thirty pages at the end it says very little about the plan and organisation of the new Church. To some extent it might indeed be said that its "idea" is given; but in the main what is offered is a somewhat discursive but exceedingly interesting series of reflections on human life, and a strikingly bold and vigorous attack on Christianity. The treatise might with some propriety be called "Prolegomena to any possible new Church of the Future." It is a candidly direct, transparently sincere, but recklessly perverse and biassed piece of writing. Nervous Christians will do well to leave it alone, for it will seriously shock and wound them. Mr Sturt claims to be constructive, but in order to fulfil he has to do a vast amount of destruction, and achieve nothing less than the complete overthrow of Christianity. He requires the sites of our churches because he wants the place they occupy in the national life. The ground is no good to him until it has been wholly swept of every vestige of the present structures. They are an abomination to him, a grievance to his eyes and an offence to his nostrils. "It is an essential element of the proposals contained in this book that we should cut ourselves clear away from Christianity." No compromise is possible. Schemes of reform are but tinkering and delusion, and will end in bitter disappointment. But we need religion, and must therefore begin afresh from a modern standpoint which recognises in Christianity only an obstructive and paralysing system. Over against this obsolete faith with its "clap-trap of self-negation and renunciation" and "sainted noodledom" he sets the Ideal of a Free Manhood. This ideal is one of a harmoniously developed personality that shall be enterprising, courageous, athletic, clean, healthy and strong. The new religion will encourage rational games and gymnastic exercises; art, literature, science and philosophy; family life, friendship, public spirit, patriotism, and a cosmic loyalty to the laws of life. This ideal will also include affection; for without affection our activity has neither content nor purpose. "What is it that Nietzsche's Superman is striving for? What will he do with the beautiful blonde

strength that he is so proud of? If it is only to behave like a wild beast, the first rational man whom he meets will shoot him."

With this ideal of free manhood as his essential requirement, Mr Sturt proceeds to demonstrate along extreme pragmatist lines our further religious need of God and personal immortality and the value of prayer and worship. Many of his remarks on these subjects are invigoratingly tonic and full of common sense. He would restrict religion to the Nation. It must encourage family life, prolific parentage, good citizenship and high patriotism, but it must not, except in the vaguest way, be international, nor must the new Church lose its utility by becoming a World-Church, although as a national Church it should be missionary. It will officiate with due celebration on the occasion of vital crises—birth, death, marriage, the assumption of adult responsibilities, and events of public solemnity. It will "take advantage of the mystery and pathos of these great crises to call attention to the religious significance of life and to emphasise it by appropriate ceremony."

When Mr Sturt comes to describe in closer detail this Church that is to express the religion of a free manhood, he does not succeed in making it very attractive; nor will he convince many of his readers that its establishment is even remotely possible except as a development and affiliation from the past. Its features as presented by him are hardly consistent. Immovable dogma he characterises as an outrage. It makes for insincerity, unveracity, sophistry, and impairs capacity for thought. But the new Church will, spite of all this, be "based explicitly upon dogma"; only the dogma will not be immovable. This is bewildering and unsatisfactory. If the dogma, however flexible, is to fulfil its intended function and be effectually binding at all, then it must, in a progressive Church, at some time exercise a compulsory constraint upon genuine conviction. A stage will come when it will be a stumbling-block to the pioneer. Prior to its actual modification, and while the agitation for modifying it is still on foot, the dogma of the new Church will be as truly an embarrassment to the conscientious free churchman as the creeds are now to "Broad Church economists of truth." Why should the free churchman be less damaged in intellect and in virtue by submitting to his dogma when it becomes obsolete than the liberal Anglicans are now? Is it right to sanction a lie for a week under protest and agitation (assuming a week to be sufficient for the Free Church agitation to mature), but wrong for the Modernist to sanction it indefinitely though he devotes his whole life to its removal and contemplates the lapse of many generations before his agitation can be successful? It must be remembered that no Church can possibly prevent the variation of "its articles of association." An Act of Parliament could always override the most explicit attempt to secure immobility. Even the dogma of Papal infallibility will have to go some day. The ethical question is whether it is right for those who disbelieve in it to remain in the Church and work for its reformation. If it is not, then the free churchman is faced in principle with the same prohibition whenever he

ceases to believe in the dogma of his Church. Mr Sturt must either condone the attitude of the Modernist and Broad Church "sophists," or have the courage and consistency to abandon the dogmatic principle altogether and trust absolutely in the self-attesting power of Truth or in the pragmatically self-vindicating needs of his "higher democracy."

The Free Church will aim, we are told, at having unpaid ministers of ripe age and experience—preferably retired tradesmen. Let us hope not. If there is any truth in the cynicism that every man is a scoundrel at forty then it were far better to risk the fate of the Free Church in the hands of young and fanatical idealists. Has not the author told us already (p. 29) that "the tendency of men near middle life to give up all the athletics of their youth is generally a note of spiritual even more than of physical degeneration"?

It will have new scriptures, because "of all the terrible intellectual disasters of Europe the Bible has been by far the greatest." Well, some of us have had experience of the use of new anthologies and extended lectionaries; and that experience is sad enough to divert Mr Sturt from this desperate expedient. These abrupt and heroic departures from the past are always futile. If it were desirable to compile new scriptures the best way of beginning would be along the lines of Dr Frazer's selections or Dr Courtney's *Literary Man's Bible*.

Uncommonly rich in stimulating and suggestive thought as Mr Sturt's book is, it must be confessed that its central project is quite chimerical. After all the worst has been said, the fact remains that Christianity has not yet exhausted its power or delivered up its whole secret. We may beg leave, therefore, first to try a reformed liberal Christianity before trusting our lives to an artificial fancy religion without the momentum of a prophetic personality or the glory of a great tradition. Besides, it is simply not true to say that "there is not a word in the New Testament to recognise the value of art or literature or philosophy, or the sympathetic study of the past, or science or education or political enterprise or soldierly valour and honour." All these things may be discovered in the New Testament if we are pragmatist enough to wish to find them. The story of the breaking of the alabaster cruise of ointment, which tells us that Jesus approved the fine deed as *καλὸν ἔργον* (Mark xiv. 6), will justify all the art this world needs. Art and much more appears in Philippians iv. 8, where we are exhorted to "think on these things," namely, things true, honourable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. Has Mr Sturt never throbbed martially to the passage in Ephesians which begins with the exhortation "Be strong" and uses up all the metaphors of a soldier's armour and of soldierly valour? Are we not urged to run the career of life as athletes in the games and to endure hardness as good soldiers of Christ? The manly virtues, in every desirable particular, may be found in the New Testament; and if we seek an Ideal of Free Manhood that can command the homage of every age, we may do worse than accept Mr Sturt's own impressive representation of Jesus. To this he has devoted no less than

one-third of the entire work. For freshness and vividness of portraiture the remarkable chapter on "A Historical Criticism of Christianity" is worthy of comparison with any critical work in English. After reading these striking pages one is astonished that the resulting picture of the authentic Jesus who is admitted to be "admirable," of "supreme originality," and even in a sense "adorable," should nevertheless be said to stand between us and our present duty. The effect on most readers will assuredly be to deepen their conviction that he must remain by virtue of his very humanity and virile strength and sublime ethical and spiritual genius the foundation of the very Church which Mr Sturt himself wants.

William Morris spoke well when he said in the *Dream of John Ball*: "Men fight and lose the battle, and the thing that they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat; and when it comes turns out not to be what they meant, and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name." I trust it is not disrespectful to say that what the author of this book seeks exists already, however imperfectly, under another name.

J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.

NOTTINGHAM.

Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History.—Vol. I.—Clarendon Press, 1909.

Social England in the Fifteenth Century.—By A. Abram.—Routledge, 1909.

THE first of these books is justly commended by Professor Vinogradoff as an effort to fill one serious gap in English University teaching of to-day. The professors of other countries have long since organised great schools of historical research, and directed the systematic production of such special monographs as can alone lay a scientific basis for wider generalisations. In England much of their energy is still spent upon the production of school-books and manuals, while our magnificent national materials are being slowly exploited, in a necessarily disjointed and amateur fashion, by non-academical societies and private individuals. Even the great co-operative histories lately undertaken by Cambridge often suffer very seriously from the lack of this necessary hard-work; and there was a crying need for the series of which the first volume now lies before us. It contains two studies so widely different in character that a single reviewer can scarcely deal with both; and I must content myself with expressing a trust that the second article (which fills about one-fifth of the book and deals with the Patronage of Villages in the Later Empire) is as valuable as the first, by Professor Savine of Moscow University. The first sentences strike the keynote: "On the very threshold of the Dissolution we find long returns of the Royal Commissioners who in 1535 were describing the revenues of the English Church. No one has ever made a careful study of this survey, neither general historians of the Tudor age, nor historians

of the English Church, nor authors of the very few monographs on the Dissolution. But as a proper understanding of the Dissolution is impossible without a study of the *Valor*, I shall attempt to struggle through this labyrinth."

To a clear comprehension of modern issues—religious, social, political—the history of the Reformation is scarcely less important than that of the French Revolution. Our whole outlook must be deeply influenced by our judgments on what was then done, for good or for evil. And, for good or evil, the Dissolution of the Monasteries may almost be called the crucial point of the English Reformation. The fact that we move here at every step upon bitterly controversial ground should not discourage us from attempting to form a definite judgment, but only warn us to look closely into our facts and our reasons. We have therefore all the more cause to welcome a book like this, in which a distinguished student deals with a vast body of statistics under a strong sense of responsibility towards both of the conflicting parties. If, in his last few pages, he pronounces a very definite judgment on some important issues, no careful reader can fail to realise how laboriously and dispassionately he has first sifted the material.

The *Valor Ecclesiasticus* is a statement drawn up by groups of Commissioners sent round the country in 1535 to value Church possessions for a government tax of one-tenth. The chairman of each group was usually a bishop; they had the inquisitorial powers of ordinary ecclesiastical visitors, with the royal authority also at their back. In many cases their zeal to please the King carried them beyond the legal instructions; but, on the other hand, opportunities of concealing income are always considerable; and Professor Savine has convinced himself, by a careful comparison with other evidence of the same kind, that the *Valor* rather understates monastic incomes. Although it generally represents only a brief digest of the original returns, yet in some parts a good many separate items are given. Moreover, here and there the original surveys of different monasteries have been preserved, and in other cases we have detailed digests intermediate between the originals and the *Valor*. With the help of this, and much other independent evidence of the period, Professor Savine has tried to work out the fullest economic picture possible of English monastic life on the threshold of the Dissolution. The care with which he has done this, within the limitations imposed upon himself, is beyond all praise. No conclusion is arrived at without the fullest consideration of other alternative interpretations of the documents before us. The book is naturally not easy to read, except in those last few pages in which the author begins to summarise his impressions; but there is no unnecessary obscurity anywhere. It is hard only because it is a solid foundation-stone for future history. It has, however, one serious deficiency for the student: there is an admirable *index locorum*, but no table of contents.

In certain directions the author might with advantage have gone further afield. The discussion of monastic debts (p. 210) would have

gained much by a comparison with the Cluniac visitations published in the *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes* and by Sir George Duckett, or with the *Regestrum* of Eudes Rigaud in Rouen diocese. Successive reports from the rich priory of Lewes, for instance, show an average indebtedness of something like twenty years' revenue between 1259 and 1314. This is perhaps the most startling case; but the other records show that monastic solvency was rather normal than exceptional even in the thirteenth century; and it is difficult to believe that these facts would not have affected Professor Savine's judgment on the 1535 documents. The discussion of *granges* on pp. 178-9 is incomplete without reference to time-honoured Cistercian traditions in this matter: for the two chief instances quoted are Cistercian. Again, it may be that a reference to p. 62 of the Camden Society *Visitations of the Diocese of Norwich* would have enabled the author to pronounce a probable opinion on the case of St Benet of Hulme, which he is forced to leave altogether undecided on p. 168. But those who have studied monastic conditions in other directions, and make their first acquaintance with the *Valor* in this monograph, are likely to be far more struck by the coincidence of Professor Savine's independent conclusions with those which might be deduced from earlier and more scattered records.

A few of these conclusions may be briefly summarised here. The reader is never allowed to forget that the monks were really useful in their generation; but in every direction we see that usefulness passing away. Their appropriation of parochial endowments is emphasised: more than a fifth of their gross income came from churches which had once been in the hands of secular clergy (pp. 101, 110). Their expenses in charity came to only a very small percentage of their total income (227 ff.). In farming and industry they were backward, not mainly from religious or charitable motives, but from natural conservatism (123 ff., 177 ff., 261). Modern theories as to the disastrous effect of the Dissolution on agriculture and society generally are exaggerated (120, 263). That England is now "a country of alienated tithes" is very greatly due to conditions which grew up long before the Reformation (113). Professor Savine has repeated occasion to remark how little evidence has often been brought by modern historians to support their conclusions, and how little has really been contributed to some important sides of this discussion since the seventeenth century (pp. 76, 79, 80, 241, 263, 266). The argument that the Royal Commissioners of 1536 did their work too rapidly to form any just estimate of monastic morality is practically nullified by his verdict on this earlier visitation of 1535. The whole country was then covered in some five or six months; yet our initial distrust of this rapid work changes gradually into a conviction of its substantial accuracy (pp. 16, 48, 74). From his most important conclusions of all, those of the last few pages, I will quote only a few of the least controversial lines (pp. 263-7): "Notwithstanding its fragmentary character, the evidence contained both in the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* and in the suppression accounts leads us to regard with some suspicion statements concerning the immense social influence of

monasticism in England. . . . However heterogeneous the interests of professed 'religious' might have been, the majority of them could not but sympathise with the upper and middle classes, in a way altogether at variance with anything like a democratic spirit. . . . The Church undoubtedly expressed sympathy with the masses and the poor, but at the same time it continued to be on good terms with the few and rich."

With Miss Abram's doctoral thesis, the first volume of a new "Research Library," I must deal far more briefly than it deserves. The author had the initial advantage of a very efficient predecessor in Mr V. B. Redstone; but it would be difficult to name any recent publication which furnishes so much new and valuable evidence in so small a compass. All statements are supported by careful references, often to MS. authorities; and the book, apart from its human interest, supplies an admirable introduction to the history of the Renaissance and Reformation.

G. G. COULTON.

EASTBOURNE.

The Advent of the Father.—By Archibald Allan, M.A.—Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons, 1907.—Pp. viii + 486.

RELIGION in its traditional and ecclesiastical form, says Eucken in a recent work, has itself become too much of a problem to prove a satisfying interpretation of the meaning of life. It is significant of the existence of some such feeling within the churches that a plea for doctrinal revision is being urged by theologians themselves. The writer of this volume fully sympathises with the movement, and he rightly notes that one of the most vital of the changes necessary "is concerned with the conception of God Himself." The book is designed as a contribution to this work of reconstruction; but we are told it is addressed not so much to the "theologically learned" as to intelligent members of the Christian churches. How far the book will appeal to the class in question is problematical; but it may be said at once that Mr Allan has brought to his task a sincere and independent mind, and states his results with courage and conviction. If his style is somewhat unchastened, the author can generally put his points plainly, and he is quite capable of saying a striking thing in a striking way.

Mr Allan's central conception is the idea of God as Father, and as Father manifesting His life in the world and all finite minds. In Christ we see the conscious and unique expression of this life: "Nature for the first time becomes in Jesus conscious and vocal of the Father as doing, and as having done all that was done in nature." In working out this thought Mr Allan depends almost entirely on the Fourth Gospel, and he accepts this gospel as containing the personal teaching of Jesus. From a remark in the Preface apparently he considers he is justified in doing so, notwith-

standing the increasingly adverse verdict of modern criticism. The result is somewhat startling. For the author so reads the inner meaning of John's Gospel that he makes Jesus the teacher of a religious philosophy whose chief features, he thinks, are consistent with the Synoptic tradition, but, as he frankly allows, are out of harmony with the Pauline theology. The latter, we are told, has proved an unfortunate legacy to the Church, and is rooted in the defective conception of God which obtains in the Old Testament. "Christendom has in the past attached but a feeble value to the fact of God's fatherhood. It is profoundly in eclipse even in the apostolic writings. It is a non-essential in the doctrinal schemes of Paul, Augustine, and the reformers."

The main features of the author's theory may be thus summarised. The fundamental category is Life, and God as Father is the supreme Life and Personality. The note of fatherhood is the surrender or transmission of life to the child. In a sense, nature and all finite objects stand in a filial relation to God: they draw their being from Him and live in His life. There is no such thing as an inanimate object in nature: all objects are expressions of the Divine. This communication of life also makes possible an inflow of personality: "In this absolute Life personality blends with personality, each with all and all with each, as cloud blends with cloud. . . . Every personality is a form of the Father's sacrifice in laying down His Life in the begotten, and passes onwards as wave passes into wave across an endless sea." Christ is the supreme type and expression of the divine economy of Life. "Personality is like Life an eternal flow, and the more we give away of ourselves the more we receive of the Father." So the Son receives of the Father to give unto the world, and in giving becomes one with the Father. This is what Mr Allan terms the Pater-pantheistic Ideal of Jesus, and it is the dominating doctrine of his book. From a philosophical point of view, the author's conception of personality is vague and inconsistent, and other objections will occur to his readers. I limit myself to one observation. The writer's position would have been less open to criticism had he frankly accepted the Fourth Gospel as a theological construction, and offered his own theory as a further development of it. But that the Jesus of history should have taught Pater-pantheism to the peasantry of Galilee is too improbable, and is discountenanced by the Synoptic tradition.

The pantheistic tendency in Mr Allan's line of thought naturally influences his interpretation of Christ's view of sin. Laying stress on such sayings as "The Father judgeth no man," he seeks to show that Jesus as the perfect man is the only judge and forgiver of sins. His reading of the petition in the Lord's Prayer, the parable of the prodigal, and other passages, is ingenious rather than convincing. Nor does he seem to recognise the truth, that, if the human self has its ground and source in the Divine, the ultimate standard of values must have reference to God. Sin, the writer holds, is a matter of human relationships, and he emphasises its negative aspect, the absence of Life. In a suggestive passage he com-

pare it to the night, subduing and awful, yet local and temporary ; while "the interposing presence of Jesus in those spaces beyond our darkness, for the first time in the history of mankind has revealed by reflection the Father's endless fulness of light and love." I will only add that, though Mr Allan's conception of the nature of moral evil is defective, he offers just and relevant criticisms of the traditional ideas of the sufferings of Christ and substitutionary sacrifice. The atonement he construes through the conception of Life.

It is not probable that many will accept the main conclusions of this book. But it has the value and interest which attach to the work of a singularly sincere and earnest mind, bold to think for itself, anxious to help on that theological reconstruction which is a need of the age.

GEORGE GALLOWAY.

CASTLE-DOUGLAS, N.B.

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G. D. H.

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL

AN OPEN LETTER TO ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.

"This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea . . .
This land of such dear souls ; this dear, dear land."

Rich. II.

GENTLEMEN,

I am addressing you by the most honourable of titles ; and for reasons which I hope to make plain am using that title in the present instance in its restricted sense. That is to say, that while I am on the one hand excluding from my purview all such as have inherited merely the accidentals of your order, an ample fortune, an honoured name, a more or less perfunctory code fulfilled in the letter rather than in the spirit, I am at the same time excluding the many men whose shoes so often you are not worthy to loose, men who have the essential stuff of the gentleman in them, but have inherited nothing—not fortune, nor privilege, nor caste alliances nor unfettered opportunity, nor the natural mould of culture, but have won what they have won by their own force of character or ability.

I am appealing to that still extant but not increasing type—the well-bred Englishman—to men of gentle birth, of an inherited courtesy and courage, "good sportsmen," incapable of dishonesty, lying with difficulty, unassuming, undemonstrative, plain, blunt, loyal.

I will remind you of a tithe of your advantages.

In your infancy you were well fed and housed and tended with a watchful solicitude. You went in due course to a public school, where, among possibly less desirable things, you learnt in many of the essential activities of life to "play the game." Quite possibly, though this is unessential, you had broad ancestral acres to take your holiday pleasure in, and escaped altogether that hardship (and discipline) of narrow means and cramped surroundings. In any case, *ex hypothesi*, you had the fostering care of English gentlefolk; the instincts of a gentleman which were inborn in you were sheltered and developed by many affectionate and prudent hands. And in due course you went into one of the services or to your university, and passed therefrom to your chosen (or allotted) niche, the law, the bar, the school, the church, the hospitals, the city.

Well, gentlemen—*noblesse oblige*—what have you done in exchange for it all? I do not mean for yourselves, but for England?

If you were self-made men, having contrived your own opportunities, and wrested the whole of your success from a reluctant environment by quick thinking, hard work, and normal slices of luck (or acute practice), it would be more open to you to plead that you owed no man anything, that you had had a precious hard fight to get to the top,—that, having got there, you meant to stay there, and that the devil might take the lowermost.

I need not say that your self-made man rarely argues this brutal case, but he would have such right to do so as you can in no wise claim.

But you, gentlemen, are not self-made. I have an obstinate persuasion that because to so large an extent England made you, you owe, and you will as good sportsmen be glad to pay, a heavy debt to England.

And I am rushing in where better men have feared to tread, to remind you of this debt, and, if you will permit me,

to suggest some ways in which a chosen few of you may attempt to redeem it.

Briefly, I am going to ask you to turn your serious attention to politics and to a patriotism broader and less self-regarding than you may have hitherto found the occasion for embracing.

Let me hasten to add that I do not ask you to enter the established political arena, or even to take a given side, or to listen to any special plea of mine for Liberal or Tory or Socialist. But, to state my case in a word, England has need of her hereditary gentlemen in this rapid and perilous change from the Old order to the New, of which the present political manifestations are only the jaunty herald.

Permit me to interject an episode in the salient history of that young world-power in which the spirit of patriotism has attained a very high pitch.

In 1876, at the birth of the New Japan, after the Shogun had been broken, and the great nobility had voluntarily laid their privileges and dues at the feet of the Emperor, there remained the problem of the Samurai for the new government to deal with. The Samurai were, as you know, the gentry of Japan, not notably wealthy or powerful, except as a body, but simply an order of Japanese gentlemen to whom was entrusted the whole defence of their country, and whose most valued privilege was to wear that double sword which was the mark of their order.

Owing to the danger of leaving such a feudal remnant in a modern state, it became necessary to compass their dissolution as a class, and there were further financial troubles caused by the fact that the new order had deprived them of practically the whole source of their revenue.

A beggarly pension of some £8 or £12 a year was promised them by the government, which after a few years' time was cancelled, as far as I recollect the story, and they were thrown for the most part into a state of penury.

It is the jewel of this splendid history that the Samurai

accepted without a murmur the whole ruin of their fortune—accepted it as a necessary step in the advance of the country they loved.

But when, recognising the necessity of a new and more democratic fighting class, the government proceeded to throw open the military service to the lower orders, and at the same time suspended the wearing of the double sword, the Samurai rose in rebellion—a rebellion that was only quenched in blood.

The moral of such a story in this commercial day will not easily escape you.

It must be apparent to you, whatever the sincerity of the convention of your personal politics, that the hereditary nobility of England—we will abstract for the moment from the attitude of their opponents—have recently left something to be desired in their attitude. There has been little constructive criticism, and much aggrieved protestation; there has not in general been a very conspicuous manifestation of deliberative fitness, or much evidence of a problem foreseen, of prepared solutions or amendments. There has not been much humour, and not too much dignity. Nor, again, has there been much of that spirit which inspired the splendid renunciations of the last great chiefs and the quixotic Samurai of feudal Japan as their great contribution towards the building of their new empire.

If the feudal chiefs have failed, more or less, what of the Samurai?

To any who can read the signs of the times there is a New England a-sowing—not necessarily a better England. It is indeed likely enough that with the tares much wheat will be pulled by impatient husbandmen.

I write as one who would see the gentlemen of England, the chosen chivalry of a great country (a chivalry which still exists, even if it be obscured by false standards, blatant advertisement, cynical newspapers, and tortuous politics), taking their place in, and even inspiring and leading, the new movement.

Speaking for myself, I would prefer to see the destinies of my country in your hands rather than in those of various men you wot of, not because I doubt their ability or sincerity, but because you have something that they lack.

It has, of course, to be proved that you do not also lack something which they have. For myself, I do not believe this. I build, indeed, on the conviction that in your ranks are to be found many at least of the true aristoi, the truest champions of justice, liberty, and enlightened patriotism.

Here I will save you the trouble of skipping a few pages by omitting a disquisition on the relation of politics to patriotism. I will merely state my thesis in the form of a platitude, that there is absent from the political ethos of to-day the spirit of chivalrous service and self-sacrifice.

Gentlemen, I interpret your smile to mean: "Here is another of those dull dogs who won't see life as it is. Service and self-sacrifice, my dear sir, are admirable in copy-books, New Testaments, and that kind of impracticable document. You ought to know that politics is a dirty game, necessary of course, but emphatically dirty. *Vide* current speeches, letters, posters."¹

Dirty in fact, yes; but necessarily dirty? or necessarily quite so dirty?

Gentlemen, I don't believe it, and I don't believe it because I still believe in you, against the available evidence possibly.

For to tell truth I do not notice among the members of your order any greater disposition to put aside class prejudices, to distinguish personal and trivial from national and profound issues, than among those who have not enjoyed the advantage of your liberal education or your cultured *milieu*. I see you, too, thinking and voting, so to speak, in rows. I see you, too, quite often frankly looking at and speaking of politics as a pocket matter. I see you, too, in the toils of disingenuous paraphrases, outworn shibboleths, and small side issues.

¹ General Election, 1910.

I hear you (and you hear each other, don't you, gentlemen?) talking much nonsense on both sides of current questions, judging great issues on insufficient evidence and entirely inadequate knowledge, freely imputing base motives, cheerfully starting false scents.

But I believe, not that the glory of your old heritage is gone for ever, but that just for a short space "all is not well with England" because, perhaps, you gentlemen, listless or busy with other things, have not noticed whither your country is really tending.

You are patriots of course; you have always been that. Do we not know your record? do you think that we—even we others who may for one absurd reason or another be not in love with war—forget that quiet English courage that finds a mere sixth-form boy in the broken square at Abuklea, or an Indian border scrap, endowed with the splendid *sang-froid* of a seasoned veteran? Do you imagine that we forget the many who risked and the few who gave all in the last great national trouble?

Gentlemen, if you were of that admirable brotherhood, please understand that you are honoured by those others of us who remained at home. And if you were not, I know at least that you are, as I have said, clean men, chivalrous to women, and to the man that's down, good sportsmen, loving the game and playing it for love of it. But do you by any chance fail to realise that it is a more difficult (because a more common and workaday thing) to live for your country than to die for it?

You will fight, gentlemen: will you not also serve?

"Mrs L., a married daughter of the deceased, said the old couple occupied a back room for which they paid 1s. 6d. a week.

"*The Coroner*. Have the old people enough to live on?

"*Witness*. Father could not work, and mother sold matches and laces to keep things going as best she could; but, of course, she could not earn more than about 3s. a week.

"*The Coroner.* Then she cannot have had enough to eat, as, after paying rent, this old couple have had only 1s. 6d. a week to live on, a most awful thing to contemplate.

"*Witness.* No, I don't think she did have enough to eat, and she has been very bad in health also. Poor old mother used to work very hard for years at the wash-tub, but her strength failed her at the last; but she battled on to keep dad.

"The medical officer said death was primarily due to pneumonia and pleurisy.

"*The Coroner.* Is it a case of want?

"*Witness.* Yes.

"*The Coroner.* Can I class it in my report as a death from starvation?

"*Witness.* Yes.

"*The Coroner.* It is a pitiful story, and one that is getting all too frequent."¹

The jury returned a verdict of "Death from starvation."

May I put it this way?—that it is a more difficult, a more heroic, a more patriotic thing to weigh such stories as these with deliberate conscious intention, to feel a poignant human sympathy, a righteous indignation, and a certain sense of responsibility and guilt; to translate the sympathy and indignation into action—into serious study of such things, into endeavour to mitigate the horror of their frequency: it is harder, I say, to do these things than to face an enemy in the battle line. Obviously so, since in practice, for one who is found to do the first, there are thousands who would welcome the chance of doing the second.

May I rub it in, gentlemen, that, vitally important though it be, it is less important to defend England than to have an England that is worth defending? And may I, to make the point I have chiefly in mind, remind you that till you have begun to look at England with an eye to Ancoats and

¹ This, with one other short extract, is from *The Camel and the Needle's Eye*, by Arthur Ponsonby.

Cowcaddens, or to those broad acres of squalid South London that you see from the Dover express, on your pleasant way to Paris or the Riviera—till *you*, gentlemen, *ex hypothesi* the cream of the nation, have given the matter *your* attention, your country is missing a valuable aid to the solution of a profoundly disquieting problem. I will explain that foolish piece of optimism later if you will have patience.

“It is roughly estimated that there are (in these islands) $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions who can be classed as rich, $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions comfortably off, 38 millions of poor, of whom some 12 or 13 millions are in constant need.”

If, gentlemen, you had given a considerable time to the study and discussion of the problem as thus crudely stated, and had decided, after the deliberation due to so serious a matter, that there was no remedy, or that it did not concern you if there were, I should have nothing to say. As it is, I have perhaps too much.

My experience—and I have taken some pains to arrive at a conclusion—is that the matter has never been properly faced by you. From the clergy with their “The poor you have always with you” to the pompous ass who tells you that drink and dirt and their own fault generally are the cause of all the evils of the poor, and that, anyway, taking away all the money from those who have and sharing it up all round wouldn’t do any good, because at the end of the week some would have spent more, earned more, or stolen more than others—so obvious a truth as surely to be not worth repeating at this date—there’s a tendency to dismiss this, the greatest problem which faces a patriotic Englishman, too easily, too lightly.

We have grown accustomed cynically to estimate the aspirations of social reformers as the desire of the “have nots” for the goods of the “haves.” Not only is it forgotten that the most sincere and effective pleaders for change are conspicuously those who have won for themselves in open competition a fair share of worldly goods (then we turn round and dub them hypocrites, thereby having it both ways)—but it

is also forgotten that the whole attitude of conservative social reform might be as fairly reduced to the ennobling Christ-like formula of "What we have we hold!"

I will, indeed, record it as my careful observation of the attitude of those who give this matter public and private attention that there *is* a desire to change things for the better for those 38 millions of poor fellows, and those 12 millions of poor devils, *yet so as to retain things essentially as they are.*

The extraordinary advantages of various aspects of the present system to the said poor fellows (or devils, as the case may be) are glibly insisted on.

For instance, the fox-hunting man will point out how much excellent work that glorious industry provides for whippers-in, huntsmen, stable-folk, dog and horse breeders, hatters, tailors, joiners, barbed-wire makers, surgeons and undertakers. Should it be pointed out that the same amount of capital, in money, land, brains, courage, energy, could be employed to better and fuller purpose, and could in particular give employment to tenfold that number, do you think that he would drop fox-hunting? I am not saying on the one hand that he would not, or on the other that he should: I am merely suggesting that if he wouldn't when he should, then the talk about employment is just veiled cant.

"Gentlemen, let us clear our minds of cant!" Let us have the courage to admit to ourselves that where our purses or pleasures are concerned our sincerity in judgment is very heavily handicapped.

Grant that it by no means follows that your Master must break up his hunt, yet is it true that he is apt to put an entirely inflated value on the economical advantages of the fox-hunting industry to the nation, and to the poor. When in another vein he says what he really believes, that a man may do what he will with his own, that fox-hunting teaches a man to ride straight, gives him courage and resource, makes and keeps him fit—has, in fact, helped to turn out the best type of modern Englishman—he is talking good, sound,

respectable, if somewhat one-sided sense, and we can all understand his point of view.

I am nearing my point. It is conceivable—it is, I think, extraordinarily probable—that the true course of English patriotism should, in the near future, take a line contrary to the material interests of the more fortunate of the patriots.

I am sure, and it is the heart of my stumbling message to you gentlemen, that no man can at this crisis serve his country in the truest sense except in a spirit of service, or of readiness to sacrifice self.

Not what to get, or what to escape, but what to give—that is the spirit that shall recreate England.

It is possible to apply certain tests to oneself in imaginative review. It does not follow that if one successfully passes them (in imagination) one would pass them equally well in actuality. But it does seem to me to follow that if one cannot pass them successfully the very honesty which confesses the failure is the finest approach to a new attitude: and at the same time a wholesome shock to our complacency.

If, say, to take an absurd case, it should be found that the employment of boy golf-caddies had a very serious effect on their industrial efficiency and on their consequent futures, would you, gentlemen, vote for a self-denying ordinance to do without them, and put up with the less (let us suppose for our case) satisfactory and efficient adult: would you even, at a push, agree to carry your own clubs? And if you answer, "Why should we?" I would answer tentatively, "For England."

Do not say this is the talk of prigs. That is a phrase, and we are dealing with ideas. I am sincerely convinced, gentlemen, that the obligations of our order (if for the moment you will allow me to identify myself with you) demand that if the solution of any of the great problems of poverty in this country involved very considerable, even very

serious, material inconvenience to ourselves, we should be in conscience bound to move towards that solution. As surely bound as I, a man of peace and untrained to arms, but yet a fit and able-bodied citizen, should be bound in conscience (or honour—that's the same) to undergo the extraordinary inconvenience of being killed if, say in the case of invasion, the safety of my country, or any part of my country, demanded it.

Do not misunderstand me. I am making no such absurd supposition as that if you gave up your wealth and position you would effect a cure of this pressing problem of national regeneration.

This would scarcely be in itself more effective than your half-crown tips to some poor devil of a cab-opener, inspired by an intense movement of ineffectual sympathy. Not this, but a study, painstaking, open-minded, cleared of prejudice and of fears for your own position, is required, and it is impossible for me to believe that this would not provide a substantial contribution towards solving the apparently insoluble.

If for a decade you, the gentlemen of England, were to give a tithe of the energy and the enthusiasm which you give to honest sport you would break the back of the worst of the problem.

And if you did not solve it you would at least effect this not inconsiderable achievement, that instead of the problem being slurred over and consequently misunderstood or ignored, it would be recognised in all its pressing need and hideousness to be dealt with by your children.

And if you will let me intrude my own unquenchable faith, it is that, while we cannot hope ever to banish narrow means and poverty from our country, we can get rid of abject misery. I see no sufficient reason why the Embankment and all that it stands for in the way of pain, disease, hunger, sunless despair, and inevitable degradation should not go the way of such damnable tyrannies of circumstance as, in France,

the right of the seigneur to the honour of his serf's daughter—or, as here in Merry England not three-quarters of a century back, the right to harness the little pitiful, patient children to the coal-trucks and drive them crawling, iron chain round their middles and between their bowed legs, through the dark galleries of our coal-mines, the better to “develop the splendid mineral resources of a great kingdom.”

Such of you as are Harrovians will remember a certain bronze tablet which records the fact that here Antony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Lord Shaftesbury of imperishable memory, made the resolution to devote his life to the amelioration of the conditions of the poor in England. The circumstance was merely the carrying of the coffin of a pauper down the hill by four drunken men who spilt their pathetic burden at his feet. He dreamed his dream, and the upshot of it was some golden clauses in our Statute Books, and some blots upon the escutcheon of England removed for ever. Do you think that there were none to call him an impracticable fool, to damn him with the faintest of supercilious praise as a dreamer and idealist?

And if a dozen of us could do as much as he, then we and England would be thrice blest! It is an unreflecting pusillanimity which shall say that this is impossible!

Gentlemen, there are two kinds of dreams, the dream that what has been must needs go on for ever, and the dream that there are better things in store if only the dreamers will work and suffer for their accomplishment; and it is those who dream this second kind of foolish dream that are the makers of history.

I have emphasised your patriotism. You love England, you feel things about the Empire. You would cheerfully rally to her defence. I put it to you as an Imperial Englishman that the most vital count in any serious and sufficient programme of Imperial politics is an improvement in the breed and in the environment of Englishmen at home.

Is it possible that when you are dreaming of England you leave out of conscious calculation the vast majority of English-

men ; that when you think of the defence of hearth and home you only mean such hearths as are amply and hospitably ablaze, such homes as you could without discomfort visit ? It is, of course, a very common perspective of your class.

Love of country in its most essential sense means no less than love of countrymen.

It follows, or seems to me to follow, that it embraces the love of those who live in homes joyless at the best, and hopeless at the worst, in the affected patches of the body corporate. And if it seems slightly ridiculous as well as tedious of me to suggest that you can possibly feel the high emotion of love towards such negligible creatures, I suggest, gentlemen, it is merely because you do not know them, because you have not had occasion or taken the trouble to understand. You do not penetrate below the relatively unattractive exteriors and behind the often uninviting manners to the splendid courage, the shining charities that so often inform their lives.

A cook at a Clapham Junction fire passes two women to the ladder and disappears in the flames : a miner goes in cold blood to the rescue of his imprisoned comrades without any clamour of battle to cheer him.

There is the constant happening of the neighbour's child being taken and cared for during those temporary absences of the bread-winner which are not always entirely unconnected with the activities of the police : thirteen hungry men apply for two jobs of porter in the Covent Garden Market ; a preliminary council is held and the two married men with the most children are passed forward, and the jobs fall to them by defect of competition.

If we do not love it is because we do not understand. And if we do not understand ? Is it not perhaps because the price of understanding is serious study, serious thought, serious purpose ?

The politician is wont to flatter while he despises the lower classes ; it is instructive to weigh all the difference between his smoking-room and platform estimates of the working man.

The patriot loving his country will try to understand and love his countrymen, and knowing how much he himself owes to the happy chances of his environment and how relatively little to his own unaided resources will see the true patriotism in an endeavour to effect a change in the environment of the vast numbers of his countrymen. He will see defective education and training, insufficient feeding, neglected physical culture, loose discipline, depressing surroundings, cruelly circumscribed opportunity as the obvious cause of so much of the surface unsatisfactorinesses of the great body of the workers.

Gentlemen, you must have had occasion to note, either in your own experience or in authentic anecdote, the valour in action of the "thin red 'ero": and not his valour merely, which, however fine, is necessarily only an occasional quality, but his general serviceableness, dependableness, and likeableness. You may have reflected that this same raw material sucked into the city vortex would often have but added to the pathetic wreckage which eddies deplorably about the bridges of the Embankment. And if you have so reflected you will have gauged something of the extraordinary potentialities of an improved environment.

And here I may conveniently say, lest you should too readily write me down a sentimental ass with the easy philosophy that a few sighs and a little slumming on your part are going to effect any considerable cleansing of our choked Augean stables, that the remedies are to be sought in scientific fields: that not an easy sentimentality but a certain measured ruthlessness will be the note of the conscious philanthropy of the near future.

But the first step towards such a movement is a great compassion, a splendid inspiration.

Gentlemen of England, there is a noble work lying to your hand. With your training, your leisure, your comfortable circumstance, your unfettered opportunity, it presents itself to you as a responsibility you may not lightly thrust aside, as a debt you may not callously and ignobly repudiate.

And you cannot really fail. Solutions are to be found. We have learnt so much, achieved such wonders, dug and builded and planned; analysed, synthesised, organised. It is astounding that we have done so much with our possessions, so little with our people. Perhaps we thought (foolishly as it happens) that there was no money in it.

Nothing to the patriot matters so much, can matter so much, as this regeneration of our people, unless haply you have fallen across that most mournful and paralysing of creeds that nothing matters at all.

Even if it were a forlorn hope, your obvious duty would call to it. It is yours to rouse opinion, to waken the sleeping complaisance, the dead imaginations of your class, to challenge the smooth prophecies, to ask the inconvenient questions, to shatter the traditional follies.

The old high breed of fine enthusiasts, of generous, compassionate spirits, is not dead. A new channel is wanted for their splendid energies: a new issue to their arduous campaigns.

A brotherhood of that high patriotism which is the fuller service of suffering humanity, the "spending and being spent" without hope of reward or gratitude, may be the appointed channel. Though there should be no hope of reward there *is* reward exceeding great: better than to stroke your boat, to go everywhere, to "make (or marry) your pile" is to stand with Shaftesbury and Wilberforce, with Elizabeth Fry and Howard, with Damien of Molokai.

To justify this optimism which assures you that you cannot fail, I will say this much. We have made progress in humanitarian feeling, in ameliorative legislation, progress even towards the recognition of scientific method. That progress has been spasmodic, slow, fettered by privilege, by class interests and apathies in a thousand ways.

Gentlemen, if a picked hundred of your breed, if a score, if a dozen, made it the work of your lives to face this problem; if you entered upon this work, not for the sake of what you

could make out of it, but of what you could put into it; not for what you could get, but for what you could give—you would take rank as builders of Empire beyond your highest dreams.

I only postulate that life is not a mere nightmare chaos, that something is worth while: and further, that history proves abundantly that the wise labours of the selfless pioneers do bear actual immortal fruit. The rest is with you, gentlemen. You can raise this splendid contingent from your accomplished ranks.

It will not escape you that you alone have the power of working for your country unhampered by the easy charge of self-seeking. If, say, some little Scotch apothecary or eloquent miner take upon himself to plead for the redress of grievances or the extension of the privileges of the poor, it is cheerfully assumed that self-interest is the motive power, and whether such charges be just or unjust, they emphatically clog the wheels of movement. You start with this inestimable aid, that your hands are not only clean but beyond suspicion. It is but one other of your incomparable advantages.

There is enough to be done, God knows; and worth doing, that is certain; and able to be done, that is demonstrable.

Gentlemen, the game is in your hands. What do *you* propose to do?

I have the honour to remain,

Yours very sincerely,

PARS MINIMA.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—The Editor would call attention to the fact that a practical movement embodying the principles advanced in this appeal is already being organised on a large scale.

He has pleasure in suggesting that serious inquirers should communicate with the organisers through this Journal. Envelopes should be marked "Service Group."]

WOMAN SUFFRAGE: A REVIEW AND A CONCLUSION.

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"THE issues of life," said Bagehot in a well-known passage, "are plain no longer. To act rightly in modern society requires a great deal of previous study, a great deal of assimilated information, a great deal of sharpened imagination, and these pre-requisites of sound action require much time, and, I was going to say, much 'lying in the sun,' a long period of mere 'passiveness'" (*Physics and Politics*, p. 188). The point of this admirable observation has not become blunted by any happy change in our conditions. The issues of life are even less plain than they were; yet there is little to show that the average citizen has a livelier sense of "the pre-requisites of sound action," and of the means of securing them. One can only marvel, for example, at the easy and confident celerity with which many persons pass judgment upon the proposal to give the parliamentary vote to women. It might be imagined that the proposal signified no more than a petty adjustment of political mechanism, instead of the re-founding of government upon a new base. Those who go swiftly the full length of rapturous advocacy or unsympathetic opposition will find little to gratify them in this article. The arguments here set forth are meant for those who are embarrassed by the novelty, the range, and the difficulty of the question; whose path to a conclusion has been beset by conflicting considera-

tions; who cannot find satisfactory materials for a decision either in eloquent plausibilities about the woman's cause, or in a nebulous idealism, or in chagrin with the tactics of the militant group, or in diatribes against masculine perverseness in general, and Mr Asquith's in particular. To such persons a dispassionate review of some aspects of the question may be of use, perhaps even "a pre-requisite of sound action"; and the occasion seems favourable. A lull, welcome for many reasons, prevails in the camp of the "militants." Politicians are absorbed in a great constitutional struggle, and it is probable that neither Parliament nor the country will be willing to consider the granting of votes to women for some time to come. In the meanwhile, it may be of service, in the spirit of Bagehot's observation, to turn the question over afresh in our minds.

Such a review, however, cannot be hopefully undertaken unless the question before us is disengaged from exaggerations and exasperations which obscure its real character, and tend to betray the judgment. It is a mistake, for example, to allow the tactics of a few individuals, however foolish or blameworthy we may think them, to irritate us into condemnation of the movement as a whole. Not all suffragists argue, or have argued, with stones and dog-whips; most of them use no weapons but those of peaceful persuasion. We deceive ourselves if we dismiss this movement as the momentary effervescence of a clique, or if we fail to perceive that depth of conviction and resolve underlie occasional displays of extravagance. "No reformer," Lord Morley has told us, "is fit for his task who suffers himself to be frightened off by the excesses of an extreme wing" (*Gladstone*, iii. 371). Those of Mr Asquith's colleagues who are in favour of woman suffrage have set a good example in refusing to be teased out of their tempers and opinions. Militant tactics have dressed the window and caught the random eye; but they are not the business itself. The business itself deserves to be considered as a whole, and upon its merits.

Again, let us not make the blunder of regarding woman suffrage as the one and only thing which really matters to women and their welfare. All agitators are prone to this heightened way of putting things. They represent the object of desire as of supreme and even exclusive importance; they try to make it the symbol of many aspirations not necessarily in company with it; they interpret response to their appeal as the measure of sincerity and goodwill. These are the ways of agitation, and it is vain to quarrel with them. Nevertheless, it is to be noted that these claims for woman suffrage are excessive. The parliamentary vote is not this indispensable lever. The opportunities for higher and university education, for example, which have so broadened the horizon for girls of ability, have been won without it. The gradual acceptance of a more generous ideal of comradeship between men and women, which, if still incomplete, has been a marked feature of social development during the past fifty years, has not been due to any political campaign. It is indeed obvious that the interests of women in a society such as ours are only in a minor degree political; and that their continued welfare cannot be guaranteed by any merely political device. This is a truth which suffragists often ignore or underrate, with the result that they too often hold injurious language towards those who cannot subscribe to the suffrage policy. Two things are to be remembered: the first, that woman suffrage is a political proposal, and that only political reasoning is directly relevant to its advocacy. The other, that inability to accept such reasoning may be perfectly consistent with generous enthusiasm in serving the cause of women in every other way.

If it is desirable to restrict the suffrage question to its proper dimensions, it is no less desirable to avoid irrelevancy and misunderstanding when arguing about it. No one, for example, pays much heed to the anti-suffragist who asserts that enfranchised women will be the natural prey of Tory canvassers and scheming ecclesiastics, or that an unbridled passion for politics will sap their affection for husband and

home. It is to be wished that as little heed were paid to the contention, so often heard and so often exposed, that the vote will raise women's wages, and effect a swift transformation of the conditions of women's labour. Another argument, which, properly used, has value, but which is often strained beyond its capacity, appeals to the experience of certain communities where the vote has already been granted to women. We are bidden to take courage from the examples of Finland, or Norway, or New Zealand. But such cases, though interesting, are not analogous to our own; for they are cases of States which are non-sovereign, or unburdened by our responsibilities. Such communities may experiment with freedom. If they go wrong, the consequences may not be serious, and may not affect any but themselves. But a people which bears rule or responsibility over one-fifth of the surface of the world, and over one-fifth of its inhabitants, is bound, under tremendous penalties to itself and to others, to mind its ways, and to innovate with caution. Nor, again, can much attention be given to the shrill demand that the vote ought to be conceded in the name of right and justice. Those who argue thus cannot be familiar with the conditions of political action. Right and justice and high principle constitute a motive for undertaking any worthy political enterprise; but they are not the only motive, and in isolation they are insufficient. The thing proposed must also be "expedient" in the sense, free from all ignoble taint, in which Burke was wont to use that much-maligned word. It must be expedient in the interests of the community; it must tend to their well-being; it must not jeopardise the security of the State, or complicate adversely the working of its government. Unless this can be shown, arguments which appeal to abstract right and justice are inconclusive, even though their logical form is without flaw. And similarly, the case for woman suffrage is not established, though it may be made attractive, by the argument that the vote will raise the general status of women in society. It is not impossible, and if it happens, well and

good. But the first question to settle is — will woman suffrage make for the political good of the community? Until that question has been settled, and settled in the affirmative, we are not entitled to attach importance to secondary consequences, however desirable, of the measure proposed.

Let us now address ourselves to the main question—what is the real strength of the suffrage movement? *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*; but, in the writer's opinion, the strength of the movement is derived only in slight measure from the arguments commonly advanced in its support. It is derived from a source at once deep and elemental—a source more productive of energy and life than any string of intellectual propositions. The suffrage movement is a living reality because of the attainment of political consciousness by the womanhood of the nation. Such a statement may seem too sweeping; and some qualifications are certainly required. Probably the great majority of women are as yet untouched by this process of awakening, and beyond doubt there are very many who, having studied the prospect held out to them, turn from it with repugnance. Further, it is possible that some circumstance may intervene to check the movement towards political consciousness, just as external events intervened to check the movement in this country towards parliamentary reform more than a century ago. It may also prove feasible for the masculine monopoly of government to preserve itself intact for a lengthy period. But all such deductions and conjectures still leave us a residuum of certainty. We cannot doubt that political consciousness has come to women, and that their secular, submissive, and for the most part instinctive acquiescence in their political disabilities is gone, and gone for ever. This explains why the suffrage proposal is no longer a pious opinion but has become serious politics, why it has unmistakable strength, and why the time is approaching when the country will have to say aye or no to its demand.

If we ask for the causes of this awakening, we enter upon

a wide field of speculation and debate. But without entangling ourselves in polemics, or searching the literature and thought of the nineteenth century, we can point to two recent and related developments which not only explain much, but also bring to our notice a feature of capital importance in the present situation. These developments are the higher education of women and their economic independence. The second half of the nineteenth century witnessed a just revulsion from the illiberal convention which for so long had cramped the intellectual development of girls of every class. The results of the new aspiration, so far, we know. The new high schools, the women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge and elsewhere, the new universities and colleges which admit women on the same terms as men, have produced a new type of educated woman. We are not here investigating the principles and aims which have directed women's education; we are simply taking account of results which flow in upon us in gathering volume from year to year. There are to-day not only vast numbers of women in this country whose education has been as complete and thorough as that of the best-educated men, but there are many thousands who have proved their efficiency in the ranks of life by earning an independent livelihood in the professions and in business. It is by no means suggested that these professional and business women, most of whom are unmarried, are entitled to more consideration at the hands of the State, or in any respect, than those other educated women who have yielded something of their liberty and independence in accepting the higher responsibilities of wives and mothers. The reason for fixing attention upon the women who possess both educated capacity and economic independence is that they constitute a new feature in society—a feature which was barely discernible in the social order of fifty years ago. They represent a factor in the national economy of to-day difficult to estimate because of its magnitude. If we call to mind, for example, the army of educated women-teachers, it will at once be realised that women's contribution to social well-being is

indispensable. Suppose a general strike on the part of these women alone, and we must conclude that one of the chief national undertakings would be brought to a standstill. But whatever illustration may be employed to-day, it will surely be surpassed by the illustration of to-morrow. To-day we see no more than the initial impetus. Everything points to the certainty that women of education and capacity will be the women wanted by the future, and that they will count for more and more, in national business, whether educational or other. But now let us turn from prophecy to a present fact. These educated and independent women, so indispensable to national undertakings, are not citizens. They work for their living like men: they serve the commonwealth like men; and like men they are required to bear the ordinary burdens of citizenship. But, unlike men, they are not citizens. The reasons why they are not may be unanswerable; nevertheless, one thing should be admitted. As soon as these women appreciated their situation, and grew conscious of the disability imposed upon them, it became impossible that they should remain content. They are practically unanimous to-day in their demand for recognition as citizens. The demand may be resisted: it cannot be subdued. It is a demand born not of feminine perversity, but of a situation new to human experience. It is the exigency of their situation striking upon alert intelligences which has quickened these women into political consciousness, and has appointed them to be the natural vanguard of the suffrage movement, active missionaries who seek to awaken a like consciousness in women whose life-work, it may be, is less provocative or more protected. Beyond these again are the wage-earning women, particularly in the industrial cities of the north, who for one reason or another have come to desire relief from political disabilities.

Now, if the strength of the suffrage movement is due to these causes, if the movement signifies the attainment of political consciousness by the womanhood of the nation, the prospect of perpetual resistance to its claim is one which no thoughtful

opponent, however sure of his ground, can contemplate with a light heart. It is true that at the present stage of the controversy the opponents of woman suffrage command great resources. Many of their reasons against the proposal are not only weighty in themselves, but they are urged upon us by those whose experience and ability entitle them to a most respectful hearing. Great numbers of women are deliberately and firmly averse to the assumption by their sex of political responsibilities, and not upon sentimental grounds alone. Sentiment itself, both among men and among women, powerfully aids opposition to the new departure, and this sentiment is invigorated rather than daunted by the facile contempt so often meted out to it by impatient enthusiasts. The anti-suffragist who remarked that "she had no arguments, but that she was against votes for women nevertheless," may be treated as beneath notice, but only by those who labour under the delusion that great political questions are settled by dialectics. Anti-suffragism, like suffragism, rests upon no argumentative structure, but upon the living and unhewn rock. Its deepest foundations are embedded in that instinctive and immemorial dislike of publicity which is felt by so many women, and with which so many men are in deep sympathy. And behind the array of declared opponents of the suffrage, who believe they find in the words and deeds of some of their adversaries the surest evidence that cherished ideals are in jeopardy, there are the incalculable forces of inertia, established custom, and indifference. Such, in brief, are the resources of the anti-suffragist position, and proof has already been given, and will doubtless be given again, that they are formidable. They would probably be sufficient at the present moment, if resolutely employed, to turn the scale against the suffragists. But our view of this controversy will be short-sighted and deceptive unless we look beyond the present. If we look to the future, it may be questioned whether the anti-suffragist forces (unless the attacking party play into their hands) will be permanently equal to the task required of them; and, further, whether their

permanent supremacy would not be purchased at too high a sacrifice of the peace and well-being of the community. For what does this task, and its successful accomplishment, mean? Few can suppose that the women suffragists can be argued into surrender. There is little to encourage the hope that argument, or censure, or ridicule can make deaf the ears of those women who have responded to the call of citizenship. There is no evidence of any decline in their tenacity of purpose, their enthusiasm, or their self-devotion, little as some of the ways in which these endowments have been displayed may be approved. These women command money, and intelligence, and numbers. Here are all the ingredients of potent politics; but there is uncertainty as to dimensions. For the sake of argument, let us put the dimensions high. Suppose women were unanimous—what government and what force could keep permanently at bay one half of the community, and that half, the women? What privileged half, however composed, of a community could permanently bolt and bar the door against the other half, conscious of the reasonableness of its claim for admission, and able to press it in numberless effective ways? But it will be said that we have put the dimensions of the movement far too high. That may be granted, but it will still remain a fact of grave import that a great and increasing band of women, largely recruited from the ranks of the best educated and most capable, should be either in revolt against the political order, or moved by a sense of its injustice to themselves. No statesman and no thoughtful citizen can feel any pride in a victory which, even if it is held to save us from a worse fate, perpetuates and aggravates such a cleavage in the community.

It will be worth while, then, to consider whether the apprehensions which are widely felt as to the consequences of giving votes to women are such as to justify an attitude of uncompromising opposition. It will be useless to take the case of those whose opposition is merely the expression of an instinctive shrinking from public responsibilities. Such persons are admittedly at present a factor in the situation. But they

are probably a factor of diminishing importance, and, in the absence of more active allies, their influence could not be decisive. Nor, again, would it serve any useful purpose to marshal all the objections which are commonly urged against the suffrage proposal. Most of these are of minor importance, and may be said to balance roughly with the minor arguments advanced by the other side. The major objections appear to be two, and they are suggested by the words Sex and Force.

Not all suffragists have the patience to recognise, or can recognise with tolerance, that most of any difficulty which may be felt in assenting to their demand is derivative from the circumstance of sex viewed in relation to politics. It seems to them so utterly unreasonable that women who fulfil all the ordinary conditions of citizenship should be denied the vote merely because they are women. It may be unreasonable in appearance, but the underlying considerations are profoundly relevant to the issue. Every candid person will admit that the giving of the franchise to women means the adoption of a principle of politics which is in direct conflict with received ideas and historic practice. Hitherto the control of the State, with the occasional and easily explicable exception of the monarch, has been a masculine prerogative; for the assertion that women formerly enjoyed political rights from which they were ousted in the nineteenth century will not bear examination. When, therefore, it is proposed that in future the control of this great State and Empire shall cease to be masculine, and shall become for the first time a joint control, partly masculine and partly feminine, it would be the height of folly not to try to anticipate and to weigh the consequences of bringing in the feminine element. This is perilous ground, where the most wary walker is likely enough to come to grief. The first essential is to state clearly the question to be answered. That question is not whether women are or are not the equals of men, any more than in 1885 the question was whether the rural labourer was or was not the equal of the artisan enfranchised in 1867, or of the tradesman enfranchised in 1832.

Those who assert with varying vehemence that women are intellectually inferior, or morally superior, to men, may be gently reminded that, by the practice of the English State, intelligence and virtue are not conditions of enfranchisement. The real question is this—will government be better conducted, or worse, if women are associated with men in political responsibility? Now, it is evident that such a question would never be asked at all unless there were a pretty universal agreement that women (quite apart from the barren controversy whether they are or are not the equals of men in ability and worth) are different from men. It is, of course, this difference, even though we choose to ignore it, which distinguishes in the public mind any proposal to enfranchise women from any similar proposal to enfranchise men. What will this difference of sex amount to in practical politics? Two points are made. It is argued, first, that if a large proportion of the electors are women, politics will be invaded, thanks to the imperfections of human nature whether masculine or feminine, by an incalculable, irrelevant, and unwelcome element—the influence of sex. Already politics and government suffer from the exploitation of confused and unworthy motives. Let us protect politics, and ourselves, from a worse condition. Secondly, it is contended that, if women obtain the vote, the organisation of politics on lines of sex must be the result. The possibility or likelihood of such a result is often vehemently denied, but the contention deserves examination. Those who support it already detect the shadows of coming events. They remind us that, although women are without the vote, they have nevertheless succeeded in organising themselves throughout the country with remarkable thoroughness in pursuit of a political end; and further that, while yet unenfranchised, they claim to be able to determine bye-elections, to influence the result of general elections, and to dictate policy to governments. If the organised influence of voteless women can effect as much as this, or anything distantly approaching this, how much more will be possible to

organised women electors? To dispute this is to go against common sense, and against the best-known argument of the suffragist. Is not the vote expressly asked for, we are reminded, on the ground that it will enable women to defend their own interests, and to enforce reform of women's grievances? Are we not told that such efforts must be nugatory so long as men have a monopoly of political power? And if so, how can women defend themselves, or by pressure compel governments to redress their grievances, unless women electors, or an effective proportion of them, are organised and disciplined in a women's party? We are further reminded that at every general election many seats are won by trifling majorities, and that a relatively small overplus of votes on the general total suffices to give one party a working majority in the House of Commons. Can we suppose that women politicians will be less quick-witted than Irish Nationalists in the perception of electoral opportunity, and that they will sentence themselves to political nullity by abstaining from organising the women's vote in each constituency? And if we cannot suppose these things, the argument concludes, then let us weigh well the consequences before we give votes to women. For those consequences must include, sooner or later and more or less frequently, collisions between women's interests and men's, the organised antagonism of the sexes, and the feminine domination of politics by means of an organised feminine vote. Such consequences, it is urged, must be anticipated if women merely vote in elections, and do not sit in Parliament. But they must be even surer and more grave when admission to Parliament follows, as the night the day, the concession of the vote.

The objection to woman suffrage which turns upon the question of force is often misunderstood. It has nothing to do with the question of personal military service. It is true that women cannot take up arms in defence of the country, and that men, under certain circumstances, must. But, in the first place, this liability of men to service does not carry with

it the right to a vote; and in the second place, if we look beyond conventions to realities, it is at once evident that there are other kinds of service indispensable to war besides fighting in the field. It has yet to be shown that women are incapable of such service, or that they have evaded it, or that they are reluctant to organise themselves so that they may undertake more of it, and even more effectively. The objection under consideration may be thus stated. In politics some decisions rest finally upon force: they may fail of effectiveness unless force is exerted, or is kept in visible reserve. It is, therefore, inexpedient to accept a political system under which decisions may be, in part at least, the work of those who in the last resort would be powerless to make a decision effective. It may be, and is, retorted that in this country government is regarded as resting upon consent; that deeply rooted custom gives to the general will, constitutionally expressed in Parliament, a binding force over all citizens; and that the appeal to physical force is a lapse into barbarism, and so unlikely a possibility as to be negligible. Here, perhaps, idealism clashes once again with its old enemy, the nether fact. Custom, normal experience, the worship of ideals, are very well; but, after all, it is the unlikely contingency and the grim reality which give point to this argument about force. Evasion will not serve us here. Mr Chamberlain once told us that Ireland was ruled by 30,000 bayonets. Is her obedience now due to something else? Has the good conduct of London no connection with the presence of an army of police, ever vigilant and able to be concentrated upon any point at a few hours' notice? When agitation passes into violence—without which, some suffragists tell us, no reform can be secured—and violence into rioting, it is certain that, if other methods fail, order must be restored by force. There are controversies in politics when passion demands another outlet than phrases, and life itself becomes the stake. England formerly knew civil wars; the United States have known a terrible one within memory. Imagination and common sense must

alike have deserted us if we allow ourselves to think that issues can never arise again when action becomes the only refuge from ignominy and dishonour. And if these things are true of modern society, as they are true of every society known to history, do they not convey to us the profound yet simple reason which accounts for the exclusion of women from political responsibility? Ordinarily, authority in politics goes unchallenged. But sooner or later it will be challenged by determined rebellion, and then its validity will depend upon the effectiveness of the physical sanction. This, it is urged upon us, is no sphere for women. "The average Englishman," says a recent critic of our politics, "knows by an unique experience of conquest, that in the last resort, the final tribunal, in the settlement of questions between men, or between nations, is force; and that, therefore, women have no right to a final voice in questions that they are physically debarred from settling, in the only way that they can be settled, in a world such as it is at present" (*England and the English from an American Point of View*, Price Collier, p. 218).

There comes a stage in every argument when discussion can serve us no further, and a decision must be made. Our task, however, will lose some of its difficulty, if we will but remember that in politics, as in most practical affairs, no decision is possible which gives us more than our own way in part, and at a price. "All government," said Burke in a noble passage, "indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter. We balance inconveniences; we give and take; we remit some rights, that we may enjoy others; and we choose rather to be happy citizens than subtle disputants" (*Select Works*, i. 222). Let Burke be our shield and authority if we now presume to delineate a conclusion which enthusiasm may decry as little better than acquiescence in some inconveniences rather than others.

The fatal weakness in the argument against woman

suffrage is that it offers no diagnosis and no cure. Credulity itself cannot believe that we are dealing with a passing flutter which patience and a few firm words can pacify. But if it is agreed that the agitation is deep-seated, mere dislike of its manifestations, or dread of its outcome, cannot do duty for an understanding of its causes, or provide us with the secret of successful treatment. We do not cure jaundice by abusing yellow complexions, or fevers by worrying about delirium. Problems of politics are not less exacting than problems of bodily health; and the example before us belongs to a group simple in kind, yet apt to give trouble if we do not study their origin and character. Political society is a living growth, subject, for its own good, to a human control. The extent and mode of the control are debateable points; but all agree that the general happiness depends upon the measure of correspondence between the growth and the control obtainable without impairment of the general good. The growth throws out new developments; and if, as so often happens, control is caught napping, or misunderstands, or fails to adjust itself to the new development, then ensue those chafings and coercions, policies precipitate and policies too late, ruptures and upheavals, which form the major part of the story of human government. With endless variety of circumstance, with no uniformity of answer, the question at bottom is ever the same—how shall new development and old control be adjusted to one another? The factory abuses a century ago were an instance of development which had shot beyond the cognisance of contemporary control. The remedy in this case was regulation rather than relaxation. The Reform Act of 1832 was the belated recognition by control that its days were numbered unless rigidity gave place to flexibility, and exclusiveness to co-operation. The imperial problem of to-day really means that a control which grew up under insular conditions, and has been stretched this way and that in response to haphazard development overseas, must now make up its mind whether it will adjust and co-ordinate its activities to meet the new facts of a new age.

And similarly, society having thrown out a development which expresses itself in the demand for woman suffrage, our duty is, first, to learn how the problem has arisen, and second, to consider whether we can effect a harmony between development and control.

This development, the salient feature of which is the new class of highly educated women possessed of economic independence, has been demonstrated. The fact of it is patent; we understand how it has come to pass; but its significance is less clear. Many people admit the possibility of a new order of things with reluctance; and continue to find solace in old dogmatisms, now crumbling beneath the blows of daily experience, about woman and her place in society. But the facts will take no denial; and the old dogmatisms come too late upon the field. If men intended to keep women in their traditional subjection, why did they open to them the avenues of higher education? If it was designed to restrict women to the protected circle of the home, why have they been allowed to take rank with men in professions, in business, and in industry? Thus far innovation has proceeded; and those who tell us that the admission of women to political privileges involves a rupture in received ideas are to be reminded that received ideas have already been deeply modified by irrevocable events, and that in truth what is now urged is, from one point of view, no more than the last step in a continuous advance. When it is objected that sentiment flinches from this last step, and that this last step differs from all its predecessors, there is an effective reply. In the first place, no attribute of human nature is so well able to take care of itself as sentiment. There was a time, for example, when monarchical sentiment in this country seemed wholly bound up with the theory of divine right. Divine right, as a working theory of monarchy, failed to survive; but sentiment still buttresses the English throne. Not a shred of the noble idealism which irradiates the literature of passion, and the memories of gallant men and gentle women, will be sacrificed because women have become reliant comrades.

Nature has her own short way of dealing with these things; and though circumstances alter, humanity remains much the same. Secondly, it is not denied that the association of women with men in political responsibility is a change new in kind. It is not denied that it must bring with it certain risks. But these risks, when investigated, commonly turn out to be so speculative that sound policy would advise us to take them, rather than keep a large section of the community in a state of perpetual irritation. The physical force objection, for example, bids us beware of one of these speculative risks. It is true that many political decisions rest finally upon force. But it is also true that the only force at the disposal of civilised communities is never set in motion except in virtue of a moral resolve. The men, as Cromwell said, must know what they are fighting for, if they are to fight to any purpose. The resolve may not always be formally registered, but it is a reality nevertheless. Action is taken because of a decision, and in shaping that decision women can bear their part as well as men. They bear whatever burden war entails no less than men; and, as already stated, they can and do render service as indispensable as fighting itself. When a people goes to war with another people, or goes to war within itself, does anyone maintain that there is such a thing as force, except by a misleading convention of thought, which is separable from the will and purpose of the men and women on either side? The only force known to politics is the organised will of the community in action.

We shall therefore be wise if we refuse to allow novelty and risk to prejudice our favourable consideration of a prudent, an equitable, and a necessary proposal. It has not been the way of England to be craven-hearted in her political ventures. In the seventeenth century, for example, England was the only leading State in Europe which deliberately refused to solve the problem of government upon lines of despotic centralisation. Most of the other States have since been glad to borrow from her lead. In short, we come at last to the point

when we must make up our minds whether we will be led by our hopes or by our fears; or, less rhetorically, how we will strike the balance of inconveniences. Let us realise that nothing more injurious to the interests of women could happen than a premature decision upon a proposal of such deep moment to the State. By all means let us not overlook the inconveniences that may attend either course. And let us not overlook the happier contingency that women may do good to those masculine politics of ours which sometimes seem a little sickly. There are issues in politics upon which women can speak and judge with special authority. There are problems in the solution of which their imaginative insight, earnestness, and devotion must be auxiliaries of the highest value. And it may be reserved for women, with their first-hand knowledge of social ills, to integrate indissolubly the two policies, upon the fusion of which all our future hangs, of imperial union and social reform.

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A PLURALISTIC MYSTIC.

WILLIAM JAMES.

NOT for the ignoble vulgar do I write this article, but only for those dialectic-mystic souls who have an irresistible taste, acquired or native, for higher flights of metaphysics. I have always held the opinion that one of the first duties of a good reader is to summon other readers to the enjoyment of any unknown author of rare quality whom he may discover in his explorations. Now for years my own taste, literary as well as philosophic, has been exquisitely titillated by a writer the name of whom I think must be unknown to the readers of this article; so I no longer continue silent about the merits of BENJAMIN PAUL BLOOD.

Mr Blood inhabits a city otherwise, I imagine, quite unvisited by the Muses, the town called Amsterdam, situated on the New York Central Railroad. What his regular or bread-winning occupation may be I know not, but it can't have made him super-wealthy. He is an author only when the fit strikes him, and for short spurts at a time; shy, moreover, to the point of publishing his compositions only as private tracts, or in letters to such far-from-reverberant organs of publicity as the *Gazette* or the *Recorder* of his native Amsterdam, or the *Utica Herald* or the *Albany Times*. Odd places for such subtle efforts to appear in, but creditable to American editors in these degenerate days! Once, indeed, the lamented W. T. Harris of the old *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* got wind of these epistles, and the result was a

revision of some of them for that review ("Philosophic Reveries," 1889). Also a couple of poems were reprinted from their leaflets by the editor of *Scribner's Magazine* ("The Lion of the Nile," 1888, and "Nemesis," 1899). But apart from these three dashes before the footlights, Mr Blood has kept behind the curtain all his days.¹

The author's maiden adventure was the *Anæsthetic Revelation*, a pamphlet printed privately at Amsterdam in 1874. I forget how it fell into my hands, but it fascinated me so "weirdly" that I am conscious of its having been one of the stepping-stones of my thinking ever since. It gives the essence of Blood's philosophy, and shows most of the features of his talent—albeit one finds in it little humour and no verse. It is full of verbal felicity, felicity sometimes of precision, sometimes of metaphoric reach; it begins with dialectic reasoning, of an extremely Fichtean and Hegelian type, but it ends in a trumpet-blast of oracular mysticism, straight from the insight wrought by anæsthetics—of all things in the world—and unlike anything one ever heard before. The practically unanimous tradition of "regular" mysticism has been unquestionably *monistic*; and inasmuch as it is the characteristic of mystics to speak, not as the scribes, but as men who have "been there" and seen with their own eyes, I think that this sovereign manner must have made some other pluralistic-minded students hesitate, as I confess that it has often given pause to me. One cannot criticise the vision of a mystic—one can but pass it by, or else accept it as having some amount of evidential weight. I felt unable to do either with a good conscience until I met with Mr Blood. His mysticism, which may, if one likes, be understood as monistic in this earlier utterance, develops in the later ones a sort of "left-wing" voice of defiance, and breaks into what to my ear has

¹ "Yes! Paul is quite a correspondent!" said a good citizen of Amsterdam, from whom I inquired the way to Mr Blood's dwelling many years ago, after alighting from the train. I had sought to identify him by calling him an "author," but his neighbour thought of him only as a writer of letters to the journals I have named.

a radically pluralistic sound. I confess that the existence of this novel brand of mysticism has made my cowering mood depart. I feel now as if my own pluralism were not without the kind of support which mystical corroboration may confer. Morrison can no longer claim to be the only beneficiary of whatever right mysticism may possess to lend *prestige*.

This is my philosophic, as distinguished from my literary interest, in introducing Mr Blood to this more fashionable audience: his philosophy, however mystical, is in the last resort not dissimilar from my own. I must treat him by "extracting" him, and simplify—certainly all too violently—as I extract. He is not consecutive as a writer, aphoristic and oracular rather; and being moreover sometimes dialectic, sometimes poetic, and sometimes mystic in his manner, sometimes monistic and sometimes pluralistic in his matter, I have to run my own risk in making him orate *pro domo mea*, and I am not quite unprepared to hear him say, in case he ever reads these pages, that I have entirely missed his point. No matter; I will proceed.

I.

I will separate his diverse phases and take him first as a pure dialectician. Dialectic thought of the Hegelian type is a whirlpool into which some persons are sucked out of the stream which the straightforward understanding follows. Once in the eddy, nothing but rotary motion can go on. All who have been in it know the feel of its swirl—they know thenceforward that thinking unreturning on itself is but one part of reason, and that rectilinear mentality, in philosophy at any rate, will never do. Though each one may report in different words of his rotational experience, the experience itself is almost childishly simple, and whosoever has been there instantly recognises other authentic reports. To have been in that eddy is a freemasonry of which the common password is a "fie" on all the operations of the simple popular understanding.

In Hegel's mind the vortex was at its liveliest, and any one who has dipped into Hegel will recognise Mr Blood to be

of the same tribe. "That Hegel was pervaded by the great truth," Blood writes, "cannot be doubted. The eyes of philosophy, if not set directly on him, are set towards the region which he occupied. Though he may not be the final philosopher, yet pull him out, and all the rest will be drawn into his vacancy."

Drawn into the same whirlpool, Mr Blood means. Non-dialectic thought takes facts as singly given, and accounts for one fact by another. But when we think of "*all fact*," we see that nothing of the nature of fact can explain it, "for that were but one more added to the list of things to be accounted for. . . . The beginning of curiosity, in the philosophic sense," Mr Blood again writes, "is the stare of being at itself, in the wonder why anything is at all, and what this being signifies. Naturally we first assume the void, and then wonder how, with no ground and no fertility, anything should come into it." We treat it as a positive nihilism, "a barrier from which all our batted balls of being rebound."

Upon this idea Mr Blood passes the usual transcendentalist criticism. There is no such separate opposite to being; yet we never think of being as such—of pure being as distinguished from specific forms of being—save as what stands relieved against this imaginary background. Being has no *outline* but that which non-being makes, and the two ideas form an inseparable pair. "Each limits and defines the other. Either would be the other in the same position, for here (where there is as yet no question of content, but only of being itself) the position is all and the content is nothing. Hence arose that paradox: 'Being is by nothing more real than not-being.'"

"Popularly," Mr Blood goes on, "we think of all that is as having got the better of non-being. If all were not—*that*, we think, were easy: there were no wonder then, no tax on ingenuity, nothing to be accounted for. This conclusion is from the thinking which assumes all reality as immediately given, assumes knowledge as a simple physical light, rather than as a distinction involving light and darkness equally.

We assume that if the light were to go out, the show would be ended (and so it would); but we forget that if the darkness were to go out, that would be equally calamitous. It were bad enough if the master had lost his crayon, but the loss of the blackboard would be just as fatal to the demonstration. Without darkness light would be useless—universal light as blind as universal darkness. Universal thing and universal no-thing were indistinguishable. Why, then, assume the positive, the immediately affirmative, as alone the ingenious? Is not the mould as shapely as the model? The original ingenuity does not show in bringing light out of darkness, nor in bringing things out of nothing, but in evolving, through the just opposition of light and darkness, this wondrous picture, in which the black and white lines have equal significance—in evolving from life and death at once, the conscious spirit. . . .

“It is our habit to think of life as dear, and of death as cheap (though Tithonus found them otherwise), or, continuing the simile of the picture, that paper is cheap while drawing is expensive; but the engraver had a different estimation in one sense, for all his labour was spent on the white ground, while he left untouched those parts of the block which make the lines in the picture. If being and non-being are both necessary to the presence of either, neither shall claim priority or preference. Indeed, we may fancy an intelligence which, instead of regarding things as simply owning entity, should regard chiefly their background as affected by the holes which things are making in it. Even so, the paper-maker might see your picture as intrusive!”

Thus “does the negation of being appear as indispensable in the making of it.” But to anyone who should appeal to particular forms of being to refute this paradox, Mr Blood admits that “to say that a picture, or any other sensuous thing, is the same as the want of it, were to utter nonsense indeed: there is a difference equivalent to the whole stuff and merit of the picture; but in so far as the picture can be there for thought, as something either asserted or negated, its presence or its

absence are the same and indifferent. By *its* absence we do not mean the absence of anything else, nor absence in general; and how, forsooth, does its absence differ from these other absences, save by containing a complete description of the picture? The hole is as round as the plug; and from our thought the 'picture' cannot get away. The negation is specific and descriptive, and what it destroys it preserves for our conception."

The result is that, whether it be taken generally or taken specifically, all that which *either is or is not* is or is not *by distinction or opposition*. "And observe the life, the process, through which this slippery doubleness endures. Let us suppose the present tense, that gods and men and angels and devils march all abreast in this present instant, and the only real time and date in the universe is now. And what *is* this instant now? Whatever else, it is *process*—becoming and departing; with what between? Simply division, difference; the present has no breadth, for if it had, that which we seek would be the middle of that breadth. There is no precipitate, as on a stationary platform, of the process of becoming, no residuum of the process of departing, but between the two is a curtain, *the apparition of difference*, which is all the world."

I am using my scissors somewhat at random on my author's paragraphs, since one place is as good as another for entering a ring by, and the expert reader will discern at once the authentic dialectic circling. Other paragraphs show Mr Blood as more Hegelian still, and thoroughly idealistic:—

"Assume that knowing is distinguishing, and that distinction is of difference; if one knows a difference, one knows it as of entities which afford it, and which also he knows; and he must know the entities and the difference apart—one from the other. Knowing all this, he should be able to answer the twin question, 'What is the difference *between sameness and difference*?' It is a 'twin' question, because the two terms are equal in the proposition, and each is full of the other. . . .

“Sameness has ‘all the difference in the world’—from difference; and difference is an entity as difference—it being identically that. They are alike and different at once, since either is the other when the observer would contrast it with the other—so that the sameness and the difference are ‘subjective,’ are the property of the observer: his is the ‘limit’ in their unlimited field. . . .

“We are thus apprised that distinction involves and carries its own identity; and that ultimate distinction—distinction in the last analysis—is self-distinction—‘self-knowledge,’ as we realise it consciously every day. Knowledge is self-referred: to know is to know that you know, and to be known as well.

“‘Ah! but *both in the same time?*’ inquires the logician. A subject-object knowing itself as a seamless unit, while yet its two items show a real distinction: this passes all understanding.”

But the whole of idealism goes to the proof that the two sides *cannot* succeed one another in a time-process. “To say you know, and you know that you know, is to add nothing in the last clause; it is as idle as to say that you lie, and you know that you lie,” for if you know it not you lie not.

Philosophy seeks to grasp totality, “but the power of grasping or consenting to totality involves the power of thought to make itself its own object. Totality itself may indeed be taken by the naïve intellect as an immediate topic, in the sense of being just an *object*, but it cannot be just that; for the knower, as other or opposite, would still be within that totality. The ‘universe’ by definition must contain all opposition. If distinction should vanish, what would remain? To what other could it change as a whole? How can the loss of distinction make a *difference*? Any loss, at its utmost, offers a new status with the old, but obviously it is too late now to efface distinction by a *change*. There is no possible conjecture, but such as carries with it the subjective that holds it; and when the conjecture is of distinction in general, the

subjective fills the void with distinction of itself. The ultimate, ineffaceable distinction is self-distinction, self-consciousness. . . . 'Thou art the unanswered question, couldst see thy proper eye.' . . . The thought that must be is the very thought of our experience; the ultimate opposition, the to be *and* not to be, is personality, spirit—somewhat that is in knowing that it is, and is nothing else but this knowing in its vast relations.¹

"Here lies the bed-rock; here the brain-sweat of twenty-five centuries crystallises to a jewel five words long: 'THE UNIVERSE HAS NO OPPOSITE.' For there the wonder of that which is, rests safe in the perception that all things *are* only through the opposition which is their only fear."

"The inevitable generally," in short, is exactly and identically that which in point of fact is actually here.

This is the familiar nineteenth-century development of Kant's idealistic vision. To me it sounds monistic enough to charm the monist in me unreservedly. I listen to the felicitously-worded concept-music circling round itself, as on some drowsy summer noon one listens under the pines to the murmuring of leaves and insects, and with as little thought of criticism.

¹ "How shall a man know he is alive—since in thought the knowing constitutes the being alive, without knowing that thought (life) from its opposite, and so knowing both, and so far as being is knowing, being both? Each defines and relieves the other, each is impossible in thought without the other; therefore each has no distinction save as presently contrasting with the other, and each by itself is the same, and nothing. Clearly, then, consciousness is neither of one nor of the other nor of both, but a knowing subject perceiving them and itself together and as one. . . . So, in coming out of the anæsthetic exhilaration . . . we want to tell something; but the effort instantly proves that something will stay back and do the telling—one must utter one's own throat, one must eat one's own teeth, to express the being that possesses one. The result is ludicrous and astounding at once—astounding in the clear perception that this is the ultimate mystery of life, and is given you as the old Adamic secret, which you then feel that all intelligence must sometime know or have known; yet ludicrous in its familiar simplicity, as somewhat that any man should always perceive at his best, if his head were only level, but which in our ordinary thinking has grown into a thousand creeds and theories dignified as religion and philosophy."

But Mr Blood strikes a still more vibrant note: "No more can be than rationally is; and this was always true. There is no reason for what is not; but for what there is reason, that *is* and ever was. Especially is there no becoming of reason, and hence no reason for becoming, to a sufficient intelligence. In the sufficient intelligence all things always are, and are rational. To say there is something yet to be which never was, not even in the sufficient intelligence wherein the world is rational and not a blind and orphan waif, is to ignore all reason. Aught that might be assumed as contingently coming to be could only have 'freedom' for its origin; and 'freedom' has not fertility or invention, and is not a reason for any special thing, but the very vacuity of a ground for anything in preference to its room. Neither is there in bare time any principle or originality whereby anything should come or go. . . .

"Such idealism enures greatly to the dignity and repose of man. No blind fate, prior to what is, shall necessitate that all first be and afterward be known, but knowledge is first, with fate in her own hands. When we are depressed by the weight and immensity of the immediate, we find in idealism a wondrous consolation. The alien positive, so vast and overwhelming by itself, reduces its pretensions when the whole negative confronts it on our side.¹ It matters little for its greatness when an equal greatness is opposed. When one remembers that the balance and motion of the planets are so delicate that the momentary scowl of an eclipse may fill the heavens with tempest, and even affect the very bowels of the earth—when we see a balloon, that carries perhaps a thousand pounds, leap up a hundred feet at the discharge of a sheet of note paper—or feel it stand deathly still in a hurricane, because it goes with the hurricane, sides with it, and ignores the rushing world

¹ Elsewhere Mr Blood writes of the "force of the negative" thus:—"As when a faded lock of woman's hair shall cause a man to cut his throat in a bedroom at five o'clock in the morning; or when Albany resounds with legislation, but a little henpecked judge in a dusty office at Herkimer or Johnstown sadly writes across the page the word 'unconstitutional'—and the glory of the Capitol has faded."

below—we should realise that one tittle of pure originality would outweigh this crass objective, and turn these vast masses into mere breath and tissue-paper show.”¹

But whose is the originality? There is nothing in what I am treating as this phase of our author's thought to separate it from the old-fashioned rationalism. There must be a reason for every fact; and so much reason, so fact. The reason is always the whole foil and background and negation of the fact, the whole remainder of reality. “A man may feel good only by feeling better. . . . Pleasure is ever in the company and contrast of pain; for instance, in thirsting and drinking, the pleasure of the one is the exact measure of the pain of the other, and they cease precisely together—otherwise the patient would drink more. The black and yellow gonfalon of Lucifer is indispensable in any spiritual picture.” Thus do truth's two components seem to balance, vibrating across the centre of indifference; “being and non-being have equal value and cost,” and “mainly are convertible in their terms.”²

¹ Elsewhere Blood writes:—“But what then, in the name of common sense, is the external world? If a dead man could answer he would say Nothing, or as Macbeth said of the air-drawn dagger, ‘there is no such thing.’ But a live man's answer might be in this way: What is the multiplication table when it is not written down? It is a necessity of thought; it was not created, it cannot but be; every intelligence which goes to it, and thinks, must think in that form or think falsely. So the universe is the static necessity of reason; it is not an object for any intelligence to find, but it is half object and half subject; it never cost anything as a whole; it never *was* made, but always *is* made, in the Logos, or expression of reason—the Word; and slowly but surely it will be understood and uttered in every intelligence, until he is one with God or reason itself. As a man, for all he knows, or has known, stands at any given instant the realisation of only one thought, while all the rest of him is invisibly linked to that in the necessary form and concatenation of reason, so the man as a whole of exploited thoughts is a moment in the front of the concatenated reason of the universal whole; and this whole is personal only as it is personally achieved. This is the Kingdom that is ‘within you,’ and the *God* which ‘no man hath seen at any time.’”

² There are passages in Blood that sound like a well-known essay by Emerson. For instance:—“Experience burns into us the fact and the necessity of universal compensation. The philosopher takes it from Heraclitus, in the insight that everything exists through its opposite; and the bummer comforts himself for his morning headache as only the rough side of a square deal. We accept readily the doctrine that pain and pleasure, evil and good, death and

This sounds radically monistic ; and monistic also is the first account of the Ether-revelation, in which we read that "thenceforth each is all, in God. . . . The One remains, the many change and pass ; and every one of us is the One that remains."

II.

It seems to me that any transcendental idealist who reads this article ought to discern in the fragmentary utterances which I have quoted thus far, the note of what he considers the truer dialectic profundity. He ought to extend the glad hand of fellowship to Mr Blood ; and if he finds him afterwards palavering with the enemy, he ought to count him, not as a simple ignoramus or Philistine, but as a renegade and relapse. He cannot possibly be treated as one who sins because he never has known better, or as one who walks in darkness because he is congenitally blind.

Well, Mr Blood, explain it as one may, does turn towards the darkness as if he had never seen the light. Just listen for a moment to such irrationalist deliverances on his part as these :—

"Reason is neither the first nor the last word in this world. Reason is an equation ; it gives but a pound for a pound. Nature is excess ; she is evermore, without cost or explanation.

‘Is heaven so poor that *justice*
Metes the bounty of the skies ?
So poor that every blessing
Fills the debit of a cost ?
That all process is returning ?
And all gain is of the lost ?’

life, chance and reason, are necessary equations—that there must be just as much of each as of its other.

"It grieves us little that this great compensation cannot at every instant balance its beam on every individual centre, and dispense with an under dog in every fight ; we know that the parts must subserve the whole ; we have faith that our time will come ; and if it comes not at all in this world, our lack is a bid for immortality, and the most promising argument for a world hereafter. ‘Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.’

"This is the faith that baffles all calamity, and ensures genius and patience in the world. Let not the creditor hasten the settlement : let not the injured man hurry toward revenge ; there is nothing that draws bigger interest than a wrong, and to ‘get the best of it’ is ever in some sense to get the worst."

Go back into reason, and you come at last to fact, nothing more—a given-ness, a something to wonder at and yet admit, like your own will. And all these tricks for logicising originality, self-relation, absolute process, subjective contradiction, will wither in the breath of the mystical fact—they will swirl down the corridors before the besom of the everlasting Yea.”

Or again: “The monistic notion of a oneness, a centred wholeness, ultimate purpose, or climacteric result of the world, has wholly given way. Thought evolves no longer a centred whole, a One, but rather a numberless many, adjust it how we will.”

Or still again: “The pluralists have talked philosophy to a standstill—Nature is contingent, excessive and mystical essentially.”

Have we here contradiction simply, a man converted from one faith to its opposite? Or is it only dialectic circling, like the opposite points on the rim of a revolving disc, one moving up, one down, but replacing one another endlessly, while the whole disc never moves? If it be this latter—Mr Blood himself uses the image—the dialectic is too pure for me to catch: a deeper man must mediate the monistic with the pluralistic Blood. Let my incapacity be castigated, if my “Subject” ever reads this article, but let me treat him from now onwards as the simply pluralistic mystic which my reading of the rest of him suggests. I confess to some dread of my own fate at his hands. In making so far an ordinary transcendental idealist of him, I have taken liberties, running separate sentences together, inverting their order, and even altering single words—for all which I beg pardon; but in treating my author from now onwards as a pluralist, interpretation is easier, and my hands can be less stained (if they *are* stained) with exegetic blood.

I have spoken of his verbal felicity, and alluded to his poetry. Before passing to his mystic gospel, I will refresh the reader (doubtless now fatigued with so much dialectic)

by a sample of his verse. "The Lion of the Nile" is an allegory of the "champion spirit of the world" in its various incarnations.

Thus it begins:—

"Whelped on the desert sands, and desert bred
From dug's whose sustenance was blood alone—
A life translated out of other lives,
I grew the king of beasts; the hurricane
Leaned like a feather on my royal fell;
I took the Hyrcan tiger by the scruff
And tore him piecemeal; my hot bowels laughed
And my fangs yearned for prey. Earth was my lair:
I slept on the red desert without fear:
I roamed the jungle depths with less design
Than e'en to lord their solitude; on crags
That cringe from lightning—black and blasted fronts
That crouch beneath the wind-bleared stars, I told
My heart's fruition to the universe,
And all night long, roaring my fierce defy,
I thrilled the wilderness with aspen terrors,
And challenged death and life. . . ."

Again:

"Naked I stood upon the raked arena
Beneath the pennants of Vespasian,
While serried thousands gazed—strangers from Caucasus,
Men of the Grecian Isles, and Barbary princes,
To see me grapple with the counterpart
Of that I had been—the raptorial jaws,
The arms that wont to crush with strength alone,
The eyes that glared vindictive.—Fallen there,
Vast wings upheaved me; from the Alpine peaks
Whose avalanches swirl the valley mists
And overwhelm the helpless cottage, to the crown
Of Chimborazo, on whose changeless jewels
The torrid rays recoil, with ne'er a cloud
To swathe their blistered steps, I rested not,
But preyed on all that ventured from the earth,
An outlaw of the heavens.—But evermore
Must death release me to the jungle shades;
And there like Samson's grew my locks again
In the old walks and ways, till scapeless fate
Won me as ever to the haunts of men,
Luring my lives with battle and with love." . . .

I quote less than a quarter of the poem, of which the rest

is just as good, and I ask : Who of us all handles his English vocabulary better than Mr Blood ?¹

His proclamations of the mystic insight have a similar verbal power :—

“ There is an invariable and reliable condition (or uncondition) ensuing about the instant of recall from anæsthetic stupor to ‘ coming to,’ in which the genius of being is revealed. . . . No words may express the imposing certainty of the patient that he is realising the primordial Adamic surprise of Life.

“ Repetition of the experience finds it ever the same, and as if it could not possibly be otherwise. The subject resumes his normal consciousness only to partially and fitfully remember its occurrence, and to try to formulate its baffling import,—with but this consolatory afterthought : that he has known the oldest truth, and that he has done with human theories as to the origin, meaning, or destiny of the race. He is beyond instruction in ‘ spiritual things.’ . . .

“ It is the instant contrast of this ‘ tasteless water of souls ’ with formal thought as we ‘ come to,’ that leaves in the patient an astonishment that the awful mystery of Life is at last but a homely and a common thing, and that aside from mere formality the majestic and the absurd are of equal dignity. The astonishment is aggravated as at a thing of course, missed by sanity in overstepping, as in too foreign a search, or with too eager an attention : as in finding one’s spectacles on one’s nose, or in making in the dark a step higher than the stair. My first experiences of this revelation had many varieties of

¹ Or what thinks the reader of the verbiage of these verses ?—addressed in a mood of human defiance to the cosmic Gods—

“ Whose lightnings tawny leap from furtive lairs,
To helpless murder, while the ships go down
Swirled in the crazy stound, and mariners’ prayers
Go up in noisome bubbles—such to *them* ;—
Or when they tramp about the central fires,
Bending the strata with æonian tread
Till steeples totter, and all ways are lost,—
Deem they of wife or child, or home or friend,
Doing these things as the long years lead on
Only to other years that mean no more,
That cure no ill, nor make for use or proof—
Destroying ever, though to rear again.”

emotion ; but as a man grows calm and determined by experience in general, so am I now not only firm and familiar in this once weird condition, but triumphant—divine. To minds of sanguine imagination there will be a sadness in the tenor of the mystery, as if the key-note of the universe were low, for no poetry, no emotion known to the normal sanity of man, can furnish a hint of its primeval prestige, and its all-but appalling solemnity ; but for such as have felt sadly the instability of temporal things there is a comfort of serenity and ancient peace, while for the resolved and imperious spirit there are majesty and supremacy unspeakable. Nor can it be long until all who enter the anæsthetic condition (and there are hundreds every secular day) will be taught to expect this revelation, and will date from its experience their initiation into the Secret of Life.

“This has been my moral sustenance since I have known of it. In my first printed mention of it I declared : ‘The world is no more the alien terror that was taught me. Spurning the cloud-grimed and still sultry battlements whence so lately Jehovan thunders boomed, my grey gull lifts her wing against the nightfall, and takes the dim leagues with a fearless eye.’ And now, after twenty-seven years of this experience, the wing is greyer, but the eye is fearless still, while I renew and doubly emphasise that declaration. I know, as having known, the meaning of Existence ; the sane centre of the universe—at once the wonder and the assurance of the soul.”

After this rather literary interlude I return to Blood’s philosophy again. I spoke a while ago of its being an “irrationalistic” philosophy in its latest phase. Behind every “fact” rationalism postulates its “reason.” Blood parodizes this demand in true nominalistic fashion. “The goods are not enough, but they must have the invoice with them. There must be a *name*, something *to read*. I think of Dickens’s horse that always fell down when they took him out of the shafts ; or of the fellow who felt weak when naked, but strong in his over-

coat.”—No bad mockery, this, surely, of rationalism’s habit of explaining things by putting verbal doubles of them beneath them as their ground!

“All that philosophy has sought as cause, or reason,” he says, “pluralism subsumes in the status and the given fact, where it stands as plausible as it may ever hope to stand. There may be disease in the presence of a question as well as in the lack of an answer. We do not wonder so strangely at an ingenious and well-set-up effect, for we feel such in ourselves; but a cause, reaching out beyond the verge [of fact] and dangling its legs in nonentity, with the hope of a rational foothold, should realise a strenuous life. Pluralism believes in truth and reason, but only as mystically realised, as lived in experience. Up from the breast of a man, up to his tongue and brain, comes a free and strong determination, and he cries, originally, and in spite of his whole nature and environment, ‘I will.’ This is the Jovian fiat, the pure cause. This is reason; this or nothing shall explain the world for him. For how shall he entertain a reason bigger than himself? . . . Let a man stand fast, then, as an axis of the earth; the obsequious meridians will bow to him, and gracious latitudes will measure from his feet.”

This seems to be Blood’s mystical answer to his own monistic statement which I quoted above, that “freedom” has no fertility, and is no reason for any special thing.¹ “Philosophy,”

¹ I subjoin a poetic apostrophe of Mr Blood’s to freedom:

“Let it ne’er be known.
If in some book of the Inevitable,
Dog-eared and stale, the future stands engrossed
E’en as the past. There shall be news in heaven,
And question in the courts thereof; and chance
Shall have its fling, e’en at the [ermined] bench.

Ah, long ago, above the Indian ocean,
Where wan stars brood over the dreaming East,
I saw, white, liquid, palpitant, the Cross;
And faint and far came bells of Calvary
As planets passed, singing that they were saved,
Saved from themselves: but ever low Orion—
For hunter too was I, born of the wild,
And the game flavour of the infinite
Tainted me to the bone—he waved me on,
On to the tangent field beyond all orbs,

Mr Blood writes to me in a letter, "is past. It was the long endeavour to logicise what we can only realise practically or in immediate experience. I am more and more impressed that Heraclitus insists on the equation of reason and unreason, or chance, as well as of being and not-being, etc. This throws the secret beyond logic, and makes mysticism outclass philosophy. The insight that mystery—the MYSTERY—as such is final, is the hymnic word. If you use reason pragmatically, and deny it absolutely, you can't be beaten—be assured of that. But the *Fact* remains, and of course the Mystery."¹

The "Fact," as I understand the writer here to mean it, remains in its native disseminated shape. From every realised amount of fact some other fact is *absent*, as being uninvolved. "There is nowhere more of it consecutively, perhaps, than

Where form nor order nor continuance
Hath thought nor name; there unity exhales
In want of confine, and the protoplasm
May beat and beat, in aimless vehemence,
Through vagrant spaces, homeless and unknown.

There ends One's empire!—but so ends not all;
One knows not all; my griefs at least are mine—
By me their measure, and to me their lesson;
E'en I am one—(poor deuce to call the Ace!)
And to the open bears my gonfalon,
Mine ægis, Freedom!—Let me ne'er look back
Accusing, for the withered leaves and lives
The sated past hath strewn, the shears of fate,
But forth to braver days.

O, Liberty,
Burthen of every sigh!—thou gold of gold,
Beauty of the beautiful, strength of the strong!
My soul for ever turns agaze for thee.
There is no purpose of eternity
For faith or patience; but thy buoyant torch
Still lighted from the Islands of the Blest,
O'erbears all present for potential heavens
Which are not—ah, so more than all that are!
Whose chance postpones the ennui of the skies!
Be thou my genius—be my hope in thee!
For this were heaven: to be, and to be free."

¹ In another letter Mr Blood writes:—"I think we are through with 'the Whole,' and with 'causa sui,' and with the 'negative unity' which assumes to identify each thing as being what it lacks of everything else. You can, of course, build out a chip by modelling the sphere if it was chipped from;—but if it wasn't a sphere? What a weariness it is to look back over the twenty odd volumes of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, and see Harris's mind wholly filled by that one conception of self-determination—everything to be thought as 'part of a system'—a 'whole' and 'causa sui,'—I should like to see such an idea get into the head of Edison or Geo. Westinghouse."

appears upon this present page." There is, indeed, to put it otherwise, no more one all-enveloping fact than there is one all-enveloping spire in an endlessly growing spiral, and no more one all-generating fact than there is one central point in which an endlessly converging spiral ends. Hegel's "bad infinite" belongs to the eddy as well as to the line. "Progress?" writes our author. "And to what? Time turns a weary and a wistful face; has he not traversed an eternity? and shall another give the secret up? We have dreamed of a climax and a consummation, a final triumph where a world shall burn *en barbecue*; but there is not, cannot be, a purpose of eternity; it shall pay mainly as it goes, or not at all. The show is on; and what a show, if we will but give our attention! Barbecues, bonfires, and banners? Not twenty worlds a minute would keep up our bonfire of the sun; and what banners of our fancy could eclipse the meteor pennants of the pole, or the opaline splendours of the everlasting ice? . . . Doubtless we *are* ostensibly progressing, but there have been prosperity and high-jinks before. Nineveh and Tyre, Rome, Spain, and Venice also had their day. We are going, but it is a question of our standing the pace. It would seem that the news must become less interesting or tremendously more so—'a breath can make us, as a breath has made.'"

Elsewhere we read: "Variety, not uniformity, is more likely to be the key to progress. The genius of being is whimsical rather than consistent. Our strata show broken bones of histories all forgotten. How can it be otherwise? There can be no purpose of eternity. It is process all. The most sublime result, if it appeared as the ultimatum, would go stale in an hour—it could not be endured."

Of course from an intellectual point of view this way of thinking must be classed as scepticism. "Contingency forbids any inevitable history, and conclusions are absurd. Nothing in Hegel has kept the planet from being blown to pieces." Obviously the mystical "security," the "apodal sufficiency" yielded by the anæsthetic revelation, are very

different moods of mind from aught that rationalism can claim to father—more active, prouder, more heroic. From his ether-intoxication Blood may feel towards ordinary rationalists “as Clive felt towards those millions of Orientals in whom honour had no part.” On page 6, above, I quoted from his “Nemesis” — “Is heaven so poor that justice,” etc. The writer goes on, addressing the goddess of “compensation” or rational balance:—

“How shalt thou poise the courage
That covets all things hard?
How pay the love unmeasured
That could not brook reward?
How prompt self-loyal honour
Supreme above desire,
That bids the strong die for the weak,
The martyrs sing in fire?
Why do I droop in bower
And sigh in sacred hall?
Why stifle under shelter?
Yet where, through forest tall,
The breath of hungry winter
In stinging spray resolves,
I sing to the north wind’s fury
And shout with the coarse-haired wolves?

What of thy priests’ confuting,
Of fate and form and law,
Of being and essence and counterpoise,
Of poles that drive and draw?
Ever some compensation,
Some pandering purchase still
But the vehm of achieving reason
Is the all-patrician Will!”

Mr Blood must manage to re-write the last two lines; but the contrast of the two securities, his and the rationalist’s, is plain enough. The rationalist sees safe conditions. But Mr Blood’s revelation, whatever the conditions be, helps him to stand ready for a life among them. In this, his attitude seems to resemble that of Nietzsche’s *amor fati*! “Simply,” he writes to me, “*we do not know*. But when we say we do not know, we are not to say it weakly and meekly, but with confidence and content. . . . Knowledge is and must

ever be *secondary*—a witness rather than a principal—or a ‘principle’!—in the case. Therefore mysticism for me!”

“Reason,” he prints elsewhere, “is but an item in the duplex potency of the mystery, and behind the proudest consciousness that ever reigned, Reason and Wonder blushed face to face. The legend sinks to burlesque if in that great argument which antedates man and his mutterings, Lucifer had not a fighting chance. . . .

“It is given to the writer and to others for whom he is permitted to speak—and we are grateful that it is the custom of gentlemen to believe one another—that the highest thought is not a milk-and-water equation of so much reason and so much result—‘no school sum to be cast up.’ We have realised the highest divine thought of itself, and there is in it as much of wonder as of certainty; inevitable, and solitary and safe in one sense, but queer and cactus-like no less in another sense, it appeals unutterably to experience alone.

“There are sadness and disenchantment for the novice in these inferences, as if the keynote of the universe were low, but experience will approve them. Certainty is the root of despair. The inevitable stales, while doubt and hope are sisters. Not unfortunately the universe is wild—game flavoured as a hawk’s wing. Nature is miracle all. She knows no laws; the same returns not, save to bring the different. The slow round of the engraver’s lathe gains but the breadth of a hair, but the difference is distributed back over the whole curve, never an instant true—ever not quite.”

“Ever not quite!”—this seems to wring the very last panting word out of rationalistic philosophy’s mouth. It is fit to be pluralism’s heraldic device. There is no complete generalisation, no total point of view, no all-pervasive unity, but everywhere some residual resistance to verbalisation, formulation, and discursification, some genius of reality that escapes from the pressure of the logical finger, that says “hands off,” and claims its privacy, and means to be left to its own life.

In every moment of immediate experience is somewhat absolutely original and novel. "We are the first that ever burst into this silent sea." Philosophy must pass from words, that reproduce but ancient elements, to life itself, that gives the integrally new. The "inexplicable," the "mystery," as what the intellect, with its claim to reason out reality, thinks that it is in duty bound to resolve, and the resolution of which Blood's revelation would eliminate from the sphere of our duties, remains; but it remains as something to be met and dealt with by faculties more akin to our activities and heroisms and willingnesses, than to our logical powers. This is the anæsthetic insight, according to our author. Let *my* last word, then, speaking in the name of intellectual philosophy, be *his* word:—"There is no conclusion. What has concluded, that we might conclude in regard to it? There are no fortunes to be told, and there is no advice to be given.—Farewell!"

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THE MESSAGE OF ANARCHY.

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"One might succeed in explaining to the dullest of men the most difficult of problems, if he had no previous conception in regard to them; but it is impossible to explain to the cleverest man even the simplest matter, if he is perfectly sure that he knows everything about it."—TOLSTOI.

WHEN a Brussels police officer was informed that the militant member of the British House of Commons whom he had arrested was not an anarchist but a socialist, he replied that he failed to see the difference. To some apologists of the *status quo* the mistake of the Belgian official will appear excusable and his action meritorious. To the social reformer the incident will serve as a reminder of the fact that anarchy and socialism, though radically opposed in their methods and ideals, rank together as great schemes of social reconstruction which claim to have discovered a solution of the problems of our age.

The social reformer, if he is in earnest about things, will find other reasons for being interested in anarchy than the fact that it is one of two great theories for the reconstruction of modern society. He will be aware that anarchy, no less than socialism, can boast its acute and original thinkers, its numerous and militant societies, and its multitude of unconscious adherents who, at the very moment that they condemn its central doctrine, are engaged in advocating principles by which that doctrine is justified. He will remember also that anarchy has the merit of being a challenge to ideas of which

the eternal validity is apt to be taken for granted—a merit not easily overrated in a world of somnolent conviction and imperious unrest. We are born under government, live and die under it, for the most part without even so much as considering whether government is a good thing or not. But what, it may well be asked, is the good of our interminable discussions about the sphere of the State unless we have clear and consistent ideas of the right of the State to have any sphere at all?

Few of the great causes which have inspired human devotion in the past have suffered so much as anarchy from the uncritical depreciation which confuses essentials with accidental associations. I propose to discuss several examples. Perhaps the most striking relates to the means for bringing the new social order into being. To the popular mind, the stiletto and the bomb are the very symbols of anarchy. The means which some anarchists employ for the purpose of achieving the end in view are mistaken for the end itself. The explanation is simple. While the annals of a certain type of crime absorb the popular interest, the abstract treatises on the nature of man and society which explain that type, and may seek incidentally to justify it, are allowed to slumber in the dust of our libraries; and anarchy is regarded, not as a theory of social reconstruction, but as a gospel of violence and crime. So we read in our morning paper of anarchists in India! The fact is overlooked that the native revolutionaries who employ the methods of violence merely desire to substitute one set of political institutions for another.

In part, of course, the anarchists themselves, or some of them, are to blame. He who commits a crime to serve a noble purpose ought not to be surprised if an indiscriminating public overlooks his purpose in its horror of his crime. Many readers will remember the assassination of Czar Alexander. A bomb had wrecked the carriage in which he was riding; but the Czar leapt to earth apparently unharmed. Someone rushed forward: "Your Majesty is safe?" "Yes, thank God," was

the response. "It is too soon to thank God," said an anarchist who threw a second bomb with fatal effect. The blameless President McKinley was shot by a man to whom he had extended his hand in friendly greeting! At Geneva, in the afternoon of Saturday, 10th September 1898, an assassin plunged a stiletto in the heart of a defenceless woman whose only crime was to be an Empress! We cannot forget deeds such as these; nor can we forget that they are promoted by anarchist organisations, and defended by anarchist thinkers of ability and repute. Johannes Most, for example, in a celebrated pamphlet on revolutionary warfare and dynamiters, has won distinction as an exponent of the gentle art of assassination. The International Congress, held at London in July 1881, resolved that all means were permissible for the annihilation of rulers, ministers of State, nobility, the clergy, the most prominent capitalists, and other exploiters; and that accordingly great attention should be given to the study of chemistry and the preparation of explosives!¹

Those who, under the pretence of the end justifying the means, commit or plot murder in cold blood, have much to answer for. Yet we can no more reject anarchy because ill deeds have been done in its name, than we can reject liberty for the same reason; or than we can repudiate Catholicism because of the Inquisition. In actual fact, anarchy did not originate as a theory of violence; and those who have advocated violence have done so as a temporary means and on the ground of an overwhelming necessity. The appeal to violence originated in Russia, where men, opposing force to force, struck in blind fury of protest at a despotism which seemed unassailable by any other weapon. While we repudiate the nihilist and his imitators in other parts of the world, we must remember that the real problem for consideration in relation to anarchy is the practicability and merits of a form of social organisation and not the means proposed by some explosive enthusiasts for bringing that

¹ Cf. Zenker, *Anarchism*, p. 231.

organisation into existence. The absence of any essential connection between anarchy and violence is sufficiently proved by the attitude of many acknowledged exponents. "The kingdom of truth," said Godwin, "comes quietly. . . . I had rather convince men by argument than seduce them by example."¹ "When once ideas have originated," said Proudhon, "the very paving stones will rise of themselves, unless the Government has sense enough to avert this. And if not, then nothing else is of any use." "The social revolution," declares Benjamin Tucker, "must come by passive resistance." Tolstoi, greatest of all the anarchists, looks forward to the realisation of the new order as a result of the gradual recognition of the contradiction between civic institutions and the Christ law.²

The confusion of anarchy with assassination recalls the philosophical theory of the anarchist Stirner. "Might," he declared, "goes before right, and quite rightly. . . . What I have the might to be I have the right to be. I deduce all right and all title from myself; I am entitled to everything that I have might over. I am entitled to overthrow Zeus, Jehovah, or God, if I can; if I cannot, then these gods will always remain in the right and might as against me. . . . One gets farther with a handful of might than with a bagful of right."³ But the theory of Stirner is anything but typical. Anarchism, as ordinarily presented, is a protest against the rule of might. It is an appeal from the might of rulers to the sense of right in the individual; from the coercion of the State to the conscience of the citizen; from the law which is penally enforced to the law which is voluntarily accepted.

The illusion just referred to finds some justification in anarchist literature. So much can scarcely be said of the

¹ *Political Justice*, i. 94.

² Tolstoi, *The Kingdom of God is Within You*, pp. 38 et seq., 223-43. Cf. Eltzbacher, *Anarchism*. This latter work, which consists of excerpts from anarchist literature and might be styled "A Bible of Anarchy," will be found invaluable to all students of the subject.

³ Quoted, Eltzbacher, *Anarchism*, pp. 98-100.

illusion that anarchy, in rejecting the State, also rejects society and associated effort. Although Godwin, as we are frequently reminded, condemned the orchestral concert as a degrading form of entertainment which must necessarily disappear before the progress of individual independence, we should display a strange lack of discrimination if we regarded the condemnation as more than an interesting revelation of Godwin's musical attainments. Throughout anarchist literature a distinction is drawn between society and the State—between voluntary groups of human beings united by co-operation in promotion of common interests, and the organised State with its agencies for compelling individuals to live according to certain rules whether they approve of them or not. "Society and government are different in themselves, and have different origins. Society is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness. Society is in every state a blessing; government, even in its best state, but a necessary evil."¹ "Society," says Benjamin Tucker, "is inseparable from the lives of individuals. It has come to be man's dearest possession."²

No statement of popular misconceptions about anarchy would be complete without reference to the illusion that anarchy is hostile to law in the sense of rules of conduct generally observed among men. Although some exponents express the strange opinion that men can dispense with rules of conduct, each man doing as he thinks best under the particular circumstances, anarchists in general are not guilty of so puerile an assumption. "Imagine," exclaims Mr Bernard Shaw, "leaving the traffic of Piccadilly or Broadway to proceed on the understanding that every driver should keep to that side of the road which seemed to him to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number."³ The protest of anarchy is not against rules of conduct, but against the enforcement of such rules by the might of society without regard to their

¹ Godwin, *Political Justice*, i. 79.

² Quoted, Eltzbacher, *Anarchism*, p. 194.

³ *The Sanity of Art*, p. 48.

approval by the individuals upon whom they are enforced. We can only accuse anarchy of lawlessness if we limit the term law to State-enforced rules.

"Dogs," exclaimed the railway porter immortalised in *Punch*, "is dogs; cats is dogs; rabbits is dogs; but this 'ere tortoise is a hinsect." Some readers will be tempted to challenge my definition of anarchy as no less arbitrary. In point of fact, however, underlying all the divergencies of opinion, the criminalities or the absurdities of isolated anarchists, there is one common and fundamental conviction which is neither criminal nor absurd—the conviction that the best social order is one where men live their lives, not under the compulsory regulation of the State, but in voluntary co-operation. Both the negative and positive aspects of this conviction call for some explanation.

Negatively, anarchy means the repudiation of the claim of the State to impose its will upon the citizen by force. The right of a society to promote the common good of its members is not called in question; what is denied is the claim of society to force upon individuals its own interpretation of that good. The anarchist is the sworn foe, not of all government, but of government which is not based upon the free and full consent of the individual. The qualified character of the repudiation of the State deserves careful notice. Apart from the Vigilance Committee for dealing with cases of flagrant criminality, most anarchists expressly or implicitly sanction a measure of compulsion in the sphere of contract and property. "*Contracts must be kept!*" The statement implies a coercive law. As regards property, while some reject the conception altogether, others retain it in one form or another. According to Tucker, every individual is to be guaranteed the product of his labour; according to Bakunin, private property is to be allowed in the objects of consumption; according to Krapotkin, there may be social property, but no private property. What, then, it may be asked, is the distinction between the State, as the term is ordinarily understood, and a social order in

which contractual obligation is enforced and some forms of property are protected? The distinction lies in the fact that the State coerces the individual whether he consents to the coercion or not, whilst the anarchist community repudiates all coercion save in so far as the individual must be held to have consented to it; for example, by promising to perform acts or to conform to rules, or by voluntary enrolling himself as a member of a community of whose usages and institutions he approves.

From] the positive point of view, anarchy means self-government. "Why speak of anarchism?" asks Egidy. "Why not say at once self-discipline?" "Civilisation," says Tucker, "consists in teaching men to govern themselves by letting them do it." The logical kinship of such views to the theory of the early Protestants will be apparent; but the claim is more comprehensive. Although Luther, in *The Babylonish Captivity*, went so far as to urge the central dogma of anarchy that no man should be ruled save by his own consent, the early reformers generally were only concerned with self-government as a means to spiritual freedom. They were content to substitute the priesthood of the believer for the priesthood of the Church. The anarchist takes a wider view; he seeks to realise freedom in general. While the early Protestant proclaimed the right of the individual to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, the modern anarchist proclaims the innate and imprescriptible right of the individual to govern himself in all the affairs of life.

Thus, in the kingdom which the anarchist seeks to establish, law is self-imposed, and all associated effort is the result of voluntary co-operation. I pass to the arguments by which this conception of social life is justified. It would be superfluous to warn the reader against regarding my statement of these arguments as adequate. Apart from the fact that each anarchist has his own intellectual armoury, the exceeding difficulty of doing justice to opinions which challenge a long-

established order of things will be readily admitted by anyone who has made a serious effort in this direction. The conviction that political institutions are a part of the eternal order of nature is so deeply rooted in all our ideas about social life that an adequate statement of the case for the anarchist would imply a comprehensive treatise. I shall only attempt to give the merest outline of the subject, stating what appear to me to be the more important arguments as clearly and as forcibly as I can.

I shall begin with a subject about which most people are likely to be in agreement—the failure of human governments to secure social justice. In theory, the State exists to promote the general interest; in historical fact, governments have sought to promote, first and foremost, the interests of a governing class. Even where they have aimed at the common good, their view of the nature of that good has been determined by class institutions and prejudices. Although under modern democracies there exists a clearer appreciation of the ends which governments ought to serve, the ignorance and self-interest of rulers, the empire of traditional conceptions over the minds of the multitude, the ambitions of some and the general inertia of many, so affect the course of legislation as to suggest the disturbing question whether government is not responsible for more evil than it prevents. How many individuals are there, even in the most democratic communities, who can be trusted not to employ their political power in the interests of themselves or their class? If we are to judge an institution by its fruits, what shall be said of human government when we regard impartially its most distinctive product—our system of property? When Paley, surely one of the least revolutionary of philosophers, began his defence of that system, he wrote in a famous passage: “If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap; reserving nothing for

themselves but the chaff and refuse ; keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps the worst, pigeon of the flock ; sitting round, and looking on, all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it ; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it, and tearing it to pieces ; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men.”¹

To some this analogy may seem wholly remote from fact. I do not think the impartial historian would so regard it. “I contend,” said Thorold Rogers, “that from 1563 to 1824, a conspiracy, concocted by the law, and carried out by parties interested in its success, was entered into to cheat the English workman of his wages, to tie him to the soil, to deprive him of hope, and to degrade him into irremediable poverty.”² “We have been able,” he adds in a later chapter, “to trace the process by which the condition of English labour had been continuously deteriorated by the acts of the Government. It was first impoverished by the issue of base money. Next it was robbed of its guild capital by the land thieves of Edward’s Regency. It was next brought into contact with a new and more needy set of employers, the sheepmasters, who succeeded the monks. It was then with a pretence, and perhaps with the intention of kindness, subjected to the quarter sessions amendment, mercilessly used in the first half of the seventeenth century, the agricultural labourer being still further impoverished by being made the residuum of all labour. The agricultural labourer was then further mulcted by the inclosures, and the extinction of those immemorial rights of pasture and fuel which he had enjoyed so long. The poor law professed to find him work, but was so administered that the reduction of his wages to a bare subsistence became an easy process and an economical expedient.”³

¹ *Works*, ii. 70. Cf. Anatole France’s chapter on *The Origin of Property in L’île des Pingouins*.

² *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*, chap. xiv.

³ *Ibid.*, chap. xvii.

I have quoted the opinions of a philosopher and of an historian, neither of whom can be suspected of a bias towards anarchy. Those opinions may be read with advantage in the light of the facts of our time as narrated in journals which represent the classes who are supposed to be most interested in the maintenance of the existing order. A recent article in the *Times* has dealt with the social and economic conditions which prevail in the most advanced of modern republics. The United States, with its highly developed industrial organisation, its vast resources, and its colossal fortunes, possesses in fairly prosperous years not less than 4,000,000 paupers! If we divide the entire population into three thousand parts, one of these parts will own more than a fifth of the total wealth of the whole country! In other words, twenty per cent. of the nation's wealth is owned by less than one-thirtieth per cent. of the population! In New York City, with its brilliant society, its boundless luxury and profligate extravagance, two-thirds of the inhabitants live in tenement houses which have 300,000 living rooms into which, as they have no windows, no ray of sunlight ever enters! One person in every ten of its citizens receives a pauper's burial! In 1903, in the borough of Manhattan alone, 60,000 families were evicted from their homes!¹

We are all more or less familiar with the existence of such facts as I have quoted—too familiar perhaps to feel the shock of them. Our sensibility is so dulled by their frequent repetition that we are only too inclined to take them for granted and pass on our way. If we are so far affected as to feel uncomfortable, we perhaps seek an anodyne in pious reflection on the mysterious dispensations of Providence, or acclaim the inexorable character of natural laws. But, however disagreeable may be the facts to which I have referred, I must ask the reader to consider them fairly without shifts or evasions. It is only in this way that we can hope to understand the anarchist point of view. "We know,"

¹ Weekly edition of the *Times* for August 28, 1908.

said Reclus, "that we are defending the cause of the poor, the disinherited and the suffering."¹ I need not say that the language of anarchist attack is often extreme; but rhetorical exaggeration is a frailty to which all reformers are liable. The question for consideration is not whether the language of censure is wholly true, but whether it is sufficiently near the truth to explain a deep antipathy to existing civic institutions.

A few extracts will serve to illustrate the view which is taken by anarchists with respect to the institution of private property as it has developed in modern states. "What men aim at in life," says Tolstoi, "is not to do what they think good, but to call as many things as possible 'mine.' . . . It is a crime that tens of thousands of hungry, cold, deeply degraded human beings are living in Moscow, while I with a few thousand others have tender loin and sturgeon for dinner and cover horses and floors with blankets and carpets."² "The ignorant," wrote Reclus, quoting Mahabarata, "are not the friends of the wise; the man who has no cart is not the friend of him who has a cart. Friendship is the daughter of equality; it is never born of inequality."³ "Laws," exclaims Proudhon, "are cobwebs for the powerful and rich; chains which no steel can break for the little and the poor; fishers' nets in the hands of the Government."⁴ "We enact many laws that manufacture criminals," protests Tucker, "and then a few that punish them."⁵ "In the nineteenth century," exclaims Dr Leete in Bellamy's story, "fully nineteen-twentieths of the crime, using the word broadly to include all sorts of misdemeanours, resulted from the inequality in the possessions of individuals: want tempted the poor; lust of greater gains, or the desire to preserve former gains, tempted the well-to-do. Directly or indirectly, the desire for money, which then meant every good thing, was the motive of all this crime, the taproot

¹ *Contemporary Review*, May 1884, p. 637.

² Quoted, Eltzbacher, *Anarchism*, pp. 250-2.

³ *Contemporary Review*, May 1884, p. 636.

⁴ Quoted, Eltzbacher, *Anarchism*, p. 70.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 193.

of a vast poison growth, which the machinery of law courts and police could barely prevent from choking civilisation outright.”¹

The anarchist attacks government on other grounds than the inequities of our existing system of property. He shows how large is the part which has been played in the history of political institutions by force, violence, fraud, and class interest ; he dwells upon the corrupting influence of power upon those who possess it ; and he asserts the inevitable tendency of rulers to magnify their office, to enlarge their competence, and to displace the self-government of the individual by the coercion of law.

But nowhere is the anarchist indictment on surer ground than when attacking the militancy of governments. A budget, the memory of a disastrous war, the novels of a Zola or a Tolstoi, enable us to realise something of the evils of warfare—the cost in blood and money, the armaments for which the fear of war is responsible, and the stimulus to national hate which is afforded by wars, the possession of vast armaments, and the pursuit of a “vigorous foreign policy.” What most of us fail to realise is the extent to which the ingenuity of governments is directed to the aggravation of such evils. Intoxicated by the sense of power, fascinated by the lure of foreign conquest, they are restrained from war less by a desire for peace than by the fear of defeat. “By far the greater proportion of the debt of Europe,” writes Mr Charles Booth, “has been contracted for munitions of war.” In the year 1908 of the Christian era, when British politicians were wrangling about a proposal to set apart £6,000,000 for the purpose of providing pensions for the veterans of industry, the net expenditure for the army and navy was just under the enormous sum of £60,000,000 ! According to the anarchist, such things should be regarded as an inevitable result, less of the frailties of average human nature, than of political institutions which affect to exist in order to promote peace and goodwill while engaged in a policy of

¹ *Looking Backward*, p. 94.

fomenting national distrust and hate. No one will question that a multitude of wars can only be attributed to the incompetence, the corruption, the ambition, or the greed of governments. One government may wish to avoid war and the burden of great armaments; but it is powerless to give effect to that wish in a world of governments armed to the teeth. Even if there were a real desire among most nations to achieve reform in these directions, the greed of a single government sets the pace to others. "It is the nature of a government," writes Tolstoi, "not to be ruled, but to rule. And as it derives its power from the army, it will never give up the army; nor will it ever renounce that for which the army is designed—war."¹ Rulers, he maintains, are less interested in the condition of the people than in the glory of foreign conquest, and deliberately thwart demands for domestic reform by diverting national enthusiasm into the channel of international conflict. The facts of the present, no less than the history of the past, make this charge difficult to disprove. The reform movement in Germany of to-day finds itself confronted by a court and a bureaucracy which are neither ignorant of, nor indisposed to profit by, the fact that the most effective check to domestic reform is the pursuit of a vigorous foreign policy. I suppose no one will question that the recent war of Russia and Japan, with its terrific slaughter, its devastation of territory, and its frightful exploitation of national resources, was the work of the Russian Government, not of the Russian people. If we think of the condition of Europe to-day, if we think of the enormous sums spent annually on armaments while multitudes at home starve or perish, we can understand why the anarchist regards such a condition of things as a more powerful indictment of government than could be written by the hand of man.

Moltke defended war as a means of emancipating the human spirit from the bondage of materialism. Less distinguished apologists have maintained the same line of defence. Even expounders of the Christian faith have taught us how

¹ *The Kingdom of God is Within You*, p. 152.

to reconcile that faith with a gospel of enmity. "So!" exclaims Tolstoi, quoting Maupassant, "assembling in herds by the hundred thousand, marching night and day without rest, with no time for thought or for study, never to read, learning nothing, of no use whatsoever to any living being, rotting with filth, sleeping in the mud, living like a wild beast in a perennial state of stupidity, plundering cities, burning villages, ruining whole nations; then to encounter another mountain of human flesh, rush upon it, cause rivers of blood to flow, and strew the fields with the dead and the dying, all stained with the muddy and reddened soil, to have one's limbs severed, one's brain scattered as wanton waste, and to perish in the corner of a field while one's aged parents, one's wife and children, are dying of hunger at home—this is what it means to be saved from falling into the grossest materialism! . . . To invade a country, to kill the man who defends his home because he wears a blouse and does not wear a kepi, to burn the dwellings of starving wretches, to ruin or plunder a man's household goods, to drink the wine found in the cellars, to violate the women found in the street, consume millions of francs in powder, and to leave misery and cholera in their track. This is what they mean by saving men from the most shocking materialism!"¹

Two counts in the anarchist indictment have been considered—the social injustice of which governments are guilty, and the militancy which they seem expressly designed to foster. It would not be difficult to show that these perversions of the ends of government are peculiar to no age or people; and that the social problem as we call it to-day is no new problem, but existed in Greece and in Rome, and has existed in every developed State of which we have any knowledge. Wherever political institutions are to be found we can trace the debasing influence of power upon those who exercise it; we can see governments false to the purposes they profess to

¹ *The Kingdom of God is Within You*, pp. 157–8. Cf. Maupassant, *Sur l'eau*, pp. 68–76.

serve; we can see individuals exploiting legal institutions for selfish ends; we can see many suffering in poverty while a few revel in profligate extravagance. If we escape from the commonplace rut of taking traditional institutions for granted, if we reflect seriously upon the injustice and wrong which has everywhere accompanied political institutions like an attendant spectre, we can understand, if we do not share, that distrust of government to which the anarchist of our day gives effective expression. Although the facts which explain that distrust are familiar to everyone who has thought about the subject at all, the anarchist may claim to be more sensible of their existence, if not more anxious to discover a means for effecting their remedy, than the respectable members of society who regard his indictment as exaggerated and his remedy as impossible.

I shall now pass to consider an argument which is more distinctive of anarchist teaching—the argument that government, even if it were enlightened and just, would still be open to the fatal objection that it makes self-government impossible. Self-government implies the rule of each individual by himself; political institutions imply the control of individuals by rulers who, at best, only represent popular majorities. Before stating this argument in greater detail, it may be well to dwell for a moment on the truth—as to which ethical inquirers of very different schools of thought are agreed—that the ideal source of law must be found in man himself. “It is the essence of moral duty,” said T. H. Green, “to be imposed by a man on himself. The moral duty to obey a positive law, whether a law of the State or the Church, is imposed not by the author or imposer of the positive law, but by that spirit of man which sets before him the ideal of a perfect life.”¹ From this standpoint, perfected manhood implies obedience to laws which, whether divine or human in origin, are set by man to himself. In the case of the child, the necessity for an external control must be admitted; but the object of that

¹ *Prolegomena to Ethics*, p. 402.

control is not to ensure a servile submission to the paternal rule of life but to prepare the child for self-discipline. The wise father, like Hector, wishes for his son :

That men may say, the boy is better far
Than was his sire.

Such an ideal is only to be actualised by so training the child that he comes to see what is good for himself, and learns to follow that good because he sees that it is good. If, then, the moral law is only fulfilled when its rule of life is self-imposed, and if parental control should aim at teaching the child to be loyal to the purposes he sees to be just, a practical question arises for consideration: What social system is best adapted to secure self-discipline among men? The answer of the anarchist is simple and emphatic. Self-discipline is to be promoted by allowing the individual to govern himself. "Civilisation," says Tucker, "consists in teaching men to govern themselves by letting them do it." The fact that men cannot live together without exercising a mutual restraint upon one another's actions is not called in question. The existence of such restraint is admitted to be inevitable, and, within limits, useful. But when the social group attempts to induce conformity to type by means of physical force, it is charged with the guilt of destroying that moral autonomy which should be its chief care. "The persuasive influence of public opinion seeks to win men to adopt for themselves the common rule; the employment of physical force saps the foundations of the moral life and substitutes a dead legality for a living morality."

To the anarchist it seems that men in the past have been content to affirm the importance of self-government as a moral ideal while submitting, in fact, to the control of institutions which make the realisation of that ideal impossible. He shows how all existing forms of political society are based upon force, since they imply the coercion of the individual by the Government. Even the most democratic State involves the coercion of the minority by the majority. "Behind the

ballot there is the bullet." What is the good, he argues, of talking about self-government as an ideal while denying it as a fact? The compulsion of the individual by an external authority is unnecessary, inexpedient, and morally wrong. (1) It is unnecessary, because experience shows that men are never more ready to obey rules of conduct than when obedience depends upon their individual sense of honour and their social reputation; no debt is more scrupulously regarded than the debt of honour; even to-day men obey the rules of the State less through fear of the civic penalty than because of the fear of public censure.¹ (2) It is inexpedient, because it violates the fundamental principle which requires that the social system should be subservient to the development of individual character. "Law," said Reclus, "instead of appealing to man's better part, appeals to his worst; it rules by fear."² "As long as a man," says Godwin, "is held in the trammels of obedience, and habituated to look to some foreign guidance for the direction of his conduct, his understanding and the vigour of his mind will sleep. Do I desire to raise him to the energy of which he is capable? I must teach him to feel himself, to bow to no authority, to examine the principles he entertains, and render to his mind the reason of his conduct."³ (3) Finally, the compulsion of the individual by an external authority is morally wrong, because it involves an invasion of the rights of manhood; if one man has no right to tax another man without his consent, then a majority has no right to tax a minority without its consent. No man, no group of men, can impose a rule on another against that other's will. The inviolable sanctity of the individual is, in fact, the very heart and centre of anarchist teaching. Our supreme law, says Proudhon, is justice; and "justice is respect, spontaneously felt and mutually guaranteed, for human dignity. . . . In consideration of what do I owe my neighbour this

¹ Cf. Godwin, *Political Justice*, ii. 729.

² *Contemporary Review*, May 1884, p. 636.

³ Godwin, *Political Justice*, ii. 776.

respect? It is not the gifts of nature or the advantages of fortune that make me respect him; it is not his ox, his ass, or his maid-servant, as the decalogue says; it is not even the welfare that he owes to me as I owe mine to him; it is his manhood.”¹

No account of anarchy would be adequate unless it dealt with a question to which I shall now refer. What is to be done with the criminal in anarchist society? Though some crimes would disappear with the abolition of our system of property, others are certain to remain unless it be possible, as Egidy naïvely suggests, “to leave the old Adam outside”! How is the criminal to be dealt with? Many anarchists advocate the stern measures of the Vigilance Committee. But Tolstoi bases his answer, as indeed his whole doctrine of anarchy, upon the express commands of Christ. Those commands, he urges, indicate that forgiveness, not violence, is the weapon by which wrong in the world is to be overcome. No part of anarchist teaching is more deserving of sympathetic examination. For, in the first place, although all men do not agree in regarding Christ as divine, all acknowledge his claims as a prophet and teacher. And, in the second place, no careful student of Tolstoi’s writings will deny that this prophet of the latter days has shown a rare capacity for assimilating and expressing the spirit of Christ’s teaching. He has that which most men find so difficult to gain—Christ’s sense of moral values. He does not put a church first, or religious ordinances first. Nor is he enslaved by the traditional conceptions which often lead even good men to place an entirely wrong emphasis upon the relative value of different moral rules. For him, as for the Master, Love is the supreme law. I remember, on one occasion, being privileged to hear a paper on the value of religious ordinances. The paper concluded with this remarkable admission: “I do not wish to underestimate the importance of the duty of charity. If I met a beggar in need of help, I should feel it my duty to

¹ Quoted, Eltzbacher, *Anarchism*, pp. 67–8.

assist him—*provided, of course, he was baptized!*” I quote these words, not because I am so foolish as to suppose that they are typical of the modern clerical attitude, but because they serve to illustrate in an extreme form a failure in moral perspective which is more common in the literature of orthodox Christianity than in the writings of Tolstoi. I cannot doubt that this excommunicated sinner understands Christ better, and is more actively concerned to fulfil the law of Christ, than the dignified ecclesiastics who have denied him the rites of the Church.

I have endeavoured to state the case for the anarchist. A critical examination of that case would take me far beyond the limits of a single article; and to most readers it would seem superfluous. But although little is to be gained by dwelling upon the defects of a scheme of social regeneration which is in absolute disaccord with the trend of modern life, I believe we should do well to dwell for a moment upon those truths which underlie anarchist doctrine and give to it a present power and value. At the risk of wearying the reader by reiteration, I shall conclude this article by a brief statement of these truths as they appear to me. Their importance, not their novelty, shall be my excuse. In the first place, although the anarchist may be wrong in his remedy for existing social ills, he is fundamentally right in insisting upon the reality and gravity of those ills. Our wars, our armaments, the character of our foreign policies, the inequities of our system of property, and the abiding tragedy of the proletariat—these are grave and significant facts which constitute the strongest of the anarchist's weapons. They cannot be denied; and they are capable of making a strong appeal to the popular imagination. They need to be met by action rather than by argument. In the second place, although the anarchist may be wrong in thinking that men can afford to dispense with the controlling influence of the State, he is fundamentally right in insisting upon the importance of self-government. Political institutions may be necessary as a means to realising the conditions through

which the better self can become conscious and operative among men; but this end can only be attained when the institutions are so framed as to enable and teach men to govern themselves. When the anarchist bids us to resist all forms of tyranny, and to think for ourselves instead of taking our rule of life from the State or public opinion, he is declaring a message of which our generation stands much in need. Finally, although the matter concerns us more as private individuals than as citizens, we might borrow with advantage something of the anarchist's faith in man's responsiveness to the call of the good. For it is this faith which underlies that aspect of Christ's teaching which Tolstoi has presented with the genius of an artist and the outlook of a saint. While we recognise to the full the necessity for the stern discipline of civic institutions in the interests of good and bad alike, we can yet as individuals realise far more than we do the spirit of the Christian ethic which bids men return love for hate if they would overcome evil in the world. When, in the great story of Victor Hugo, Jean Valjean steals the silver of the Bishop who had trusted him, the Bishop asks, "Why did you not take the silver candlesticks? These also I have given to you." Before this final proof of goodwill the ex-convict is overwhelmed. For long dark years of wavering struggle towards the light, he hears still the voice, sees still the face of the one who had trusted and loved him. The Bishop had given two candlesticks; he had reclaimed a human soul. If his example cannot be recommended for universal and indiscriminate acceptance, it stands nevertheless for ideas which have their value for all ages and peoples—for the patriot not less than for the anarchist.

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PROFESSOR HARNACK ON ACTS.

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IF Francis Bacon's *Novum Organon* had been written in recent years, its author could have added to the four idols, of which he wished to warn his contemporaries, a fifth, the idol of the study or of the lecture-room. It is astonishing how great a part tradition or fashion plays even in scientific investigations. Conservative scholars are influenced by old traditions, liberals by new ones: that is often the only difference between the two. It is only the really great scholar who succeeds in freeing himself from all such influences.

Professor Harnack in his long career has given a great many proofs of this independence of judgment. When, thirteen years ago, he began to work at New Testament problems more intensely than before, he came to more conservative conclusions than most of the others, and than perhaps he himself, had expected. It is true, the preface to his *Chronology of the Old Christian Literature* sounded more conservative than the book itself; but still in some respects even this tried to show, indeed, that the old tradition was right. During the past few years Harnack has been fighting for the genuineness of the third gospel and the book of Acts, and for the trustworthiness of the latter; nay, on the last five pages of his third *Contribution to the Introduction to the New Testament*, without counting the conclusion of the book, he puts the question, if Acts could not have been written before

Paul's death. Let us begin our examination of Harnack's views with this most startling statement.

I.

I emphasise again : Harnack only puts the question ; he does not declare for such an early date. Not only in the first of his *Contributions* (on *Luke the Physician as Author of the Third Gospel and of Acts*, p. 47, 1), but even in an earlier passage of his last book (on *Acts*, p. 153), he dates the two writings from a time later than 70 A.D. It is only after having nearly finished his work that he seems to have begun to doubt whether his presupposition was right. But were such doubts allowable? Harnack thinks so, for these six reasons :—

1. The conclusion of Acts, says Harnack (it winds up with a reference to the two years that Paul abode in Rome, without mentioning his death), is most easily to be explained by assuming that when the book was written Paul was still alive. But Harnack himself owns that this explanation is not the only possible one ; I shall give another at the end of my paper.

2. The passage in the farewell address to the elders of the Church of Ephesus, xx. 25 : "Ye all shall see my face no more," says Harnack, does not agree with the statements in second Timothy, according to which Paul had come to Ephesus once more after his first imprisonment ; Acts therefore must have been written before his release. I thoroughly fall in with Harnack's view on the authenticity of the last verses of second Timothy, but, together with others, I have shown again and again that these statements do not refer to a time after the only imprisonment of Paul which is known to us, or to a second one, but to the first and the time preceding it. So this argument of Harnack's also falls to the ground.

3. Nor is the third, which Harnack declares to be especially strong, any better. It is true the Jews appear nowhere in Acts as oppressed or persecuted, but only as persecutors.

But does not the same hold good with regard to the fourth gospel, which, of course, Harnack also dates from a time later than the Jewish war? There is as little reason for supposing the priority of Acts as of the fourth gospel. Or can this be proved otherwise?

4. Even in the third gospel, says Harnack, the prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem is connected with the announcement of the final catastrophe and the appearance of the Son of Man, and all this is concluded by the words: "This generation shall not pass away till all things be accomplished." But in all these respects the author only follows his model (or perhaps models), without saying that the final catastrophe shall come after or immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem; nay, he describes this in such a way that we cannot doubt that he had lived to see it. "If we had only Luke's language on the subject," says Professor Stanton in his latest book (*The Gospels as Historical Documents*, ii. 275), "it might be open to us to suppose that the references to the siege were instances of genuine prediction; but it seems clear that interpretation after the event must here have been intermingled with the original prophecy, when we turn to the vaguer terms of the earlier record, which in the main Luke has followed." The command to flee unto the mountains, which Harnack quotes too in support of his thesis, as Professor Wellhausen has shown, does not refer at all to the people of Jerusalem; so one cannot conclude even from it that the third gospel was written before the Jewish war and the flight of the Christians in Jerusalem to Pella in Perea.

5. Harnack's fifth argument runs: The fact that the Pauline epistles are not made use of in Acts is easy to be understood in the beginning of the seventh decade of the first century, but very difficult about 80 or later. But has the author of Acts really made no use of the Pauline epistles? *Πορθεῖν* occurs only three times in the whole New Testament, in Gal. i. 13, 23, and in Acts ix. 21, and always it refers to the persecution of the Church by Paul. Is this a mere

chance? Even if it were so, the fact that the Pauline epistles are not made use of in Acts would not prove that this book was written in the seventh decade of the first century, for it was only in the second century that the Pauline epistles became more generally known and were canonised.

6. Christ, says Harnack finally, has not yet become a proper name in the Lukan writings, but means the Messiah; the name Christians is not yet employed by the Christians themselves, nor is it combated as such, as must have been the case already in the Flavian period. But how shall we understand Acts viii. 5: "Philip proclaimed in the city of Samaria the Christ," if this did not mean Jesus Christ? The name Christians, on the other hand, occurs only three times in the New Testament, twice in Acts and once in first Peter; so we can hardly conclude that Acts, where it is not yet employed by the Christians themselves, was written at an earlier date. Harnack's proofs are all unconvincing; nay, some of them have turned out to imply the contrary of what they are intended to prove.

It is to be added that in one passage, at least, Acts is dependent upon Josephus' *Archæology*, which, as we know definitely, appeared in the winter of 93 to 94. I think that I have proved this in former publications of mine which I am unwilling to transcribe here, since Professors Wendt, Knopf, and finally Jülicher have concurred with my view. Harnack does not mention at all this objection to his dating of Acts; but thereby it is not refuted. More fully he speaks of the contents of Acts, which, as we shall see by and by, exclude an early date of the book as well; but before we come to that question, we must discuss another point, which Harnack treats most copiously, *i.e.* the question of the authorship of the third gospel and of Acts.

II.

Harnack is perfectly right in attaching greater value to the tradition as to the author of the third gospel and of Acts than has to be done in other similar cases. For (1) as these writings

were dedicated to a single person, *i.e.* to Theophilus, they must have had an address in which the name of the author was mentioned; if therefore the tradition is wrong, this address must either have been lost or suppressed. But Harnack himself conceives that this was not impossible; one can even add that the address of Hebrews must have been lost or suppressed too, though, Hebrews having been a letter from the beginning indeed, the address might have appeared as still more indispensable. (2) Harnack emphasises the fact that in a book beginning with an *I* ("The former treatise I made, O Theophilus") everybody must understand a later-occurring *we* as including that *I*. But not only from mediæval literature of inferior value, but also from good authors of antiquity, can passages be quoted in which, together with a source, a *we* contained in it was also borrowed, though as a matter of fact it was not any more to the purpose. So even this argument does not prove the identity of the authors of the sections of Acts containing a *we* (*der Wir-Stücke*) and of the whole book of Acts and of the third gospel.

How Harnack's more direct proofs for his thesis are to be judged, I have tried to show in an article published in the *Theologische Rundschau* immediately after the appearance of Harnack's first contribution. Not wishing to repeat here what I have said before, I confine myself to the main points.

Great stress is laid by Harnack himself on the proof derived from the medical language used by the author of both writings. Indeed, if it could be shown that this must have been a physician, then he would have to be identified with Luke, the beloved physician, as Paul calls him. For Luke must have written the *we*-sections, even if their author is to be distinguished from the author of the whole book. No other among the companions of Paul known to us was with him at the time to which the *we*-sections refer; nor can the tradition of the Lukan authorship of the third gospel and of Acts (if it is not right) be explained more easily than by assuming that Luke was the author of a source of Acts, just as Matthew was the

author of a source of the first gospel. It is true, the book of Luke, the beloved physician, could have been made use of by another physician for the compilation of his work; but apparently this is a less probable hypothesis. If, therefore, the author of the third gospel and of Acts could be shown to have been a physician, then he would have to be identified with Luke indeed. But what about the major premiss?

If we are to follow Harnack, there cannot be the least doubt in this respect. He copies from Professor Zahn (*Einleitung in das N.T.*, ii. p. 427) the statement: "Mr Hobart (in his book on *The Medical Language of Luke*) has proved to everybody to whom anything can be proved, that the author of the Lukan writings was a man familiar with the terminology of Greek medicine, was a Greek physician." Rev. John Naylor, who published a paper on *Luke the Physician and Ancient Medicine* in the HIBBERT JOURNAL last October, and Professor Stanton (pp. 260 ff.), speak much less enthusiastically about Mr Hobart's book, but still they adhere to the same view. Can it indeed be made good?

Here we must distinguish between the *we*-sections and the rest of Acts and the third gospel. That the author of these was a physician, can be regarded as probable (and, indeed, is certain, because Luke, who must have written them, was as a matter of fact a physician); but that such a one was the compiler of the whole book of Acts and of the third gospel, is very improbable. Truly, the author of these writings employs some medical terms in their technical sense, but in a few cases he uses them in such a way as no physician would have done. *E.g.*, in the description of Christ's prayer in Gethsemane his sweat is compared with *θρόμβοι αἵματος καταβαίνοντες ἐπὶ τὴν γῆν*, *i.e.* not with great drops of blood, as the English version has it, but with clots of blood, which here of course not even for comparison's sake can be thought of. Or in Acts x. 11, xi. 5, the four ends of the vessel descending from heaven and containing all manner of four-footed beasts and creeping things and birds are called *ἄρχαι*; this, however, in medical

terminology signifies only the four ends of a bandage, not of a four-cornered shawl, as it is presupposed here. How a Greek physician could have ascribed so many diseases to demoniac influence, Rev. John Naylor has tried to explain in the paper referred to above ; but that is by no means the only difficulty we meet with here. Could a Greek physician represent the good Samaritan (Lk. x. 34) as pouring, on the wounds of the man who had fallen among robbers, oil and wine ? Harnack, in opposition to Wellhausen, insists on the possibility of such a treatment ; but from the passages quoted by Hobart it only follows that the Greek physicians smeared oil and wine on the body or parts of it, or moistened dressings with them, but not that they poured them (or at least wine) on wounds. Nor is it very probable that a Greek physician would have described Herod Agrippa as being eaten of worms ; a Greek physician probably knew that there does not exist such an illness. At any rate it cannot be proved that the third gospel and the whole book of Acts came from a Greek physician ; but must they not nevertheless have been written by such a one, because their author is identical with the author of the *we*-sections and because this was Luke, the beloved physician ?

Unfortunately, Harnack, in trying to prove this, always starts from a wrong supposition. It is true, the *we* is met with only in these four portions : Acts xvi. 10-17 ; xx. 5-15 ; xxi. 1-18 ; xxvii. 1-xxviii. 16 ; but they can never have existed for themselves. The first time, the *we* enters so suddenly that at least the verses immediately preceding it must be derived from the same author ; and also some other sections are, in general, so similar to the *we*-sections that, if these come from another author than the whole book, they may be ascribed to him as well. So one of the two objects Harnack compares with each other is to be circumscribed otherwise ; but even if we grant his untenable assumption, still his conclusions are not cogent.

1. The author of the *we*-sections, says Harnack in his first

contribution (p. 24), believes as much in miracles and is especially as interested in healings, in the spirit, and in appearances of angels as the author of the third gospel and of Acts. But in his third contribution (pp. 111 ff.) Harnack himself greatly modifies, nay, abandons, this statement. Here he shows that some miracles that occur in the rest of Acts are wanting in the *we*-sections, and that even those that occur in both parts are different. We only need to compare the raising of Tabitha (ix. 36 ff.) and that of Eutychus (xx. 9 ff.) to realise this difference: there, a real wonder; here, a mere resuscitation from asphyxia. Can we then ascribe both parts of Acts to the same author? Harnack (p. 122) thinks that Luke, who did not venture to tell such stories as that of the raising of Tabitha when he himself had been present, still believed them when they were told by others. But is that very probable?

2. Harnack in his first contribution (pp. 25 f.) goes on to state that the *we*-sections and the rest of Acts agree with each other in some other particulars; but this is to be explained partly from the fact that these details are historical, and therefore could be mentioned by various writers, partly from the terminology common to the whole book of Acts, of which I shall speak by and by. Here I mention only that a great many unhistorical opinions which we meet in the rest of Acts, and which, too, will be discussed later, are wanting in the *we*-sections, as well as at least one reference to a preceding passage which we should expect. In xxi. 10 Agabus is introduced as if he were quite unknown to the readers, though he has been mentioned in xi. 28; for to declare these words as spurious, as Harnack does, is entirely arbitrary. Nor is he justified in maintaining that the statement in viii. 40: "Philip was found at Azotus; and passing through he preached the gospel to all the cities till he came to Cæsarea," can only be understood by assuming that the author of the whole book himself later found him there, *i.e.* that he was identical with that companion of Paul who, according to xxi. 8, a verse of

the *we*-sections, came to Cæsarea with him and stayed there in the house of Philip. For why could not the author of Acts, even if he was not identical with Luke, point in advance to that statement of the source he was going to work into his book? If Luke had been the author of Acts, he probably in xxi. 10 would have referred to xi. 28, where he had mentioned Agabus for the first time.

3. But what about the uniformity of the terminology to which Harnack attaches such a great value? I do not wish to emphasise the fact that there are some differences in this respect even in Acts, not only in the third gospel, where Harnack himself acknowledges them; for in most cases they can be explained by a mere chance. But in no case does uniformity of terminology ever prove that an author did not make use of any particular sources, but only that, even if he did so, he moulded them in incorporating them into his book.

4. The same holds good with regard to the chronological and geographical statements in Acts, the uniformity of which Harnack tries to prove in his third contribution (pp. 21 ff.). In fact, there are some differences even here; but even if it were different, all this uniformity would only show that the author of Acts, if he incorporated any sources into his book, moulded them.

“If he incorporated any sources into his book.” That he did so, these last remarks have, of course, not yet shown, though the former had made it probable. Where in particular a written source (or a fixed oral tradition) has been inserted, this can only be concluded from such breaches or gaps in the composition, or such contradictions as are not to be expected from an author working without such material. Some breaches, etc., may occur even here, but others are impossible. Are such breaches to be found in Acts?

Harnack, in placing together all cases of incorrectness and disagreement which are met with in Acts, most of which are indeed of no importance, has overlooked those which are of a different character. In some passages of the second part of

the book, it is true, even he would distinguish two different authors, if the style and terminology of the respective sections were not uniform: we have seen above that this is no counter-argument. Still, he is perfectly right in refusing Wellhausen's dynamite-hypotheses, as he calls them, on Act xix. and xxvii., brought forward in his notes on Acts (in the *Göttinger gelehrte Nachrichten* of 1907, pp. 15 ff.).

In the first part of the book Harnack himself (in his third contribution, pp. 131 *et seq.*) distinguishes not fewer than three sources, *i.e.*

- (1) A Jerusalemite in ii., v. 17-42 ;
- (2) A Jerusalemite-Cæsarean in iii. 1-v. 16 ; viii. 5-40 ; ix. 29-xi. 18 ; xii. 1-24 ;
- (3) An Antiochian in vi. 1-viii. 4 ; xi. 19-30 ; xiii. 1-xv. 35.

There are a few ingenious and correct observations at the bottom of this theory, but, speaking in general, it is partly not proved, partly even impossible. Harnack has added a new bubble to "the nearly innumerable bubbles with which," as he himself says, "critics have played in earnest"—that is all.

I cannot repeat here what elsewhere I have tried to determine about this whole question of the sources of Acts. If only at one place, *e.g.* in ch. xvi., the author of the *we*-sections is to be distinguished from that of the whole book, then this person could not have been Luke. But there are still other arguments against this tradition, based on the contents of Acts, and this question of the historical credibility of Acts is, of course, the most important of all.

III.

Here I find myself in a rather strange situation. When five years ago, in a little book on Acts, I had tried to show that it was more historical than most critics until then had believed, I was ridiculed for my "optimism" by Professor Jülicher in the last edition of his *Introduction to the New Testament*, though, before speaking of the trustworthiness of

Acts, I had discussed the many unhistorical traits in it. Now I must emphasise these still more, and perhaps for this reason I shall be called a pessimist, though I do not want to withdraw anything I said on the credibility of Acts. On the contrary, I am happy that now a scholar of such acknowledged repute as Professor Harnack stands security for the credibility of Acts, and I hope that, therefore, it will be recognised more and more by other critics as well. I also believe that Harnack is perfectly justified in thinking that a great many unhistorical statements, which even he acknowledges in Acts, could very well have been made by a contemporary and companion of Paul. It is an entirely unfounded assumption, from which most critics start, that such a man must have been familiar with all details of Paul's life, and must have appropriated his whole theology. If Peter's "son" Mark and the author of the second gospel really was identical with Paul's companion on his first missionary journey, he could have been influenced by him only a very little. Luke, it is true, had been much longer in his company, and had stayed with him even when the others left him (2 Tim. iv. 11); but still he could have erred in some statements about Paul's life and doctrine. There are, however, some other mistakes which a companion and even a contemporary of his could not have made; from which, therefore, we must conclude that the author of Acts was not such a one.

Apparently Harnack himself hesitates in attributing the unhistorical narrative of the first Christian Pentecost in ch. ii. to Luke, for over and over again he tries to explain it under that assumption. But none of these explanations, which, moreover, are inconsistent with each other, is satisfactory. Jülicher (*Introduction*, p. 402) is perfectly right in stating that this one narrative excludes a companion of Paul as author of Acts.

Other difficulties have been hardly touched upon, and some have even been entirely overlooked by Harnack. For clearness' sake I arrange them under four heads.

1. Acts considers baptism as a sacrament in the later sense of the word ; for Peter says in his Pentecostal Discourse, ii. 38 : "Be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit"; and Ananias to Paul, xxii. 16 : "Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on his name." But perhaps such a view could be ascribed to a companion of Paul who had not quite understood him and was influenced by the Greek mysteries, as Luke might have been. Strange, however, it is that this conception of baptism does not occur again before the time of the fourth gospel ; here it is not upheld, but presupposed in Christ's word to Nicodemus, iii. 5 : "Except one be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God," and to Peter, xiii. 8 : "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." That proves, I think, in spite of what has been said before, that this is a later view indeed, which cannot be attributed to a contemporary of Paul, all the more since the reception of the Holy Spirit, which in ii. 38 is placed together with the remission of sins, in viii. 15 ff. and xix. 6 is bound to the laying upon of hands.¹ This is a view altogether impossible in Paul's times, and it occurs again only in the epistles to Timothy (I., iv. 14 ; II., i. 6). And with it another view, equally unhistorical, is connected.

2. In Acts once (vi. 2) "the twelve" are mentioned, and twice (xiv. 4, 14) Paul and Barnabas are called apostles ; but in all other places the direct disciples of Jesus are meant by this name. Nor is this a mere question of terminology : in this expression lies the whole later theory about the twelve, from which Paul (cp. Gal. ii. 6) was as far as possible. They are the possessors of the Holy Spirit : "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God," says Peter to Ananias (v. 4), and "the apostles" write (xv. 28) : "It seemed good to the Holy Spirit and to us." The Samaritans, who have been converted and baptized by Philip the evangelist, must be confirmed by two

¹ In vi. 6 it is otherwise, but this verse comes from an older tradition or source.

“apostles,” Peter and John (viii. 14 ff.); Peter goes throughout all parts where others had preached (ix. 32); and in a similar way it is at least an emissary of the Church in Jerusalem, namely Barnabas, who brings the *missio canonica* to the men of Cyprus and Cyrene, who had worked beforehand in Antioch (xi. 22 f.). He brings thither even Paul, who afterwards receives instructions from “the apostles and elders in Jerusalem” (as Boniface in Rome), and delivers them to his churches (xv. 22 ff., xvi. 4); it is only now that by the laying on of his hands he can impart the Holy Spirit (xix. 6) or heal by his handkerchiefs or aprons (xix. 12), similarly to Peter (v. 15). To be sure, most of these statements may be historical, at least in general; but here they are put in a light which is certainly unhistorical. And this a companion of Paul must have known. He could not, therefore, have written Acts, which starts from that theory; for otherwise its author could not have continued his history of Christ by that of “the apostles.” It is well known that this theory is found in later writings, and with it, again, another unhistorical assumption of Acts is connected.

3. We know from Galatians that it was only after having heard of Paul’s successes among the Gentiles that the “pillars” recognised the universality of the Gospel, and that even then they confined themselves (or Peter) to the circumcision. The third gospel and Acts, on the other hand, trace the mission among the Gentiles back to Christ, or at least to the “apostles”; whereas Paul, who, in fact, felt himself as a missionary to the Gentiles from the beginning, begins with the Jews and Hellenists (ix. 20 ff., xi. 20), and turns to the Gentiles only when the Jews reject him (xiii. 45 ff., xviii. 6, xxviii. 24 ff.) or after a vision in the temple (xxii. 17 ff.). At the first Christian Pentecost the mighty works of God are announced in different tongues to the representatives of various nations (for so at least the enumeration in ii. 9 ff. must be understood), and Peter declares that the promise is destined not only for the Jews and their children, but also for all that are afar off, *i.e.* for the

Gentiles (ii. 39; cp. iii. 26). The conversion of Cornelius, which could have been only an exception, is conceived as the explicit beginning of the mission among the Gentiles (x. 28, 35, xv. 7 ff.), and for this reason is narrated at such length. It is true, as a matter of fact, even in Acts the conversion of Cornelius remains an exception, and at the apostles' council, as we are wont to call this meeting, James is represented as more conservative than Peter; but in general the whole description of Paul's, Peter's, and James' position with regard to the mission among the Gentiles is unhistorical to such a degree that it could not have been given by a companion or contemporary of Paul. Similar views are again found only at the end of the first century. The author of first Peter makes the apostle of the circumcision write to Gentiles, whom Paul had converted, without giving any explanation why now Peter writes to them; the author thinks that both men thoroughly agreed with each other in this respect. Explicitly the author of Ephesians says in iii. 5 f.: "The mystery of Christ hath now been revealed unto his holy apostles and prophets in the Spirit; to wit, that the Gentiles are fellow-heirs, and fellow-members of the body, and fellow-partakers of the promise in Christ Jesus through the gospel." Finally, the first epistle of Clement of Rome in v. 3 ff. places Peter and Paul together, as if there had never existed any divergence of opinion between them. This is just the standpoint of the author of Acts, especially with regard to the position of Paul and the Church of Jerusalem to the law.

4. It is true, Paul did not wish to emancipate the Jewish Christians from the law; he only believed that they as little as anybody could be justified by its observance.¹ So he himself could circumcise Timothy because of the Jews that were in those parts (xvi. 3); shear his head in Cenchreæ, because he had

¹ This is one of the very few points in which I disagree from my honoured friend, Professor B. W. Bacon, who last year, in the *American Journal of Theology*, published an article, "Professor Harnack on the Lukan Narratives," which the present paper is to complete.

a vow (xviii. 18); hasten, if it were possible for him, to be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost (xx. 16), and there take part in the vow of the four men to prove that he did not teach all the Jews who were among the Gentiles to forsake Moses (xxi. 21 ff.). But, at the same time, here and elsewhere he must have emphasised the fact that to the Gentiles he did preach the freedom from the law, and that among them he emancipated himself. The discourses put into his mouth, in which only his faithfulness to the law and his people (or, as in ch. xiv. and xvii., his general religious ideas) are mentioned, but, if we except xiii. 39, never his own theories—these discourses are in so far unhistorical, and could not have been composed by a companion of Paul.¹

Peter, on the other hand, is represented as holding Paul's point of view. He has been shown by God that he should not call any man common or unclean (x. 28), and believes that the Jews will be saved through the grace of the Lord Jesus in like manner as the Gentiles (xv. 11). But why was then the mission-field divided between Paul and Peter, and how could Peter behave as he did behave after the arrival of those from James in Antioch (Gal. ii. 9, 12 f.)? Harnack himself declares that the apostles' decree (Acts xv. 20, 29) is inconsistent with Galatians, if it is to be understood as a ceremonial injunction; but in opposition to his former view, brought forward in the *Sitzungsberichte der Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin* of 1899, he now believes that it must be interpreted in a moral sense. All scholars, however, who after him, or at least after his authority, the Rev. G. Resch (*Texte und Untersuchungen*, xxviii. 3), have examined this question, contradict them: namely, M. Coppieters (in the *Revue Biblique* of 1907), Professors Schürer (in the *Theologische Literaturzeitung*), Bousset (in the *Theologische*

¹ Such a one would also have known that Paul had come to Jerusalem for the last time to deliver the great collection, but not to bring alms to his nation and offerings (xxiv. 17), expressions which do not refer to that. According to Acts, only the journey described in ch. xi. f. had such a purpose, but this journey could not have happened.

Rundschau of 1908), Sanday (in the *Theologische Studien für Zahn*), Bacon (in the *American Journal of Theology*), and finally Herr Diehl (in the *Zeitschrift für die neutestamentliche Wissenschaft* of 1909). In referring to these papers, I restrict myself to the essential points.

Harnack believes that in the two passages cited above the words *καὶ πνικτοῦ* or *πνικτῶν* are a later addition, especially because Wellhausen had proved that the eating of things strangled was included in that of blood. Now Wellhausen has not proved, but only affirmed this without giving any proofs; but even if he had done so, he would not have shown that things strangled *could* not have been distinguished from blood. Nay, later on, as a matter of fact, they have been distinguished in Judaism, and certainly it is much more probable that for this reason the eating of things strangled was forbidden in Acts than for that given by Resch and Harnack. So it remains possible that the words *καὶ πνικτοῦ* or *πνικτῶν* are genuine; but even if they were not, the apostolic decree could not have had a moral sense. Harnack, it is true, thinks that it must have had this sense:

(a) Because nowhere else in Acts is a ceremonial injunction made, because in ch. x. f. these injunctions are abolished, and because in xv. 19 freedom from the law is granted to the Gentiles. But this holds good only in general; ch. x. f. come from another tradition, and the fact that nowhere else a ceremonial injunction is made does not exclude the possibility that it is made here.

(b) How, in order to furnish a practicable *modus vivendi* between Jews and Gentiles, abstention not only from the pollution of idols and blood, but also from fornication, could be claimed from the Gentiles, Bacon has explained by quoting Clem. *Hom.* iii. 68: whoredom and adultery differ from all other sins in that they defile not only the sinner, but those also that eat and associate with him. So even this objection of Harnack to the ceremonial interpretation of the decree falls to the ground; nay, to the moral interpretation the much stronger objection

must be made that it was superfluous to claim from Christians abstention from idolatry and murder. Finally, only the ceremonial interpretation goes together with the substantiation of the decree in xv. 21 and xxi. 25. It is entirely arbitrary to declare this last verse as genuine; and even if it were wanting, there would still remain the other verse in ch. xv., which can only mean: the due regard for the Jews in the dispersion claims the abstention from some things shocking to the latter on the part of Christians from among the Gentiles.

It is true, some scholars go on even now trying to combine this report of Acts with Galatians; but here Harnack is doubtless right. These two reports are inconsistent with each other, and, as Luke must have known the position of the Pauline churches with regard to the law, he could not have written Acts. Harnack's apologetics ultimately fail at the same point where, nearly seventy years ago, the modern criticism of Acts began.

It is embarrassing for me to have to contradict in so many respects a scholar to whom we all owe more than to any other theologian now living. So that I am all the more happy to be able to fall in with Professor Harnack's view, not only in a great many other points of minor importance, but, above all, in his definition of the goal of Acts. "The power of the Holy Spirit in the apostles, as it founded the primitive Church, called forth the mission among the Gentiles, led the Gospel from Jerusalem to Rome, and replaced the Jewish people, getting hardened more and more, by the susceptible Gentiles." In such a way Acts can be epitomised indeed. Even more completely than Harnack believed, from this point of view (and from the other conceptions discussed above) the whole course of the book may be understood.

In the very beginning the goal of the whole development is put before the disciples' eyes by their ascending Master: "Ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the

earth" (i. 8). Then the completion of the circle of the "apostles," of whose importance for the author I have spoken above, is narrated, and in ch. ii., as we have seen, the announcement of the mighty works of God to all nations. The miracles, and the persecutions triumphantly overcome, which are narrated afterwards, are to illustrate the power of God in the "apostles"; even the fall of Stephen serves the propagation of the Gospel. Philip, one of the seven, preaches it to the Samaritans and to a God-fearing heathen, a eunuch of Queen Candace of Ethiopia. After that Paul is called, but in the beginning he appeals only to Jews and Hellenists; it is Peter who first understands the universality of Christianity. In Antioch it is adopted by Greeks; Paul, called by Barnabas, enters into this work. The persecution by Agrippa cannot check the progress of the Gospel; it pushes on to Cyprus and Asia Minor. On the form of the mission among the Gentiles Paul comes to an understanding with the "apostles"; after that he carries the Gospel to Greece. Everything that does not serve to this progress is cut short: the second journey through Asia Minor,¹ the third visit in Jerusalem,² the greatest part of the third missionary journey. Only the stay in Ephesus is described more fully, because only then was the Church there firmly established, and probably because the author took a special interest in it. In describing the last part of this journey he could follow Luke's diary, and at the same time, again and again, hint at Paul's imprisonment in Jerusalem, which is described so fully because it could not reduce him to silence, but on the contrary gave him a chance to define not fewer than five times his position with regard to the Jewish law and nation. Even the dangerous voyage to Rome, says Harnack justly, only increases the expectation, if Paul's message will succeed in obtaining a hearing in the

¹ If on this journey new churches had been founded, it would have been described more fully; so this silence is a new proof for the South-Galatian theory.

² Wellhausen says of this visit: it is made in haste and reported about in telegram-style; no American could have done it better.

capital of the world. "And so we came to Rome": with these words begins the conclusion of the book, and the conclusion of the conclusion runs: "And he abode two whole years in his own hired dwelling, and received all that went in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching the things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ with all boldness, none forbidding him." His death is left aside, not because it happened only later or was to be narrated in a third volume, but simply because it was out of place here. The author of Acts had set himself the task of describing the propagation of the Gospel from Jerusalem to Rome, as he understood it; this task he has fulfilled in delineating Paul's appearance and activity there.¹

And how he has warmed with his work! At this Harnack has ultimately hinted. The third gospel is much more joyful than the two others, nay, than any other New Testament book; and in the same way in Acts joy and gladness are spoken of over and over again. The first disciples took their food with *gladness* and *singleness of heart* (ii. 46); Peter and John were *bold* (iv. 13), and after having prayed: "Grant unto thy servants to speak thy word with all *boldness*," all were filled with the Holy Spirit and spake the word of God with *boldness* indeed (vs. 29, 31). The "apostles" "departed from the presence of the council, *rejoicing* that they were counted worthy to suffer dishonour for the Name" (v. 41); there was much *joy* in the city of Samaria (viii. 8); the eunuch went on his way *rejoicing* (vs. 39). Barnabas was *glad*, when he had seen the grace of God in Antioch of Syria (xi. 23); so were the Gentiles in Antioch of Pisidia, when they heard Paul's sermon (xiii. 48), or, as it runs at the end of the chapter: "They were *filled with joy* and with the Holy Spirit" (vs. 52). In Lystra Paul preached: "God filled your hearts with food and *gladness*" (xiv. 17); and when he and Barnabas in Phœnicia and

¹ Especially from xxviii. 21 it follows that, notwithstanding what he says in v. 15, the author of Acts must have believed that the Church of Rome was firmly established only by Paul: a last and conclusive argument against the Lukan origin of the book.

Samaria declared the conversion of the Gentiles, they caused great *joy* unto all the brethren (xv. 3). Also the jailor in Philippi *rejoiced* greatly with all his house (xvi. 34), and the whole book, as we saw before, closes with these words: "Paul taught the things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ with all *boldness*, none forbidding him" (xxviii. 31). Here above all it is clear that it is the success of Christianity which has filled the author also with joy and gladness.

And was he not right in this respect? Must not this victorious career, which at any rate he has justly delineated, fill us with enthusiasm? So Acts is not only, in so far as it is trustworthy, an important, nay, perhaps the most important, source for the history of the apostolic age, but also a devotional book, from which we can always afresh draw boldness and confidence for our life and work.

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THE METAPHYSICAL TENDENCIES OF MODERN PHYSICS.

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It is a more or less simple thing to discover and follow the main current of thought in a science like physics, which must develop logically, or not at all, after the confusion of strife has passed away and only the permanent additions to our knowledge remain. This has already been attempted,¹ so far at least as the atomic theory is concerned. It was there shown that if we build up a homogeneous theory of the natural phenomena—heat, light, sound, and electricity—from an analogy to mechanical laws, we inevitably postulate the objective existence of matter and hypothecate a fictitious series of æthers and of atomic, or indivisible, elements of matter. The claim was also made that this method which attempts to explain the laws of nature, not only fails in that respect, but also prevents the adoption of a better scientific procedure.

In the first place, it is difficult to point to any scientific discoveries directly and inevitably produced by a specific atomic theory. The contrary of this opinion is very generally held, and many such discoveries in chemistry and physics are laid at its door. The chemist searches for and combines new compounds of the elements, and bases his theory on the assumption that each element is disintegrable only to a fixed atom.

¹ "Atomic Theories and Modern Physics," HIBBERT JOURNAL, July 1909.

But this means nothing more than to say that the elements combine in definite proportions of mass, and consequently does not bear on the question whether matter is infinitely divisible. The chemist would have been driven to the same laws of chemical combination if he had believed matter to be infinitely divisible. This statement is true, because chemical analysis and synthesis progress imperturbed and as rapidly now when the chemical atom is supposed to be decomposable. And the same was true of chemical progress before Dalton proposed the atomic theory. As examples in another field, we find the phenomena and laws of the double refraction and polarisation of light were known before Fresnel attempted to explain them as a modification of transverse waves in an elastic solid æther; and Newton, after announcing the laws of the interference in the form of Newton's rings, described their action by his hypothesis of light corpuscles. To-day all these laws remain while the specific hypotheses have been discarded. How can we say the hypothesis of atoms and æther led to discovery in these cases? The fact is just the contrary: hypothesis, at least that part of it which consists in developing a mechanical model of the action, follows experimental discovery; it is the effort to explain or visualise the unknowable processes involved in experimental facts and mathematical laws.

In the second place, these metaphysical hypotheses progress from the simple to the complex. Each new fact discovered adds its quota to the irreconcilable and conflicting properties of the æther and the atom, and these invisible links of the universal machine grow more and more bewildering and complicated, until the whole construction falls to pieces. Nor is this all; the scientist forgets that he is building toy houses, and ends by believing in their reality. Even if hypothesis does not carry him so far, it certainly has this effect on others who accept the dogmas of science without discrimination. It is no small danger thus to confuse reality and imagination; a science, which becomes so hypothetical or so specialised as to

be unintelligible to the educated man, is apt to become as sterile as a religion which is the sole possession of a hierarchy.

On the other hand, it is a serious matter to try to sweep aside so large a part of scientific thought as the building of hypothesis has been, unless it is really parasitical—a hindrance rather than an aid to development. This opinion as to the uselessness of hypothesis seems to be gaining ground. Thus Duhem, in his *Théorie Physique*, states that physical theories must have one of two aims: either to explain laws which have been established from experience, or to classify such laws without giving any explanation. Of the two, the second only is a legitimate scientific process, as the first method makes physics dependent on metaphysics and so introduces occult and unverifiable causes. A proper theory should give us a classification of laws and should point to new experimental methods, thus tending to intellectual economy in that we are permitted to forget a multitude of details and otherwise isolated facts in one common expression. He further claims that the construction of a mechanical model as an explanation of a law does not lead to such discoveries, since these are really derived from abstract principles, the model being invented afterwards merely to make the law concrete. In this opinion he is supported by Hertz, who, after discovering experimentally the electric waves predicted by Maxwell, found the best statement in Maxwell's equations, and not in his model of ætherial lines of force.

There is yet another purpose in science which requires simplicity instead of complexity. Physics, to be something more than an intellectual puzzle for the specialist, should enlarge our power over the external world and increase our use of natural resources. Consider how great an advance we might make in this direction if hypothesis and occult causes were reduced to a minimum. Instead of a mass of abstruse speculations on the nature of æther and matter, our treatises might present a clear and logical discussion of natural phenomena and their laws. The work of Lord Kelvin is typical.

He has interspersed in his writings probably a score of models of the atom : now it is a vortex or whirlpool in a continuous fluid æther ; now, a box containing gyrostats or wheels spinning on an axis ; again, it is a complicated structure of balls, strings, and springs. No two of these agree in principle, and at best represent crudely a limited number of the properties of matter and fail for others. Is there not, after all, something almost pathetic in this incessant striving of the greatest physicist of our times after the unknowable, building card houses which must be knocked down to provide material for others ? Certainly more of his great and permanent constructive work would be the property of the world if we had neglected his hypotheses and developed exclusively his experiments and his laws.

A ruthless and complete elimination of hypothesis is undoubtedly impossible, and is perhaps not even desirable. We tend invariably to express our abstract conclusions in a more or less concrete form. We shall always speculate about the manner of the propagation of light to the earth from the sun, and it is convenient to express this transfer of energy either as a periodic disturbance taking place in something filling space or as something projected through space. Such indefinite speculations are simple enough and allow us to state all that we are likely to learn about free space. The obscurity and confusion in the science of optics arise from the attempts to express in detail the waves or particles of an æther. A method where speculation is kept to its lowest terms is quite different from the prevalent custom of spending the greater part of the effort on the fictitious properties of the æther rather than on the phenomena and laws of light.

The problem of tracing the tendencies of thought concealed in the conflicting data and opinions of the present state of physics is a much more difficult one, and this difficulty is increased by the unusual amount of new material brought to light since the discovery of the X-rays by Roentgen in 1895.

The phenomena connected with the discharge of electricity through gases and with radio-activity are obscure, and speculation about them correspondingly bold. There is a desire, quite common, to ignore the importance of the more regular advance in other branches of physics and to assume that the new methods of attack which have arisen are essentially different from the thoughts and speculations of former physicists and not subject to their failure. This idea is brought out by Campbell when he says in his *Modern Electrical Theory*: "Men of his own (that of Faraday, about 1830) and of the preceding era had founded 'natural philosophy'; they had made discoveries and had elaborated theories which still form part of the framework of the physical sciences. But their work has little interest for us to-day. Their aims, their conceptions, their whole attitude toward the problems which they investigated differ so widely from our own, that, while their results may be the basis of modern research, their methods afford little inspiration for it." This is far from being the case; human thought does not progress at this late day by cutting loose from the past, especially when that past dates from the middle of the nineteenth century. Where the "new views" are not merely statistical observations or fugitive models of some particular phenomenon—that is, where there is a philosophical background to our recent work—we have abandoned the ideas of the atomistic school of the nineteenth century only to fall back on the doctrines formulated from Descartes in the seventeenth.

To show this connection, it is necessary to outline and contrast briefly these two methods of scientific procedure. The followers of the atomistic school believe natural phenomena to result from the impact of atoms, possessing mass, figure or extent, indestructibility, and the inherent property of motion. Thus this idea, adopted by Huygens, agrees in the main with that of Newton, except as it rejects his hypothesis of the occult power of attraction of atom for atom through space. With Descartes matter, as a distinct and separate

entity, disappears altogether, and nothing is left but space and its variations. What we call pure space or a vacuum is really a continuous fluid plenum or æther, and material bodies are merely places of permanent variation in this plenum. From observing the persistence of whirlpools in water and in the air, Descartes ingeniously concluded that matter and its forces were whirlpools or vortices in this frictionless and otherwise stagnant æther which, without friction, were uncreatable and indestructible. Unfortunately for the theory, these vortices soon became so complicated as to destroy its value. Later the idea was revived by Lord Kelvin in his celebrated vortical theory of matter. He used only the main ideas of Descartes, and, from a better mathematical knowledge of the properties of vortices, was able to simplify their character and to account for many of the attributes of matter.

With this understanding of Descartes's hypothesis that matter has no objective reality except as a permanent modification of an otherwise changeless and continuous plenum which is itself knowable to us only by this modification, we are in a position to show how closely modern views of matter and electricity are concurring in this idea.

From the large number of physicists now writing on the theory of physics, three names stand out prominently as originators of the modern conceptions of electricity and matter. Professor H. A. Lorentz, Sir Joseph Larmor, and Sir Joseph Thomson are certainly the men who will be most prominently associated with this movement; others have aided, but mainly in the extension or modification of their ideas. And of the three, the most attention in an essay of this character, which attempts a general discussion of the philosophical basis of scientific theory, should be devoted to Professor Larmor's ideas. In his treatise, *Æther and Matter*, published in 1900, we have the rather rare example of a scientific theory with a philosophical background clearly expressed and discussed.

The main thesis of his essay is that a purely mechanical

theory of discrete atoms moving in empty space has failed to account for the phenomena of nature, and especially for the recent discoveries made in electricity. We may, therefore, by altering this conception of atoms, separating electricity and matter into two entities, or even by considering matter as an attribute of electricity, again reconcile fact and hypothesis. Since Faraday's time the drift of opinion has been in the direction of this separation, and we have it crystallised almost simultaneously by Lorentz and Larmor. No idea of finality is expressed in Larmor's theory, since he thinks it should endure only so long as it agrees with facts in our possession; on the other hand, he considers it not to be effective criticism to make a charge of incompleteness without indicating a better way, for an hypothesis may be valuable not only when imperfect, but when quite wrong, providing it serves as a useful instrument for the progress of natural philosophy. As an instance of this, he states that many of the most important discoveries in light were made when the erroneous corpuscular theory was still in vogue. But does it necessarily follow that the theory promoted the discoveries or led to their investigation because they happened to be contemporaneous? It is difficult to believe Bradley would have failed to obtain the relation between the aberration of light and its finite velocity if some other theory had been popular. Certainly the specific attributes assigned to light corpuscles would have little influence in promoting such discoveries, since it was the habit to modify these without much compunction if they did not square with observation. And we are supported in this opinion by Professor Larmor himself when he says: "At the same time all that is known (or perhaps need to be known) of the æther itself may be formulated as a scheme of differential equations . . . , which it would be gratuitous to further explain by any complications of structure"; and again: "The ultimate inadequacy of a method of treating material media, based on merely empirical or speculative additions to the ascertained equa-

tions of free æther, had indeed been clearly recognised by von Helmholtz."

The questions, then, to be borne in mind while discussing these modern theories, are whether they involve speculative additions to our equations and explanations by complicated constructions, and whether they are essential to the progress of science. I shall try to show that they are characterised by the same occult and unverifiable assumptions as the older theories and are really extra-scientific.

Professor Larmor, in the beginning of his essay, recognises that an hypothesis which supposes matter to be constituted of an immense number of discrete particles moving in empty space and incapable of further subdivision has a philosophical objection too difficult to be overcome. In the first place, as Lord Kelvin pointed out, the chemical atom cannot be the immeasurably small body sometimes claimed by metaphysicians. Both physical and chemical experience require the atom to be a real portion of matter occupying a finite space, and forming a not inappreciably small constituent of any palpable body. The chemical molecule may be decomposed into the atoms of hydrogen and oxygen, and now these atoms are in turn divided into sub-atoms. Even these also are by no means immeasurably small; we are already calculating their size and their mass. And we can think of no reason why matter should have been created of this size rather than any other. These minute grains still have much individuality in the way of attributes. So far, this is our resting-point. It is, however, temporary, as mathematical analysis shows that an electrified sub-atom is deformed in shape when moving, which indicates the existence of parts in the sub-atom. But there is a still more cogent reason for this philosophical objection than the empirical one given. The equally fundamental concepts of space and time are invariably considered as continuous or infinitely divisible functions, and this theoretical difference assigned to matter, introduces inevitable trouble in mathematical analysis. The science of pure geometry, which is

the corner-stone of all scientific reasoning, is impossible without the axiom that matter is infinitely divisible to the mathematical point with no extent. So, too, the fundamental laws of centres of inertia and universal gravitation require the continuous distribution of matter for expression by the calculus, or—what is the same thing—the concentration of matter at a mechanical point if geometrical methods are used.

Professor Larmor tries to avoid this pitfall, which has caught the originators of atomic theories, and attempts to reconcile the antagonistic ideas of continuity and atomicity by placing himself squarely on the side of Descartes. He does not regard space as mere empty geometrical continuity. According to his notion, the universe is a plenum or æther—that is, a continuous, frictionless fluid, everywhere uniform and quiescent. This plenum constitutes what might be called *true matter*. It is entirely unrecognisable by our senses and cannot be brought to them by any experience. By such a metaphysical hypothesis we may account for the aberration of light and many other actions occurring in free space. To provide for *ordinary* or *sensible matter*, making it at the same time atomic in character, we must suppose there exist in the plenum innumerable places of variation, which are uncreatable, indestructible, and indivisible, and by their combination present to our senses all the phenomena making up for us the material universe. These discontinuities are free to move without disturbing the quiescence of the surrounding medium, much as wind blows through a forest. By this supposition we account for the experimental facts that motion of matter does not affect the velocity of light. If, however, the discontinuities show unbalanced electrical force, then their motion causes further and temporary variations in the medium.

The next requirement in our cosmogony is to specify what these variations in the supposititious plenum may be. This is the vital step in any process of reasoning which attempts to link metaphysical assumption to physical experience. Once taken without challenge, a scientific theory may be developed

logically. It is just at this point that the Lucretian atom and the Cartesian vortex fail. Here also Lord Kelvin failed. He proved that no finite force could either create his tiny vortex atom rotating in a frictionless medium, or, once started, could stop it. He showed it would act as if possessed of many of the essential properties of matter. But, in the process of elaboration, this atom, like all others, became unmanageable from complexity ; it failed to account for the electric charges of matter, and finally received a death-blow when Maxwell said a vortex ring might be an analogy to the atom, but at best was merely a *mode of motion* and not matter as we know it.

How, then, is this new protoplasmic element of the universe to be defined so as to satisfy these criticisms, and at the same time avoid making the speculative mechanical structures in an æther, which Professor Larmor deprecates ? The founders of the new electrical theory of matter have studied profoundly the laws of nature. They have made many permanent acquisitions to our knowledge ; they have elaborated their theory with the greatest ingenuity, and yet the result has been to show that their theory is merely the same as the discarded ones, amplified and clothed in new names. The additional complexity, due to the desire to be more exact and more comprehensive, will do more than the criticisms of its adversaries to hasten the time when physicists will frankly avoid metaphysical explanations and start from experimental axioms.

In order to be exact when defining this new idea of the atom, we shall quote from *Æther and Matter* : "The protion (or sub-atom) must therefore be in whole or in part a nucleus of intrinsic strain in the æther, a place at which the continuity of the medium has been broken and cemented together again (to use a crude but effective image) without accurately fitting the parts, so that there is a residual strain all round the place." So far this might almost be interpreted as the specification for a vortex atom ; but, since such a type fails to provide matter with electric charges, he diverges at this point and considers the "ultimate element of matter to be an electric

charge or nucleus of permanent ætherial strain instead of a vortex ring."

In discussing these definitions, we should bear constantly in mind that the chief, if not the only, aim of an atomic theory or of a mechanical model is to create a picture, however crude, of the constitution of matter. I can bring up no image in my mind of such permanent strains. From having seen whirlpools in water, it is perhaps possible to imagine vortices in an ideal frictionless fluid. Abstract hydrodynamics teach us such motions or strains would be permanent and could be localised at defined points without extending to other parts of this fluid, but they also teach us that no other kind has this property. By excluding this type of strain Larmor is compelled to create a fluid æther whose laws of motion are wholly imaginary and essentially different from all material fluids. To say a strain in the æther is an electric charge, and matter a system of electric charges, is, therefore, a statement unsupported by any experimental evidence or even by any analogy. We can form an idea of matter even when deprived of most of its attributes, such as electric force; but we cannot form any idea of matter as an attribute of electricity any more than of colour or temperature. If the vortical atom fails to include an electric charge as part of its constitution, so the electrical sub-atom will not count for material forces. Nor does their combination into a system help us. Electricity plus electricity does not equal matter. Professor Larmor apparently feels this, since he says his system does not attempt to account for material cohesion. Also the objection that the force of gravitation is proportional to mass and has no relation to electric charge is met by the query whether mass is to any considerable degree an attribute of gravitation. Yet these and many other attributes of matter are very essential problems in such a theory, and their solution will require an indefinite multiplication of different kinds of æthers and atoms. We are thus brought face to face with this fatal weakness of the older theories—the need of providing a special æther and

atom for each great division of the science, and so frustrating one aim of such a method, which is to unite all branches into one method of thought. The original atomic theory was a simple and manageable conception in comparison with this one, and the progress to further abstruse complexity is a warning that theoretical physics is rapidly drifting into transcendental philosophy. Just as a mechanical æther and atom forced us to adopt impossible attributes, such as great rigidity combined with inappreciable density, so also we have now to picture an atom as a microcosm more complex than a stellar system, each part of which contains an electrical charge of such relative magnitude that its electrical attraction is to its gravitational force as ten raised to the forty-second power is to one.

If we now turn to a consideration of the ideas of other writers, we shall find a close agreement with the hypothesis of Professor Larmor. We have been led to the conception of electrons or protions, Professor Lorentz says, by our desire to understand the electrical properties of matter. Electrons are extremely small particles, charged with electricity, and present in immense numbers in all ponderable bodies. These electrons are of two kinds, positive and negative. They are free to move in conductors of electricity and bound to points of equilibrium in non-conductors. Sometimes he considers them to be rigid, and at other times as deformable bodies. Their inertia is, for the most part, an effect of their electric charge, and the negative electron is probably free electricity without ponderable mass. Professor Lorentz assigns no specific properties to the æther, but he is required to assume that the æther can penetrate freely all parts of the electron.

It is evident that the philosophical ideas of this theory are the same as those previously discussed. We are driven in both to the supposition that the electron is a space modification of a universal æther and that, in some way, neither electron nor æther is a material substance, but a kind of transcendental entity called electricity. It is rather difficult to form a con-

sistent scheme to Professor Thomson's theories. As all know, we owe to him a long series of most delicate and profound experimental investigations in this field. Like Lord Kelvin, he is usually content to construct a model for each special phenomenon, and is rather indifferent whether these agree in operation. But on the whole his ideas are in harmony with those of his colleagues.

Criticism has been usually directed against the atomic theory because it is an hypothesis unverifiable by experience. And it should be borne in mind that this new theory has been developed with the main purpose of supporting the atomic theory and giving to it an experimental basis. Thus Professor Rutherford has recently performed a beautiful experiment by which he detects electrically a portion of helium gas, which he calculates to be of the dimensions of a chemical atom. Here, he says, we have at last an actual experimental proof of the reality of the chemical atom. Does not this experiment show just the reverse? The idea underlying all atomic theories is that the indivisible unit of matter is so small that it can be dealt with experimentally and mathematically in aggregates only. So when Rutherford devises an apparatus so delicate as to detect the action of a single particle the size of the so-called chemical atom, he forces us to adopt for the real atom a smaller unit whose individual variations are beneath our observation. The unit of matter becomes just one degree further removed from matter as we know it. Instead of squaring our hypotheses with the sensible properties of matter, we may thus more easily make matter a purely transcendental quantity which we create according to our own imaginations. Would it not be better frankly to say the material universe is merely a world of ideas, an embodiment of intangible motion, energy, and electricity, rather than to keep up the fiction that the electron has objective material reality?

Apparently the chemical molecule is a well-defined point in the regular divisibility of matter where certain physical apparatus, as the balance, fail to record variations in so small

a body ; but, by the use of chemical appliances, we are able to take note of still smaller masses, which have been named the atoms of the chemical molecules. At this point these methods become too gross, and we next have recourse to the electrification of the gaseous atoms by the X-rays or by radium, and can then detect variations in these particles by means of the electroscope. These smallest portions of matter are called electrons or sub-atoms, and for the time being we rest here. But would anyone say that new methods of analysis and new apparatus of registration are an impossibility, and that the electron will not be divided ? On the other side of the series the mote, dancing in the sunbeam and disappearing when the light fails it, is an indivisible atom to the unskilled man deprived of sensitive apparatus. The fact is, the atom as an objective unit of matter has no existence ; we name that portion of matter an atom when we have reached a limit of appreciation by our most sensitive apparatus.

If these fundamental and irrational assumptions of plenum and sub-atom be once granted, then a mechanical explanation of many of the phenomena of nature follows logically. It may be strictly a mechanical explanation ; for, in spite of denying the existence of matter in the beginning, the substitute electricity is at once endowed with all the essential characteristics of the discarded matter, such as inertia, conservation, gravitational attraction, extent, etc. Certain additional properties add to its conquests, since, by splitting up the atoms, a new set of pawns is available to the players of this game of probability and chance.

The diversity of the chemical elements results from the various stable combinations which the protions may form. Professor Rutherford developed his ingenious theory of radio-activity by supposing certain elements to be in a state of comparative unstable equilibrium. A definite proportion of their atoms explode continuously, reducing the atomic weight and supplying the spontaneous energy noted experimentally. This process continues until a stable form is reached.

The phenomena of electricity are naturally the main problems attacked. A current of electricity becomes the flow of protons in a metal conduit, carrying with them their energy of motion. In non-conductors, like glass, they may be heaped up into an excess of positive or negative to provide a picture of the free charges on such substances. Radiant light, heat, and electricity are the periodic disturbances produced in the plenum by the oscillatory motions of protons about fixed centres. These are said to be useful and clear explanations. But are they? Have we accomplished anything more than to reaffirm the statement that a current of electricity under certain conditions flows through a wire, when we say a stream of charged particles moves through the wire? In the first place, we create the particles, and next endow them with an occult power of motion. Again, when zinc and copper are placed in contact and separated, the zinc becomes positively charged with electricity, the copper with negative, and the two attract each other. Do we learn anything more when we affirm that an excess of positive electrical particles passes into the zinc and negative ones into the copper? Why should they act so? In both cases we have merely stated an unknowable cause in different words. The law remains the same whether we say electricity or electrical particle, and the former term expresses less pretence of knowledge.

Far more significant and less justifiable even, is the attempt to explain the mass of a body as an attribute of electricity. Mathematical analysis shows that an electrically charged body, moving with great velocity, has a mass apparently greater than when not so charged. Now continually diminish the ponderable mass of the body and maintain the electric charge constant; the electro-magnetic mass becomes proportionately greater and greater. Continue this process indefinitely, and at last all the matter is gone, and there remains a free electric charge, an immaterial point, moving and possessing inertia or mass. And just here lies the greatest

danger of all such hypothesis—a total confusion of fact and fancy. In the first place, this is not even based on experience, since the most rapidly moving bodies known have a velocity far too little to make this effect noticeable. But, what is more important, it is a method of thought to be used with the utmost caution even in experimental processes. The warning against extra-polation is metaphorically displayed in every physical laboratory. Because the attribute of goodness is shown by small men as well as by large ones, are we justified in saying concrete goodness is left when the man is diminished to nothing? It is not necessary to use such an example, as an analogous case exists in physical phenomena. A sphere, moving in a fluid, experiences a like increase in apparent mass, due to the necessity of imparting energy to the fluid. Now decrease continually the density or mass of the body and maintain its volume and velocity constant; the hydrodynamic mass becomes proportionally greater. Continue this process until the matter is all gone, and there is left *something* with an apparent mass still moving through the fluid. Will it not be difficult to persuade anyone that the *something* moving did not vanish simultaneously with the *material* sphere? It will be just as hard to convince the future scientist, when the vogue of the electrical theory departs, that an electrical charge remains after the electrified matter is reasoned away. Such ideas leave us in the same state as the hunters of the Snark, who, after incredible labours, came to the place where a Snark should be, and found it was a Boojum which vanished silently away.

If I am correct in believing the fallacy to lie in trying to explain natural laws, it is not pertinent to compare further the working of this electrical hypothesis. The essential point is whether physics has anything to do with the *nature* of matter and electricity. Atoms and æthers of any kind are metaphysical creations; the mechanical models built on such an unsubstantial foundation require a god to set them going, and are, at best, an ineffectual means of describing phenomena previously observed, and not finger-posts to new discoveries.

So far, Professor Larmor may claim such arguments to be ineffectual criticism, tending to destroy the scientific method most used and offering nothing better. The basis of a method in harmony with my ideas may be given here, although its development would be out of place, since it requires too technical a treatment. Can we not, once for all, postulate for scientific purposes the objective reality of matter, made sensible to us by an inherent property of inertia or mass? So far as our knowledge goes, matter is indefinitely divisible and possessed of certain attributes, such as cohesion, attraction, chemical affinity, electrical charge, etc., which are for the most part selective, variable, and capable of comparative measurement. These are assumptions, but they differ from those of the hypothetical method in that they are derived from experience and capable of verification. They can be denied only when matter is shown experimentally not to possess them. If chosen properly, they become axioms of the same kind as the statement in geometry that the straight line is the shortest distance between two points lying in a plane. From a study of these axioms we may proceed to establish laws, so far as possible expressed in the rigorous form of mathematical equations. Such laws serve the two-fold purpose of an economy of thought and of indicating new phenomena, which may be experimentally investigated. As for the postulate of an æther or other medium to fill all space, there seems to be no reason for the physicist to concern himself. Direct evidence shows that kinetic energy is propagated through what experimentally must be regarded as empty space. This energy, called heat and light, passes to the earth from the sun, but it is neither absorbed or otherwise modified until ponderable matter is encountered. It is then sufficient to express mathematically this fact, which, at the present time, is accomplished most readily by a set of equations signifying a periodic variation or wave motion.

Nor does it seem wise to subscribe to Poincaré's doctrine of indifferentism. He believes it of little use to bother about

hypotheses, as at best they are mere matters of convenience. Even if they are convenient, which I doubt, convenience is not the best test for correct scientific procedure. He states in the preface to his *Théorie de la Lumière* that it is of no importance whether the æther exists or not, since it is a metaphysical question impossible of solution. Certain phenomena seem to point to such an existence, and, besides, matter may have only a subjective reality. But such an analogy is useless, since the two hypotheses are on a different footing—shown by the fact that the objective reality of matter is a physical concept supported by experience, while the æther is a metaphysical concept incapable of the test of experience. Poincaré himself admits this when he says the objective existence of material objects is merely a convenient hypothesis, only it will never cease to be made, while the time will come without fail when the æther will be rejected as useless. The question in my mind is, whether that better day for physics is not at hand?

At the present time students are compelled to spend a large proportion of their time studying, discussing, and criticising these hypotheses. By the time one dominant method is mastered it begins to decline, and another takes its place to be learned. The laws and phenomena which engross the remainder of their time are, on the contrary, permanent possessions. Duhem suggests that this tendency to use hypothesis and model is temperamentally peculiar to the English, while the French are able to follow a more logically abstract method. This is doubtful and much more likely to be merely a matter of training. Physics should by this time be past the age of pictorial representations, just as literature has advanced beyond the use of symbolic writing or cuneiform inscriptions.

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MR BERNARD SHAW'S PHILOSOPHY.

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To claim Mr Shaw as a member of the philosophic guild is still, I am aware, to run the risk of making oneself slightly ridiculous in the eyes of many intelligent persons. Among his admirers there are not a few who will wonder why anyone should wish to spoil a sufficiently amusing writer by subjecting him to a philosophical analysis. On quite other grounds Mr Shaw's enemies are fully agreed that to search his writings for any settled creed is a conspicuous waste of time. This notion of him was originally, I may confess, more or less present to my own mind ; but such a notion I have entirely renounced. Indeed, the more I read him, the more I am impressed by the rather singular relevancy of whatever he writes to a distinctly consistent and well-considered view of life. Of course he often says more than he really means, and he will tell you this himself on occasion, as when he winds up one of his dramatic excoriations: "My criticism has not, I hope, any other fault than the inevitable one of extreme unfairness." But he is not pretending to be judicial ; he is trying to hammer home some things which he very much believes, in the face of a strong prejudice and opposition. "In this world," he writes, "if you do not say a thing in an irritating way, you may just as well not say it at all, since nobody will trouble themselves about anything which does not trouble them." It probably, indeed, is true that there is an element of risk in any attempt in a

sober vein to interpret a writer such as Mr Shaw. It is quite possible to take him too solemnly, if not too seriously. Perhaps the critic of a philosophical turn is bound to be a trifle heavy and didactic, and in trying to pin down Mr Shaw's nimble and elusive convictions he will doubtless lose something of their penetrating and surprise-giving quality. But what is a loss from the side of letters may perhaps be a gain for clear thinking sufficient to justify the sacrifice.

I know of no better place to look for the more intimate side of Mr Shaw's creed than in that really notable piece of writing, the scene in Hell in *Man and Superman*. A few quotations will serve sufficiently as a text for the comments I wish to make. Heaven, then, is the home of the masters of reality; Hell is the home of the unreal, and of the seekers for happiness. The Devil is the *preux chevalier*, the ideal gallant, the patron of romance and idealism, the exemplar of all those who "love to live in a rose-coloured fog," to fill their mouths with great swelling words—beauty and art, patriotism and culture, and honour and virtue. But nothing is real here—that is the horror of damnation. Old age, for example, is not tolerated in Hell. A woman can be as young and as beautiful as she pleases, because it is all appearance. The earth is a nursery in which men and women play at being heroes and heroines, saints and sinners; but they are dragged down from their fool's paradise by their bodies—hunger and cold and thirst, age and decay, disease and death. But in Hell you escape the tyranny of the flesh; you are a ghost, an appearance, an illusion, a convention. Here you call your appearance beauty, your emotions love, your aspirations virtue, just as you did on earth. But here there are no hard facts to contradict you, no ironic contrast of your needs with your pretensions, no human comedy, nothing but a perpetual romance. There is no gulf between Heaven and Hell. Every man may go where he pleases. And just as in concerts you may see rows of weary people who are there, not because they really like classical music, but because they think they ought to like it,

so you will find in Heaven a number of people sitting in glory—they are mostly English—not because they are happy, but because they think they owe it to their position to be in Heaven. But sooner or later all the best people will gravitate to the spot where they can really feel at home, to the humbug for which their souls yearn, leaving Heaven to the few who can breathe its rarefied atmosphere. In Heaven you live and work instead of playing and pretending. You face things as they are; you escape the glamour, escape the lies and the vulgar, tedious pursuit of happiness.

And now if one goes a step farther he will come, as one always does sooner or later in any thinker who is thoroughly in earnest, upon a metaphysic. If we ask Mr Shaw what "reality" is, he will answer: Life itself, the great world-force which is blindly energising in nature, which comes to self-knowledge in the human brain, and so evolves a mind's eye to see the purpose of life, and enable the individual to work for that purpose, instead of thwarting it by setting up short-sighted personal aims as he now commonly does. With this as metaphysics I have nothing to do. It is strongly reminiscent of Schopenhauer, and personally does not impress me. It is only as a practical ideal that I am concerned with it. And it means to Mr Shaw the old-fashioned doctrine that existence is no mere personal, private, selfish thing, but inclusion in, and co-operation with, the forces of the universe—what other and less sophisticated generations were wont to call the plan of God. Looked at from one angle, his whole philosophy is a protest against the narrow scheme of those whose chief concern is the art of getting on in the world, tempered by a measure of absorption in the family affections, or a zeal for personal salvation. And the most substantial motive for a truer appreciation of one's larger duties is to be found in this sense of the mystery and power of the universal life, the grip upon a man's imagination and his action that comes from the realisation that he is a part of the current of the world's destiny. Herein lies the true joy of life, "the being

used by a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one, the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap; the being a force of nature, instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy."

But now one thing more needs to be added. While the evolving life-force is for Mr Shaw reality, his own individual interest, I take it, is more especially engaged with one particular aspect of this. The world-process is indeed the final end; but the *joy* of life is for him in contemplation, in understanding, in seeing things in their naked reality. This I think represents the direction from which one may best approach Mr Shaw to appreciate what he is trying to do; to attain, as he puts it, to that "sense of reality which disables convention," and to apply this to the criticism of morality and of manners. He is a moralist, but a moralist of a decidedly critical bent. I scarcely think it is the passion for righteousness which possesses him, so much as it is a heartfelt dislike for shams and inconsistencies, as an offence to his sense of reality and fact. The exceeding sinfulness of sin lies in this, that so much of it is blind folly and stupidity. He is an inveterate "hater of waste and disorder," and the part of showing this up for what really it is in the intellectual and spiritual realm—and especially when it is cloaked under specious names—is his particular contribution to the world-process, and one in which he takes clearly an unbounded delight.

If, from the vantage-ground of our superior culture, we think for a moment of the attitude of the gallery to the cheap melodrama—the standardisation of its moral conceptions, the ready response to what bears the plausible and sounding title of the accepted emotional values and heart interests, and the entire helplessness in the face of the unconventional situation, the aloofness, furthermore, of this whole attitude from the real interests of the man in the street and the shop—we shall have in a figure the indictment which Mr Shaw brings against ourselves. For him, our souls too are steeped in melodrama.

This is his commonest statement of his own purpose—as a critic, namely, of what he calls romanticism or idealism. It is impossible to convey a full sense of this in a few phrases. But for a shorthand statement it possibly cannot be better put than in terms of psychology. I should say, then, that Mr Shaw's philosophy centres largely about his understanding of two words. Its positive basis is the emphasis upon instinct as alike the guide and the content of life. The negative side is his unflattering opinion of the emotions.

In making instinct the centre of man's nature, Mr Shaw is guilty of no startling heresy. It is the familiar doctrine that the spring of all action, and so of all goodness, is man's vital impulses. This takes the form of an attack upon two ethical ideas in particular. One is the supposed virtue of the acquiescent and quietistic attitude — self-denial, obedience, celibacy, and the like. These are but “canonical vices,” since vice is in its essence nothing but waste of life; and they are based solely on our cowardice. We are afraid of our instincts, afraid to let ourselves go; and the result is a complete discord between what we really want and what we think we ought to want. Then there is a second way in which this comes in conflict with popular ethics. Moral law, that is, and duty, are invalid for the man of true and virile morality, because they substitute abstract authoritative or reasoned systems for the concrete springs of desire and appreciation. There are people in the world, no doubt, who can hardly get along without the notion of moral law. But it is with morality as with the rules of breeding. It is only the underbred man who must follow slavishly his book of etiquette; on the gentleman its prescriptions sit loosely, he can adapt himself by instinct to the situation, and is not afraid to transgress the letter of the rule when this would better serve the ends of true politeness.

But now there is one additional aspect of the matter. It is hard enough that we should distrust ourselves and our instincts, and confuse all moral standards by exalting negative

and ascetic ideals, so that, as he remarks, an Englishman thinks he is moral when he is only uncomfortable; but there is another and a worse result. We find excuses, that is, for doing what we want, not by frankly confessing our desire, but by cloaking it in the garb of a virtue and a duty. "When an Englishman wants a thing," says Napoleon in the *Man of Destiny*, "he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have got the thing he wants. As the great champion of freedom and national independence he conquers and annexes half the world, and calls it colonisation. When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods he sends a missionary to teach the natives the gospel of peace. The natives kill the missionary, he flies to arms in defence of Christianity, fights for it, conquers for it, and takes the market as a reward from heaven. He boasts that a slave is free the moment his foot touches British soil, and he sells the children of his poor at six years of age to work under the lash in his factories for sixteen hours a day. There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find an Englishman doing it; but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principle. He fights you on patriotic principles, he robs you on business principles, he enslaves you on imperial principles, he bullies you on manly principles, he supports his king on patriotic principles, and cuts off his king's head on republican principles. His watchword is always duty; and he never forgets that the nation which lets its duty get on the opposite side from its interest, is lost."

Now this strikes the first note on which I want to dwell a little. The root of the matter is that a large part of our morality is fundamentally insincere; and insincerity Mr Shaw hates with a perfect hatred. Do what you will, he tells us in effect, and get what you will, if you want it badly enough and have the ability; but don't, for heaven's sake, tell us—above all, don't trick yourself into believing—that you are doing it

on high moral grounds, that you are betraying your country out of patriotism, or cheating your customers to promote the brotherhood of man, bribing legislatures to serve the interests of the widow and orphan, or opposing child-labour laws out of zeal for the welfare of children. So, for example, Mr Rockefeller as an astute, resourceful, rather unscrupulous financier is a very respectable figure, to whom we may easily give a certain tribute of intellectual admiration. But Mr Rockefeller as a simple soul filled full of the milk of human kindness, Mr Rockefeller preaching against the love of money, and benevolently striving to make this a better and a brighter world, is a thing to make strong men weep. "So long as you come here honestly," says the clergyman to his rascally father-in-law in *Candida*, "as a self-respecting, thorough, convinced scoundrel, justifying your scoundrelism and glorying in it, you are welcome. I like to see a man true to himself even in wickedness."

To be sincere, then, is at any rate the first presupposition of genuine morality. This includes, of course, sincerity to others; and on this side alone I find personally a good deal of satisfaction in Mr Shaw. That there is an immense amount of quite gratuitous and unprofitable lying in our everyday business of life everybody knows; and so pervading a habit can scarcely fail to have some relaxing effect on our native integrity of mind, none too flourishing at best. Of course we have excuses to offer: we want to save other people's feelings—Mr Shaw speaks of one of his characters as loving her mother so well that she had often told as many as five different lies in the course of one afternoon to spare her some unpleasant truth,—or we are concerned for the amenities of society, and a variety of other reasons. To this Mr Shaw would answer that it is not pleasant feeling but efficiency we should be after. To hide the eyes from surrounding objects has never won for the ostrich a reputation for substantial wisdom. The genuine opinions of his neighbours ought to be for any man important helps to his proper orienta-

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tion; and to go out of our way through a system of petty lies to make it as hard as possible to get at these is to act with a mistaken notion of people's real interests. So long, for example, as women are protected by male courtesy from having it brought home to them when they do mean or silly things, they will naturally continue to be mean and silly; and that is a high price to pay for immunity from a few unpleasant moments. And in particular can friendship not afford to commit itself to a policy of evasion. It is in reality not showing friendship, but a "pretty disloyalty" to our friends—it is treating them as children and inferiors—when we suppose that they cannot stand facts. Between full-grown men the only courtesy is hard hitting and no favours; as he writes of Max Nordau in *The Sanity of Art*, "I will not offer him the insult of trying to spare his feelings." But what, again, is the chief thing is less sincerity to others than sincerity with oneself. And what he means by romanticism, or idealism, involves in the first place this muddling of ourselves, by disguising the naked realities, and the actual desires of our nature, and enveloping them in a hazy glow of conventionalised emotion.

If I were to try to interpret what seems to me the essence of this as a valuable human attitude, I should say to begin with that it stands for a recognition of what may, in the language of philosophy, be called the spirit of relativity. Or, if one prefers it in English, it means the ability not to take too seriously human pretensions wherever they may be found. A sense of humour is heaven's gift to keep us from being so much impressed with half or quarter views of which we happen to have become enamoured, that we try on their account to smash everything else in the universe. A man ought to be able to get a sight now and then of his plodding self, with his stock of half-baked notions and ideals. He ought to have the power to laugh at himself when he is in danger of getting too intense, too dignified and solemn and categorical, to laugh at the very things he believes in, and thinks worth working for

—his religion and his morals and his art. I find here the most notable difference between Mr Shaw and the common run of his disciples. It is one of the forms of Nemesis in this world, that the more a teacher insists on independence, freedom from formulas and authority, open-mindedness, the more certain is he of followers who will turn his teaching into an inverted dogma, and rival the sects in their sectarian zeal. The typical Emersonian, for example, was wont to be as impenetrable in his Emersonianism as if Emerson never had lived. Mr Shaw himself is at least truer to the logic of his philosophy. He may trip on occasion, but generally speaking he is no Shavian. His sense for relativity is not an acquired taste, but is instinctive and thorough-going. And now, if this attitude is salutary even for those ideals that are genuine and useful, it is even more necessary to keep down the crop of insincerities and inflated pretences. To puncture such pretences is to Mr Shaw a source of unfailing joy. Keep your vision clear, he says; don't be misled by mere showy labels, what Burke calls the solemn plausibilities of the world. Doubtless, often enough he exaggerates. But before setting him down as a cynic, let one consider honestly what, in a practical way, such optimistic idealisations mean every day; how facts are put in the wrong by appeal to high-sounding, dignified, institutional titles, what crimes are committed against children in the name of education, how human welfare is sacrificed to the sacred rights of property, how law is used to commit injustice, and then to put opprobrium upon the protest which this injustice may call forth. "It is an instinct with me personally"—so Mr Shaw writes, and I think the sentence is illuminating for an understanding of him—"to attack every idea which has been full-grown for ten years, especially if it claims to be the foundation of human society." In other words, no human good at best is more than partial, while the human mind has an inveterate tendency to take it as absolute and final; and so in the interests of a more inclusive good it must be taught to know its place.

The point of the romantic conception it is possibly easiest to see in the clergyman, because he has had in a special way to bear the handicap of the unassailable dignity and emotional elevation of his profession. To hold oneself the mouthpiece of an authoritative revelation, to be placed by one's office perpetually in the position of moral exhorter and guide, to have to keep on tap emotions of high solemnity for stated occasions, is bound to put a strain on the toughest character. But I doubt if, nowadays, the greatest danger of self-deception lies with the ministry. We are threatened with a new romanticism and a new cant. The captain of industry is beginning to take himself seriously, to be impressed by a sense of the tremendous importance of himself and his affairs, to idealise himself as a great moral force. The railway promoter is set before us as the fountain of all blessings to half a continent. The coal baron is the instrument of God to keep mankind from following the devices of its own foolish heart. Prosperity becomes a sacred mission, and it is "pleaded as socially beneficent, as well as a pious duty, to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market." A rather flagrant case in point is our great modern business of life insurance, much of whose advertising might readily be mistaken for a rather heavy moral homily, overloaded somewhat with the pathetic. In truth, I am a little inclined to think that if our present moneyed aristocracy is to lose its grip, it will come about finally not so much through an angry revolt, as by reason of the fact that, as the eyes of our social understanding are enlightened, it will have more and more to meet that most direct and searching of all tests—the sense, which lies below the need for argument, that its pretensions are a trifle ridiculous. I doubt if any one thing in recent years has done more in America really to undermine the ideal of a benevolent plutocracy, than the inextinguishable laughter that has gone up on occasion of the lofty claims and the high moral indignation of its most prominent clerical champion.

I have said enough to make it clear, perhaps, that in

Mr Shaw's depreciation of the romantic temper I am able to find a large residuum of truth. More especially as we grow older do things become interesting to us because we see into them, because they fall within the grasp of our insight into relationships and problems, in place of our interest having to be tickled through romantic conventions or personal emotional appeals. More and more do we come to question the unutterable significance we once felt belonged to this or that highly wrought mood. We see that what we took to be lofty enthusiasm was in part the mere tingle of excitement, what we called sympathy the thrill of physical contagion. Under the leadership more particularly of literature and poetry, we have allowed our judgment to be influenced too much by the testimony of the emotion to itself at the time we are most under its sway, rather than by a cool and unbiassed scrutiny of its actual career and results. Even when the feeling is genuine and absorbing, we learn to recognise that it need not all be sacred. And one has but to open his eyes to discover that only on occasion is it fully genuine, that he cannot for the most part transplant the emotion as idealised and standardised into men's actual minds and bosoms, without running large risk of delusion.

Now, in the escape from the insistent claims of the emotional conventions there is for most men, I imagine—I cannot speak for women—a sense of distinct relief. The strain and fret that come from the effort to live up to passions to which we feel ourselves committed forms a very appreciable element in the discontents of existence. It is true that the emancipation might be no great gain. If it were to translate itself into the merely cynical or the merely trifling spirit, we should probably better have been left with our overstrained ideals. But with Mr Shaw the alternative, as I interpret it, is a quite different one. Along with the criticism of institutions, another and an almost equally important object of his satire is what may be called the individual ideals of morality—our conception of ourselves as gentlemen, or as cultured, or as

men of honour, or of gallantry, or generosity, or what not. Lying back of these there are various defects, but one in particular seems to be the most fundamental, and that is the *personal* emphasis likely to be present in such ideals, making us finicky, trifling, intent upon ourselves and our own carefully nursed reputations, instead of allowing us to sink ourselves in the bracing currents of life. The very first need, if we are to have real efficiency, is the whole-souled, absorbing interest in our work—the professional as against the amateur spirit. The defect of amateurism is not the lack of technical skill so much as its attending self-consciousness. The amateur cannot judge his work objectively; he sees himself in it, is filled with the gratified wonder that it should be he that can produce such results, views the outcome in terms of the figure he will cut. I have mentioned chivalry before: consider how large an element of self-aggrandisement lurks in that tender, patronising, chivalrous attitude, and how hard it may commonly be counted on to fight against any emancipation of its object from the need of its protecting care. In America no better example of the type has been evolved than the Southern gentleman, whose decay has been the occasion of so much sentimental regret. The character of the typical Southerner had some virtues, and many superficial attractions; but on the whole its loss is scarcely to be much deplored. One can hardly conceive it apart from the central feature of Southern society—a servile population as its background. It is permeated by an air of magnificent superiority, tolerant and easily worn, which is impressive, indeed, to our natural feudal sympathies, but which none the less belongs to the past rather than the future. I do not know that it is possible to get away altogether from this romantic view of life, or even that it is desirable to do so. Most of us, to keep us at work at all, need to refresh ourselves at times with dreams in which the personal reference rules, when we hold the centre of the stage, bathed in the glory of our achievements or our excellences. But the emphasis at least should lie with the work to be done. Mr Shaw has

peculiar skill in laying bare this subtle flaw in our moral attitude. "You are in love with preaching," says Candida to her husband, "because you do it so beautifully; and you think it's all enthusiasm for the kingdom of heaven." A pretty good test of the degree of our danger from this infection of romanticism is the temptation we find ourselves in to sink our quality as men and women in some professional, limited character. "Think of me as a human being, not as a father," says one of Mr Shaw's characters. Every profession, each of the artificial sections and relationships into which life gets divided, has its cut-and-dried distinctions and claims and punctilios; to care for them greatly means that we have lost sight of the main business for which they were intended—the furtherance of a man's work in the world. To forget oneself in the glow and rush of one's task, that once more is reality; to idealise one's work as a source of personal credit is to take the attitude of the romanticist.

But now there is, undoubtedly, another side to all this. And I am free to confess that when Mr Shaw's own ideal is put before us in the concrete—in Napoleon, for example, or in Caesar—I fail to find it altogether admirable. The note of such characters is perfect clearness and impartiality of vision, a world-encompassing ambition, a steady and unswerving utilising of men and things to secure their ends, and an entire passionlessness which raises them above all the ordinary human motives and laws. The chief reason why I have no great liking for the type of character which is so free from all the common personal feelings, so capable of a perfectly cool, calculating, cosmic outlook, is probably that I do not like it—in other words, that my natural feelings are enlisted against it. But surely there is no way really of getting rid of our emotional judgments, such as they are. The passionless attitude may indeed exist so long as it is a question merely of seeking the best ways of attaining some end on which we are already settled; but we cannot envisage these ends themselves, compare them, choose and reject them out of the

tangle and conflict of possible human aims, without falling away at once from the mood of scientific precision, and sharing in the passions which are part of our human birthright. And if this be idealism, we are all of necessity idealists, Mr Shaw not least. For his whole philosophy, his enthusiasm for a large and universal life, his scorn of petty falsehoods, of self-deceptions, of engrossment with personal concerns, are ideals; and it is only as he can arouse in others something of the same emotional excitement toward these which he feels himself, that he can hope to impress them. So we may perhaps assume that he does not really mean at heart to discard emotions outright in favour of the pure passionlessness which some of his characters affect. He says more than he genuinely intends, by reason of his detestation of sentimentality and gush. It is not so much a proper feeling that he dislikes, as its too ready and unabashed expression; and he dislikes this even when his own enthusiasms are in question. Really he would have us not abandon our genuine emotions, but cease to worship them, test them constantly by their results, adjust them to realities. And this is an attitude which is likely to appeal to us the more our judgment and experience mature. It does not get rid of the ideal from human life. But it does demand a different emphasis. It calls for greater reticence, less bringing into the light of publicity; it has shed the unctuousness of the conventional "heart interests"; it demands a constant caution and self-criticism, a healthy emotional scepticism. Just as the modest man will deprecate his own motives, be reluctant to admit that he has been swayed by generous impulse and unselfish feeling, prefer to attribute his deeds to interested or inconsequential reasons for fear he may seem to be setting himself up as better than his neighbours, so Mr Shaw would deal with morality at large, and rule out every motive to noble action—which he demands—that cannot prove its title to a perfectly self-interested if not an ignoble origin.

Nevertheless, it does still seem to me that he is not wholly successful in keeping within these modest limits, but that there

is a real defect in his philosophy which comes from giving instinct too predominant a rôle. The same leaning is visible in what he has to say of reason and the moral law. I have little doubt that the root of the matter is in him. Life, and therefore morality, is not duty founded on abstract ethical rules; it is at bottom instinctive and passionate. As an ideal, Mr Shaw's philosophy could on the whole, I suppose, be accepted by pretty nearly any clear-sighted moralist. Ultimately we are all philosophical anarchists in our goal. But most of us would think it wise to wait till the millennium is closer before urging on all men to act as at the moment they may happen to feel like acting. At times Mr Shaw seems to be talking as if the primitive and unschooled instincts could be identified with nature, as that term apparently is supposed to give some direct moral sanction. "Nature is what you call immoral," he writes in one place; "I blush for it, but I cannot help it." Now, this is witty, no doubt; but if it means anything, it must mean that natural forces and animal instincts are to be our guide in human conduct. Frankly, I cannot conceive that Mr Shaw would really elect to stand by this; when he sees so clearly the folly of taking our "natural" emotions as law-givers, I can hardly credit him with falling into the same delusion when our instincts are concerned. To be sure, the very slighting way in which he speaks about reason might seem to point to such an interpretation. That reason is a go-between, a tool, is the element of truth—and it is a large one—in this contention. Unless backed and directed by vital impulses, reason becomes mere argument, logomachy; it gets nowhere. Some strong life-impulse alone can cut a path through the tangle; all effective reasoning is reasoning to attain some end set in the beginning by vital desire. The dangers into which mere reason may fall are nowhere more practically apparent than in the field of law, as soon as this becomes a question of precedent and statute, and loses the guiding principle of plain, practical, everyday human welfare—a tangle of mere word-fence which muddles everybody, until at last the

public decides that there is something that has got to be done, and, to the horror of the thorough-going legal mind, it sweeps aside the whole attempt to gain its end by legal reasoning, and simply registers its will. But now it also is clear enough that moral education is even yet in the twentieth century a requirement of human life, and moral education will always mean to some extent a reversal of the natural course of events. There would be no recognition of worth at all were we not compelled to recognise that nature is often immoral; and so far from our being unable to help it, that is precisely what we are here to do. And in our work of self-enlightenment, moreover, it would be strange if we did not find that the experience of the race which is summed up in generalised moral laws had some part to play. The sense of thinness, of flippant pseudo-philosophy which Mr Shaw sometimes leaves, is chiefly in connection with this smart, up-to-date superciliousness toward what antedates the last ten years.

All the defects I have in mind come to a head in Mr Shaw's doctrine of the Superman. I am not going into a discussion of the theory of social salvation by selective breeding. I am myself an educator by profession, and therefore I am not likely to be overcredulous as to the extent to which you can change anyone by sending him to school. But I confess I see little hope for the race if education, in its large meaning, is the altogether innocuous and ineffective instrument that Mr Shaw apparently argues. But all I wish now to do is to call attention to two more general points that have already been implied. In the first place, in spite of its show of the scientific temper, this doctrine of the Superman reveals at bottom the most vicious fault of idealism, by quarrelling with reality, and despairing of any result unless it can be provided with a new race of men to work upon; it represents the childish demand for a ready-made and finished goodness, created outright by a piece of machinery. And furthermore, such a theory suggests an attitude toward existing men which bears out in some measure the doubt that

has already been raised about Mr Shaw's moral ideal on the side of its human and personal quality.

"Beware," says one of Mr Shaw's characters, "of the pursuit of the Superman; it leads to an indiscriminate contempt for the human. To a man, horses, dogs, and cats are mere species outside the moral world. Well, to the Superman men and women are mere species too, also outside the moral world." I believe it is the Devil who makes this remark, but I see no reason to suppose that the Devil may not sometimes speak the truth; and the criticism does not seem to me ungrounded. For the premise of Mr Shaw's doctrine is the general worthlessness and incapacity for improvement of men as we know them. His heroes, as I have said, fail to be wholly admirable, because in their cosmic preoccupations they lack the sense of the human, and the homelier personal interests that fix our affections as well as our admiration. It is presuming too much, and so it lays us open to the laughter of the gods, when we begin to take ourselves as qualified to adopt too confidently the tone of impersonal scientific understanding toward our fellows. Mr Shaw's Cæsar and Napoleon are simply on a large scale what we may see any day in a successful ward politician, making use of the motives and feelings of men from the outside to realise ends to whose real content they are irrelevant. There is no need to deny the seductiveness which in its way belongs to such a manner of regarding mankind. It is much easier to tolerate our fellow-creatures than to yield them any large measure of respect or liking. In our frequent moments of critical severity we readily echo the judgment that men are mostly fools; and to take whole-heartedly this compound of dullness and obstinacy as an immortal soul, seems to our self-sufficiency a hard doctrine, possible only to romantic and sentimental optimism. And yet Democracy—not to speak of Christianity—does still continue to be a force in the world, in spite of the intellectual pride of the natural man. It is true that the worth which Democracy presupposes in human kind does not belong to men

simply as individual bundles of feelings and opinions and wants. That philosophy is wholesome too which insists that we judge a man by his achievement. But why set the two things apart? It is not the mere stationary human unit that has value; but neither is it just bare accomplishment, impersonal activity, the evolution of a tendency or world-force. Men co-operating in a worthy task, and thereby getting not simply the work done, but all the emotional realisation that comes from its personal embodiment and content—this would allow the significance of the human, without reducing all again to those narrowly personal and domestic terms which Mr Shaw decries.

But now, not to close in a critical mood, let me turn back to some of the things that seem to me of positive value. That life needs a larger outlook than the personal ends to which most of us devote ourselves, that the real man is not a "particular man to whom particular things happen," but part and parcel of a great living movement—whatever qualifications Mr Shaw's interpretation of this may need, it is not easy to give it too much emphasis. So I have criticised the extravagance of his praise of freedom, and his blindness to some of its dangers. But after all there are many worse statements of the goal of social life than the development in all men of the capacity for an unrestricted liberty, and there is not a little danger that, because it is so patent that existing men are not competent to exercise such freedom, we should straightway take this as a final law of nature, and fall back on the easy ideal of government by the elect few—always a seductive doctrine when we are conscious that we stand ourselves among the elect. And so of his democracy in general: doubts may be raised about it, but they are not without their considerable qualifications. When he is thinking of the shortcomings of the average man, he may make us feel for the moment that he is washing his hands of the race. But once let the claim of essential superiority be raised for some portion of mankind over the rest, and he is a thorough-paced democrat, if not from sentiment, at least by virtue of his fighting blood. Claims to

privilege—"I am cleverer than you, therefore you shall fag for me"—are to him patently absurd. He declines consistently to accept the half-way compromises which rule our actual social conduct, proclaiming equality loudly in the abstract while we accept placidly conditions in practice which violate its whole principle. So long, for instance, as every family in the land, with an income above a certain figure, is personally interested in creating, and keeping permanently "in its place," a special servant class, we cannot be surprised if political democracy is not everywhere triumphant. "When domestic servants are treated as human beings," Mr Shaw writes, "it is no longer worth while to keep them"; and in a like vein Nicola, who is the "ideal servant," answers when he is accused of having the soul of a servant, "Yes, that's the secret of success in service." These are hard sayings; not many can receive them. But at least they cannot be denied a leaning toward democracy.

That he should run the risk of being called faultfinder and cynic is, of course, to be expected. With so many interested parties to make public opinion, it is not strange we should have more good words for a genial, soft-spoken optimism, than for the man who makes himself a nuisance by refusing to let us take our ease, but must always be presenting to us square-cut issues, and insisting that we take a stand definitely on one side or the other. But the more clearly we see things as they are, the less patience can we have, I take it, with those cautious gentlemen who are continually urging us not to keep our eyes too wide open, or to interfere with the laudable habit of admiring contemplation of this best of all possible countries. As the fine saying in the *Revolutionist's Handbook* has it, everyone must be a revolutionist concerning the thing he understands. On the social side, then, I think that Mr Shaw's value lies in this call to clear self-scrutiny and consistency in our social ideals. Once again, his impatience is aroused not so much by self-confessed and clear-headed self-seeking, as by the confusion of issues, the use of moral catchwords to

cover up social sins, the way in which, curiously, our highest moral indignation is reserved for what happens to touch our private interests, and the inability to see in what custom sanctions anything in common with the malpractices we so glibly condemn. That a thing is covered by the mantle of the law does not pass final judgment upon it; it may be the very reason we should attack it more violently, because wrong is so much the likelier to go unreprieved when it can claim plausibly the name of right. And the smug feeling of satisfaction and self-approval with which we hail oftentimes what the world calls justice—this in particular is a thing dangerous when it is not detestable. It is the easiest matter in the world to pride ourselves on our high level of civilisation when, for example, a few ignorant “night-riders” are condemned for murder. But to congratulate ourselves complacently upon it as a great triumph of justice—that is to shut our eyes deliberately to what is of far greater importance, the essential injustice of those ingrained conditions which drive ignorance and poverty to despair and crime. To force men to look below the labels to the reality—if he can do this, Mr Shaw’s exaggerations may well be forgiven.

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WHY ATHANASIUS WON AT NICÆA.

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THE Christian religion fought its hardest battles in the days of its youth, and its early story rings like a trumpet to all its later life. Palestine was the cock-pit of the world, and Christ was born amid the clash of East and West. The virile sons of Greece and Rome were jostling the Jew in the streets of his sacred city when, as a boy, Jesus entered it; and later they joined their voices with the Hebrew in the derisive superscription which was nailed at the cross-head. And when it was all over, and the only memorial of the crucified Jesus was a little Palestinian group, who affirmed that he had risen again, and was for ever enthroned as Lord in their hearts and lives, that little group pitted itself against the world, and laid its plans for universal conquest. The prow of Paul's ship, as he crossed the narrow Ægean that separates Asia from Europe, rent to tatters all the coward arguments against Christian missions that half-hearted disciples have framed from that day to this. There was every weighty argument save one against his course, but that one outweighed them all; for he had been bought with a great price, and he accounted himself the bond-servant of Jesus Christ: and the Spirit, which revealed to him the things of Christ, pressed him out of Mysia, and suffered him not to go into Bithynia, but brought him down to the port that looked out towards Macedonia, for Paul had inwardly realised that the Lord had called him to preach the gospel on that Western shore.

Was battle ever harder than that which won the field of Greece and the rest of the Roman Empire to the name of the Jewish Christ? The stars in their courses were arrayed against the enterprise, and defeat fore-ordained by every historic circumstance of that splendid field and by its scornful present. How indeed it all came about remains a marvel to this day, though something perhaps of the secret has been guessed. For enough has been saved from the records of that silent century which followed the death of Paul to show the quality of the men who were planting little churches of Christ in city after city, and land after land, and who did it all in the teeth of the relentless edicts of the persecuting Cæsars. There is perhaps no more glorious campaign standing to the name of Christendom than that which was officered by the Apostolic Fathers down to the year in which the venerable Polycarp was bound to the stake in his episcopal city of Smyrna.

Its annals are only to hand in meagrest outline, for annalists have no place in a community that lives in expectation of the sudden coming of its Lord, and of the end of all things. So that one of the most memorable of Christian centuries has left us but "fragments of fragments" of its history. There is an epistle of rebuke and exhortation from the Church at Rome to that at Corinth, and seven letters written at halting-places by Ignatius, as he was being dragged from Syria to his death-place in the Roman theatre by those "ten leopards," as he called the maniple of soldiers who led him in chains. There is the glorious story of Polycarp's martyrdom and his letter to the Philippians, as well as the long-lost "Teaching of the Lord by the Twelve Apostles," of which a copy was found some thirty years ago at Constantinople. These, and a few other fragments, are the slender materials on which the historian must go to work if he would learn the inner story of the labours and triumphs of that early century.

And upon these materials has such attention been be-

stowed, especially in England, by the late Bishop Lightfoot, that much at least of the story has been saved. And as it comes into clearer view the wonder of it grows! For here was a young and proscribed religion, transplanted from its cradle-land to the abodes of alien men and of alien thoughts and institutions; it was without a settled doctrine, each teacher shaping his message as to him seemed best; it was without a chart of Scripture, and was appealing to prophetic words in the sacred canon of the Jews, or to words which fell from the lips of those in its midst whom it regarded as inspired by the Holy Spirit. It was without firm church organisation, though perhaps before the year 110 the triple order of clergy arose in Asia Minor. And yet, all unformed and undrilled as it was, it proved itself equal to its great attempt, and drew to itself from Syria and from Egypt, from Greece, Italy, and the lands further to the West, an ever-growing company of men and women. Very soon there were more Gentiles in the Church than Jews, though to the scattered Jews its first appeal was made, and though in Egypt alone they were at this time estimated to number a million.

Perhaps no other period of Church history is so well worth study as this dimly lighted one, or can so clearly show what are the really strong and vital things in religion. Perhaps, moreover, if we can learn from it what those things are, we shall find that they are just the things which come afresh into view in all the great ages of faith, and just the things, therefore, to which religious men most need to give heed. And surely it is quite possible to get a clear understanding of what that early Christianity in its essence was, and to distinguish between it and much that has, at other times, been pronounced essential. For it lay in devotion to a person, and in an experience of joy and confidence flowing into life out of that devotion. In some way or another Christ had made men whole. Those men might have very vague ideas as to who he really was, or by what power he had healed them, and they might stumble and fall into confusions when they

expressed themselves about him, but they confidently called him Lord and sang their hymns to him as God. Without knowing how or why, they believed that in him they had seen the Father, and in his name they found power to walk as sons. They were so transmuted by the sense that this ever-living Lord had set his love upon them that they could never again despair of themselves, and they turned back to the tasks of life with new motives for duty, or faced its trials as men who could even rejoice in tribulation. Their experience carried its own vindication to that distracted later empire, for joy and strength justify themselves, and men joined their company that they too might pass out of weakness and fear.

But what chiefly impresses the student of dogma as he turns to this period is that, whilst there is a surprising oneness in experience, there is no unity in doctrine. Each man seems modestly to do his own thinking and to trouble very little about it. In his esteem the vital matters concerned are piety, zeal, and love, and, for the rest, the Spirit, who was the guest of every heart, taught the disciple heavenly truth. If there was need of fuller knowledge, then let those see to it who had received from the Spirit the special *charisma* to that end. As a result there was the widest freedom of view regarding the nature and person of the Lord whom all alike adored. Some thought of him as a man whom God had adopted and made Lord, whilst others thought that he was a heavenly spirit who had taken our flesh, and, after finishing his work, had returned to heaven. But these differences of view seemed unimportant, and were thought to leave the substance of the Christian life unaffected, for it was in Jesus Christ himself, and not in theories about him, that Jew and Gentile, scholar and peasant, had met. His life and his dying love spoke to them in a more vital way than could any propositions that the wise might frame, and he was himself all the philosophy they wanted, seeing that he had made them wise unto salvation. It proved no source of confusion, therefore, in that

early century, that when they tried to talk about him they had no confident phrases in which to speak.

But this naïve state of things was bound to go whenever the early fervours of devotion should give place to a spirit of reflection and self-criticism. The logical impulses would inevitably assert themselves, and men would begin their long processes of statement and inference, and make their obstinate attempts to bring the whole into order and consistency. The classic attempt to do this within the Christian Church came with the Greek. It was a most sincere attempt; it was in many respects a successful attempt, for it gave to the young religion a philosophic form which commended it to the thoughtful minds of Europe. But before it was finished Christianity had suffered a sea-change into something far too rich and rare for the common people, such as once had heard Jesus gladly. Harnack boldly says that the Greek secularised Christianity. He does not like it when the Greek has done with it. Something has passed away from it that he thinks of heavenly birth: the wise and the prudent have stolen the treasure which by revelation was given unto babes, and henceforth it will bear the mark of their mint. And yet no candid student of the history of dogma will withhold his sympathy from the thinkers of the second and third centuries. They are so serious in their loyalty to Christ, and so sure that the message which has reached them from a simpler time and from unlettered men must be presented to the world in its majestic power. They were far from thinking that they were merely engaged in metaphysical exercises or in carrying on the laboured efforts of Greek philosophy to draw a living virtue from a scrutiny of terms or from abstract propositions. They declare that they have received Christ, not from Attic teachers, but from Jewish apostles. They have even been won by Christ, and saved and made new creatures by him; and now they think of their task as that of preaching him to the Greek and to all who have learned the ways of the Greek, and to this end they will themselves become Greeks, that so they may win them. Justin

and Clement and Origen are quite clear that it is not by the powers of reasoning that heavenly truth can be reached. There are, they taught, two separate principles in the human mind, faith and reason; and whilst it is by faith alone that Christ can be truly received, there belongs to the reason the noble part of expounding the truth which the believer has received and of vindicating it as the highest of all wisdom. But it was only after Origen had built up his wonderful edifice of exegesis, and by methods of allegory transmuted the whole into an imposing philosophy, that the young Church was so enamoured of its glittering splendour that it took it for its own, and proclaimed throughout its borders that here at length the gospel of Christ was duly set forth, and that thus must men henceforth receive and hold it. There was indeed much to recommend such a course. The splendid and saintly life of Origen, marked as it had been by the incessant labours of a scholar and crowned by a glorious martyrdom, would itself approve his achievement to the Church. Moreover, such work as his agreed closely with the temper of the times, for that Hellenised world was sure that the spirit of man could only reach its goal in a heavenly Gnosis; and when it found that Origen had transmuted the hard concrete details of the gospel story into a harmonious system of ideas in which the reason of man could freely range, it felt that he had grasped the absolute within the relative and the eternal in the transient.

But as we look back upon that time with all the experience of such efforts which history has recorded for us, we can see how far the centre of gravity in the Christian life had been shifted when this elaborate Greek doctrine has become the *Regula Fidei* with which all true Christians must comply. No longer is there presented to the faith of men a living, gracious person who is calling each of them into his fellowship and trust, but attention is directed to a statement of infinite complexity, and the condition of being a true Christian is declared to lie in its acceptance. Let our sympathy with the Greek Fathers be what it may, we must admit that the dire

effect which flowed out of this endorsement of their work by the Church can scarcely be measured. A lowered temperature in the Christian life is but a small part of that effect : a larger one is to be found in the substitution of a faith in the Church's theory about Christ for a faith in the living Christ himself.

But even this does not exhaust the mischief, and perhaps the deepest hurt of all which the Greek did to the Christian religion lay in his earnest effort to show that it could all be set forth in the terms of careful thought, and that it revealed its very substance to the man who mastered that thought.

No more insistent demand is audible in human nature than that of finding a *rationale* of experience, and this demand has especially been heard in that field of experience which is called religion. Amid all the shadows which there meet and elude the eye, that has been accounted real which could approve itself as rational, whilst the rest has maintained but a dubious and intermittent hold upon the mind. The trust and love out of which the Christian religion immediately grew had not, indeed, this intellectual character ; and it was not by virtue of such a character that it spread in the Gentile world like leaven : but as those first ardours waned, and as believers found themselves further and still further removed from the magic personality in contact with which the early Church had had its birth, the desire grew for the support which reasoned truth might bring to faith. A Christianity which must freshly draw in each new generation, and in each distant city, its springs from an ever-living Christ, laid upon each believer spiritual and moral demands of the most exacting kind ; and mind and heart would crave for life upon the easier terms of assenting to the cogency of reasoned Christian truth, and the acceptance of a system of doctrine which could be handled as a consistent philosophy.

The system which Origen perfected met the Church in this moment of its weakness and need, and it had the further claim upon it that on every side the call for a reasonable Christianity was being raised, and that those busy theologians, the Gnostics,

were framing philosophies which had no other purpose but to commend Christianity to cultured minds, who, for all that, were warping it out of all recognition.

There is a common purpose in Greek and Gnostic alike. Both have been won by the gospel, and both wish to present it to the world as the universal religion; both aim at doing this by showing its intrinsic reasonableness. But, again, both eviscerated the message which they sought to publish; and the victory which the young Church gained over both was won because it had been brought by the Christ of history into an experience which could not be fitted to the Procrustean bed of the reason, and because it refused to mutilate that experience to meet the dimensions of that bed. And it was just here that in its youth the Church perhaps fought its hardest fight of all; and the issue wavered so long, and the battle, when decided on the main field, was still renewed in so many side conflicts, that it is perhaps not clear to all even yet which way the battle went.

And yet, when looked at carefully, the story of Nicæa reads plain. It was a battle between learned philosophers and humble believers; and the believers won. It may not look quite so simple as this, and, when regard is paid to the terms of the Creed which the Council fixed, it may be argued that the spoils fell that day to the party of logic and metaphysics, and that Arius was a plain man who was juggled out of his own by astute theologians.

But Arius, whatever might be his earnestness and fervour, was present at Nicæa to call for a *reasonable* Christianity. He wanted to bit and bridle the extravagances of the Church in its attitude towards Christ, and he was satisfied that Scripture and apostolic precedent were on his side. He never dreamt of himself as a heretic, and the finding of the Bishops of Nicæa came on him as an ugly surprise. He rightly felt that the great Church Fathers of Alexandria were on his side, and especially that Origen was so,² and that every consistent application of Origen's thought must carry the mind to an

unqualified monotheism which would set Christ among the creations of Divine Power, even though he infinitely transcended all others in glory.

It was a most plausible and respectable contention, and for the forces which urged it then, and which have so often urged it since, every careful thinker must feel respect. But it is not always the thinker that decides the deepest issue in life, whether for the individual or the community. There are affirmations and imperatives that surge up at times in the consciousness, and which carry a larger authority than belongs to any dialectic. For reasoned truth always hangs on remoter premisses, and these perhaps on others, till the convincing note is thinned out of our conclusions, and their force is impotent in presence of the vivid intuitions of experience. For life sometimes brings us to moments in which the whole man speaks against the part, and disregards its protest: he utters himself out of a deep and full experience and stands by his utterance, though one voice and another, within or without, should summon him to yield.

The court of appeal at Nicæa in the year 325 A.D. was one of the most impressive ever gathered together. Some three hundred bishops had travelled by land and by sea from every remote corner of the Empire, and many of them carried in their persons the marks of sufferings borne for Christ. Halt and disfigured from the torture-chambers of the persecutor, they had come to make a declaration at this first great Council of the Empire concerning the Lord whom they had confessed. Many of them were the shepherds of harried flocks rather than experts in theology, and more real to them than any terms or phrases of debate were the vivid experiences of men and women redeemed from the filthy conversation of a decaying Empire, and sealing their testimony in the arena or at the stake. No doubt in the voting at Nicæa there were cross-currents of many kinds, and perhaps Constantine himself set strong ones running; but it is the spirit and the voice of Athanasius that directs the issue. He is but a deacon in the

Church of Alexandria, but he outweighs his bishop, and offers himself in uncompromising hostility to the reasoned contention of Arius that by the very nature of the case the Son must stand in lower order than the Father. The strength of Athanasius does not lie in arguments at all, but in a Christian life which has grown out of the message delivered at the first by the apostles, and an experience which still roots itself there. He will take the philosophy of Greece if that philosophy will deal frankly with these facts, instead of neutralising them until it has made the gospel of Christ of none effect. He will not cavil at the great edifice which Origen has raised, if but Origen will be true to the tradition which he professes, and give to Christ the undivided worship which had been given him by the early Church. But whilst he is thus ready for much that was new, there is in Athanasius so powerful a reiteration of the message which in the first century had proved its power to convert men, that when the Christian philosophy of Alexandria leaves his hands, it does so with a new spirit and inspired by new motives.

For those men make merry in vain who think there was but an *iota* of difference between the contending parties at Nicæa, or that it was a strife about terms. The deepest things of the Christian life were at stake. For Athanasius belonged to that small class of men in the Church who have ever sent new life coursing through its veins. He was of the company of Paul and Augustine, of Luther and Bunyan. He stood forth at Nicæa as the exponent of the deeper soul in every man's soul, for in him was seen a man whose deep spiritual needs had made him cry aloud for the living God, and who then declared that in Christ this need had been met. His whole intense spiritual experience stood to affirm that it was no delegate of the Most High, no matter how august, that had met him in Christ Jesus, and pardoned his sin, and filled him with new life, but *God of very God*; and it was with a view to this central experience that he accepted a term that passed beyond Scripture and affirmed of the Son that he was *of one*

substance with the Father. Terms were of little moment, and probably Athanasius cared little about them; the fact was everything, and the terms only had a value if they did justice to the facts of a profound experience.

With two exceptions the Bishops all voted with Athanasius that day. It was a question on which even the most unlearned of them could vote, just because, in spite of all metaphysical terms used, the issue was not metaphysical at all. There was no pretence at philosophical accuracies. The Creed was a religious utterance, not a scholastic one, and it prevailed so widely and has lasted so wonderfully just because it left the mysteries still mysteries, and used the language that aimed at a practical and not a theoretical result. For a while, indeed, the ground-swell still tossed the ship after the storm; but before the fourth century had run out Constantinople brought its solid reaffirmation of the finding of Nicæa, and though in every century since there have been men, and groups of men, who have demurred to the Nicene Creed, declaring that it attempts that which by its very nature is beyond man's reach, the fact remains that in the churches of East and West, in Catholic and in Reformed communions alike, the finding of Nicæa remains the classic expression of its faith. In our own land the Anglican Church recites it week by week, whilst Scotch Presbyterians and English Nonconformists express it in their Declarations and Confessions and Catechisms, or sing it in their hymns.

A vitality such as this is surely in itself an impressive fact, and they misunderstand it who fancy that it means satisfaction with fourth century metaphysics and with an ancient attempt to scale the throne of God. Its enduring significance is to be ascribed to the fact that it is felt by the great majority of Christian men in age after age and in land after land to give expression to convictions which are central, not so much to their thought, as to their religious experience.

Professor Rudolf Sohm says that at Nicæa "the great danger was overcome of following the intellectual methods of

pagan philosophy. Salvation through Christ was made the central point of theological thought, and in this sense the Nicene Confession was the regeneration of the gospel, and thereby the firm foundation of the whole future development of the Church."

That confession has lived, because it stands for the deepest religious experience of so many Christian men in all times and places. Its value does not lie in its accordance with objective reality, for of such accordance man is unable to judge; but it lies in its accordance with his experience. Doubtless there are different varieties of religious experience, and other experiences will find other theologies. But men have again and again fought with passion for that great faith of which the Nicene Creed was the accepted symbol, because, of all the conflicting theologies within the bounds of Christian thought, it has seemed to them to reach deepest into the deep things of their own nature and to have the promise of largest service to mankind.

E. ARMITAGE.

BRADFORD.

IS PUNISHMENT A CRIME ?

C. J. WHITBY, M.D.

A CASE in Tuesday's papers, if correctly reported, is a striking practical comment on the conclusions of the *Hibbert Journal* article on Imprisonment. A certain Henry Stevens came before the Court of Criminal Appeal. He had been sentenced at Northampton to five years' penal servitude for stealing a purse. "I would sooner," he exclaimed, "you sent me to the scaffold than to penal servitude again. . . . I appeal to you just to give me a chance, and not send me back to a living death." The prisoner went on to say that he was forty-eight years of age, and since his thirteenth year he had known only two years of liberty. It is obviously very difficult to say what should be done with such cases; what is equally obvious is that they illustrate the failure of our system of punishment, and the radical impropriety of the attitude of society toward the ex-prisoner. Here is a man whose real home since boyhood has been a local or convict prison, and back he goes to it again, for the Lord Chief Justice dismissed the appeal. Is this punishment, or what must we call it? If we call it punishment, then surely we should ask ourselves by what legal or social or other right we inflict these penalties that seem to produce nothing but harm. For is a life of prison, represented by a succession of sentences, anything but harmful? What, up to date, have Stevens' "punishments" cost the State, and what good has the State or Stevens got by them? Does not the State in such cases seem to be playing the mere vindictive fool? Was there no agency in the kingdom by which Stevens, released, we will suppose, in early manhood after his first sentence, could have been reclaimed to citizenship? For we must keep on repeating that it is in the very last degree useless to send a man to prison and afterwards refuse him the chance of rehabilitating himself. So long as society persists in this refusal, so long will its prisons remain the true homes of the re-convicted criminal, who has almost no choice but to return to them again and again; and life in these homes is described (by no means for the first time) as "a living death." Less than a month ago a case was reported worse even, if possible, than this one. An old woman of seventy, convicted at the London Sessions of shoplifting, was sent to prison for twelve months. This woman has spent forty years in prison, her sentences including one of penal servitude for seven years and two for ten years—twenty-seven years in three successive sentences. This septuagenarian's knowledge of the world we live

in must almost be limited to what she has been able to see in her progresses from one prison to another. She has been going to and fro between them since 1854.—*Law Times*, 14th May 1910.

It seems to me that among the many problems which are—as they say—in the air, this of the true nature of punishment and its justifiability, is one upon which it behoves every good citizen to form an opinion. And every doctor, if he have any faculty of observation and generalisation, becomes in the course of years a specialist in human nature. He learns a good deal about the springs of conduct, the relative power of inborn qualities and of external circumstances, the conditions which determine or modify character, and so forth. It is from this quite general point of view, not as an expert criticising the details of our methods of punishment, that I intend to speak.

In the first place, then, what is punishment? for it is always well to begin with a definition. The etymology of the word involves the idea of purification: a man who had done something wrong was considered unclean—punishment was that by which he was purged of his offence and rendered fit to resume his place in Society. But this conception must be of comparatively late origin; we must go further back. When a man is struck it is his first instinct to strike back, if possible a little harder; but anyhow—to strike back. But suppose he is struck in the dark, or by a much stronger and better armed man? The pleasure of immediate retaliation being denied, he has an unsatisfied feeling, a sense of wrong, of *injustice*. In primitive society such incidents must have been common; in course of time the cumulative power of a widely-shared sense of injustice would evoke the idea of a better state of things, one in which a man who struck an unprovoked blow would be brought to account, not merely by the injured person, but by all his kindred or tribe, and *punished*.

There would not at first be any concern for the reform of the offender; he had caused suffering, and should be made to suffer in return. The idea of punishment clearly has no claims to noble birth; it was born of the desire for retaliation, revenge.

But we are all to a great extent dependent for our good opinion of ourselves upon the good opinion of other people. A man who has been made by public condemnation, and by the ensuing punishment, to feel that he is under the ban of his fellows, will be likely to think twice before he puts himself in such a shameful position again. Predisposition or habit may be too strong for him, but in most cases there will be at least a short-lived attempt at self-reform.

And other people, when tempted to offend in the same way, remembering what they have seen or heard of the punishment of other offenders, will resist their inclination to strike or to steal.

The three aims of punishment are, therefore—

1. To satisfy the sense of injury of the offended party.
2. To reform the offender; and
3. To deter others, by fear, from like offences.

So far, it has all been pretty plain sailing, but we are still only on the surface of our subject.

A child, when it knocks its head against the table, is often encouraged by foolish parents or nurse to beat the "naughty table" for hurting its poor head. Similarly, the savage, when afflicted by drought, or by defeat in battle, will beat his tribal god. In these cases the idea of punishment presents itself in its crudest and most primitive form: the idea of reforming a malicious table, or of deterring other tables from getting in the way of children's heads, is a trifle absurd. And the reform of a wooden idol is, from the modern point of view, an equally hopeless proposition. Still, we are very far from having got rid of the notion that everyone who injures or offends us does so out of sheer wilful malice, and must be made to suffer at least as much as we have suffered ourselves, and generally a great deal more. To a medical man the absurdity of this notion is manifest: if it be a rule at all, which I do not for a moment admit, it is a rule which has innumerable exceptions. Let me cite a case in point.

There is a form of epilepsy in which the sufferer, instead

of falling down in a fit of convulsions, may suddenly, without the least warning, become raving mad. The attack is of quite brief duration, but its consequences may be terrible in the extreme. Suppose that the man so afflicted happens to have a knife in his hand at the moment of his seizure. He is as likely as not to plunge it into the heart of the person standing nearest. And on recovering consciousness he will have no recollection whatever of what he has done. No doubt, hundreds of such unfortunates have in the past suffered the extreme penalty of the law. But what their case requires is not punishment but bromide of potassium. To punish a man for something done when, through no fault of his own, he was out of his mind, is clearly a crime.

Now let us take a case in which the rights and wrongs of punishment are a little less obvious—the case of the weak-minded criminal. He is not to be called insane, but his memory is so bad, and his power of attention so limited, that he is practically unteachable—so far as ordinary methods of teaching are concerned. If he happens to be born in a low social stratum, and consequently to be left much to his own devices, he is bound to get into bad company. Being essentially imitative and quite at the mercy of his impulses, he necessarily succumbs to the first temptation to commit some assault or petty larceny; and so falls within the clutches of the law. And the law convicts him, and sends him to gaol or prison, just as if he were a rational being. In most prisons there are numbers of these weak-minded criminals: they are called W. M.'s by the officers and "Balmies" by their fellow-prisoners.

Thus the Royal Commission on the Feeble Minded report that at Pentonville about a hundred prisoners every year were found to be so mentally affected as to be quite unfit for prison discipline. Besides these, not less than 20 per cent. of all the prisoners show signs of mental inefficiency. The Commission found that these mental defectives, who do not fear imprisonment as normal individuals do, after repeated

short sentences, "pass to the convict prisons and are treated there *without hope* and *without purpose*."

W. B. N., in a book describing his own experience of penal servitude, states that, at Parkhurst, out of the eight hundred prisoners nearly a hundred were recognised as weak-minded, while a large proportion of the remainder were physically unsound. And physical unsoundness or degeneracy commonly involves a corresponding mental or moral defect. These semi-lunatics are a terrible nuisance to the prison authorities and to their fellow-prisoners. Some of them are very strong, and their violence and obstinacy are indescribable. W. B. N. describes how he saw such a man, suddenly, without rhyme or reason, poke his thumbs into one of the principal warders' eyes and do his best to gouge them out. Another lay in wait for one of the kindest officers in the prison, and when his cell door was opened struck him a terrific blow in the face with his hobnailed boot.

You may say, perhaps, that such wild beasts deserve no consideration whatever; if so, I do not in the least agree with you. My view is that society has no right to expect rational conduct from the confused and muddy brains of these unfortunates, or to *punish* them for failure to achieve the impossible. Ordinary prison discipline has no meaning for them; it makes them worse rather than better. They are no sooner out than they get into mischief again; and this fact is so well recognised that it has become the rule to keep them in prison until they have served their full time, instead of granting the usual remission. This is no doubt better than releasing semi-lunatics to prey upon Society; but my point is that it is quite unjust. Dr De Fleury suggests the creation of "mixed houses," half hospital and half prison, for criminals who without being quite insane are nevertheless suffering from a mental malady definite enough to enable a jury to recognise "extenuated responsibility." This is a perfectly sound proposal; and there is no doubt that by good feeding, strict but not harsh discipline, and appropriate educa-

tional and medical methods, many apparently hopeless cases could be enormously improved. But weak-minded criminals ought, like criminal lunatics, to be confined "during the King's pleasure." It is folly to release them before they are so far improved as to be moderately safe from relapse into crime. Perhaps it will be objected that I am advocating longer imprisonment and therefore severer punishment of these weak-minded criminals than they receive at present. In some cases their imprisonment would certainly not be merely prolonged but *permanent*; in others it might be very short. Like other hospital patients, they would remain in until, if curable, they were cured. The point is, that such criminals need treatment, not punishment in the ordinary sense; while what the Commissioners rightly call our present "hopeless and purposeless" way of dealing with them by mere retaliation, is itself a social folly and a crime.

It is a crime, however, for which there is at any rate legal justification. For perhaps readers will be surprised to learn that the law of this country recognises no responsibility whatever for the reform of the criminals for whose punishment it provides.

During the discussion of the new Prevention of Crimes Act last session the Home Secretary confessed that "the prison authorities now had no responsibility for the prisoners' moral condition or future welfare put upon them by law, and they were not bound to turn them out better than they went in." In plain English this means that, so far as the law is concerned, our conception of punishment is the purely barbarous one of revenge—the man who has made Society suffer is to be made to suffer in return. Of course I do not suggest that this legal view of punishment is accepted by the authorities who supervise and control our prison arrangements. On the contrary, efforts are undoubtedly made to reform convicts, or at any rate to prevent their leaving prison worse than they came in.

One of the greatest reforms ever effected in this way was

the segregation of first offenders in 1879, which checked in great measure the wholesale manufacture of criminals by the State. "Up to that year no distinction had been made between first offenders and habitual criminals, but all were mixed together, with the natural consequence that there soon ceased to be much difference between them." But this and many other improvements have, so far, failed to alter the fact that, upon the whole, prison life makes men worse and not better. In 1895 a Departmental Committee on Prisons reported that "few inmates left prison better than they came in." This is borne out by statistics, which prove that with every conviction the probability of a convict's return to prison increases. In other words, the more time a man spends in prison the more certain he is to commit fresh crimes. Prince Kropotkin, who has been in many prisons—of course only for political offences—calls them "universities of crime maintained by the State," and considers that reformed prisons are in this respect no better than the dirty, overcrowded prisons of Russia. Of the central prison at Clairvaux, which he considers one of the best in Europe, he says that the results obtained there are as bad as in any one of the lock-ups of the old type.

"The watchword nowadays is to say that prisoners are reformed in our prisons," one of the officials said to him; "this is all nonsense, and I shall never be induced to tell such a lie." I do not commit myself to Kropotkin's view that *all* imprisonment, even under the humanest and most rational conditions, has necessarily a demoralising effect. But if I am to be perfectly frank, I am far from certain that he is not right, or nearly right, in what he says. For imprisonment involves suffering; suffering breeds resentment; and resentment is conducive to crime. All that we can hope to do is to minimise the resentment by making it clear to the criminal that his welfare is as much an object of concern to us as our own safety or that of our goods and chattels.

Here I will cite a case chosen at random from the newspaper press (*Times*, May 26), which illustrates well enough the

utter failure of our prison régime, as at present administered, to induce even the most ephemeral attempt at self-reform.

“A YOUNG HABITUAL CRIMINAL.

“Thomas Hopkins, 26, a carpenter, pleaded ‘Guilty’ to two charges of robbery from the person in the East-end, and was convicted of being an habitual criminal.

“Detective-sergeant Wright said that since 1900 the prisoner had served terms of imprisonment and penal servitude, about eight years in all, for house-breaking and theft. *He was the associate of criminals during his short periods of freedom, and had told an officer that he had never done any honest work and did not intend to.*

“The prisoner said that he had written articles on prison life, but they had not been accepted.

“Mr Wallace sentenced the prisoner to three years’ penal servitude and five years’ preventive detention.”

The italics are my own. I do not know the precise nature of the new regimen of “preventive detention,” but if it is to undo the harm done to this unfortunate by his various terms of penal servitude, it will have to be of a radically different nature. I confess myself sceptical on the point.

I have dealt with the case of the epileptic maniac and the weak-minded criminal; and now, after some digression, I will say a few words on the relation of drink and crime. In the first place, it is to be noted that there are two distinct forms of drinking—convivial and industrial. Convivial drinking is of the sort that goes on on bank holidays and at Mansion House or Guildhall banquets. It does, of course, often lead to crime; but its importance is slight in comparison with that of industrial drinking, to which I must confine my remarks. There are many occupations, mostly of an arduous or monotonous character, mostly in greater or less degree injurious and exhausting, mostly carried on under conditions obviously in need of reform, in which it has become a tradition among the workers to break off at stated intervals in order to procure drink. The custom is perfectly recognised by employers; these breaks are provided for in the planning of the working day; and so firmly established is the tradition among the men,

that only those of exceptional strength of mind can possibly resist it. I will not go into the difficult question whether or not the workers derive any temporary advantage, any diminution of their sufferings from overwork, etc., from this widespread and deep-seated habit of industrial drinking. The point to note is that the habit is not adopted from vicious motives, but in the belief, true or false, that it is not merely advantageous, but essential. And what are its results? All the physical and mental powers are gradually undermined; moral control is destroyed—every organ becomes riddled with disease. But the importance of industrial drinking from our present point of view is due to the fact that it is one of the very commonest causes of all kinds of crime. A chronic drinker of this type may pass into a condition of semi-delirium, during which he may plan and carry out some elaborate robbery or murder, of which, on recovery, he may have no recollection whatever. The law will hold him responsible for such a crime; but, in my opinion, that responsibility is at any rate shared by the employers who impose conditions of work so onerous and unhealthy as to force men to seek the aid of stimulants, and by Society as a whole for tolerating such a state of affairs.

Let us consider next the average criminal, whose deficiency seems to be rather of a moral than of an intellectual kind. Can his misdeeds be fairly set down to sheer wilful malignity? Or are we here also bound to recognise limiting and extenuating conditions? I say, without hesitation, that the deeper and more carefully we look into the matter, the more impossible we shall find it to draw a hard and fast line between social and individual responsibility. The average criminal comes of what breeders call a bad stock; all authorities agree that an inherited predisposition of a morbid kind is the rule among malefactors. The more we know about any given man's or woman's parentage and ancestry, the more intelligible that man's good or bad qualities will become. It has been shown by Francis Galton that, upon the average, a given

individual derives one-half of his physical and mental (including moral) qualities from his parents, one quarter from his grandparents, one-eighth from his great-grandparents, one-sixteenth from his great-great-grandparents, and so on.

If, then, we find that most criminals have more or less disreputable and disorderly parents and relatives, does not that fairly diminish their own responsibility for their misdeeds? And if we also find, as we do in the great majority of cases, that, starting with an inborn predisposition to erratic conduct, the criminal has been brought up in surroundings calculated to foster his evil tendencies, will not his personal responsibility be still further diminished? The power of public opinion must be reckoned with also; and, in quarters where criminals abound, it makes for evil, not good. Among criminals, the hero is the man who has effected a clever burglary, who has fooled the police; the demigod is the murderer whose portrait appears in the newspapers. Society at large is responsible for the existence of the foul dens and rookeries infested by those dangerous beasts of prey called criminals, as well as for the hard conditions of life which force many well-meaning but weak individuals into crime.

This being so, what follows? That punishment is a crime, to be utterly condemned and abandoned? No; but that it is, like surgery, *a necessary evil*, to be undertaken in no spirit of revenge, but with the same wise economy as a surgeon handles his knife. Punishment is *moral surgery*. The minimum of torture—for all punishment involves torture—and the maximum of reform are the ends to be kept steadily in view. And to ensure success, the qualities mainly required are imagination, pluck, and science. Exercise your imagination to realise, for example, what it means to a man condemned to five years' penal servitude, to spend the first five months of his time, with the exception of one hour's exercise daily, shut up alone in a cell. "The solitude and the hopeless monotony," says W. B. N., "with nothing to think of but the long years of suffering ahead, produce nervous irritation, approaching in

some cases to frenzy, and, instead of softening the man, bring out all the evil there is in him."

Exercise your courage to face the fact that criminality is mainly a question of degree ; that we all have the potentialities of crime in us, greater or less according to our state of health and our conditions of life.

And for the solution of the problem of the just apportionment of punishment to individual cases of crime, the kind and amount of suffering that will bring home to a given man the seriousness of his offence without destroying his will or utterly perverting his moral nature, nothing but the most patient observation of actual results and the most rigorous application of experimental methods will suffice. Our present penal system is, from the point of view of reform, admitted by those most competent to judge to be a complete failure. It would be better not to punish criminals at all than to punish them, as now, in such a way as to make them worse instead of better. It is all very well to talk about the deterrent effect upon others ; I thought the day had gone by when it was considered expedient that one man should be made to suffer injustice for the good of the community. And punishments that degrade are always unjust punishments. They are not punishments at all, in the true sense, but mere acts of brutal vengeance. For they do not *purify* the offender ; they befoul him.

Moreover, apart from the ethical insufficiency of the plea of deterrence as a justification of penal barbarism, there are the gravest reasons to doubt its practical efficiency in this respect. The point is this, and it is psychologically of first-rate importance. There are naturally no statistics of undetected crimes : the police are not anxious to make their failures known. But in some departments of crime—burglaries, for example—the number of undetected criminals is known to be very large, far larger than the detected. Now it is the probability of non-detection and not the possibility of detection which must evidently have the largest influence in determining the mental attitude of a man contemplating crime. This consideration

entirely destroys the conventional arguments about deterrence, even if others of equal weight were wanting. In face of, say, nine chances that the criminal will not be caught, a single chance that he will be caught and imprisoned has little or no deterrent force. It rather gives zest to the situation, and makes crime artificially attractive by appealing to that venturesome spirit shared by the criminal, not only with gamblers, but also with the best and noblest of men.

But, to my thinking, there is something unspeakably mean in making the supposed necessity of frightening other men into the path of virtue our excuse for shirking the obligation to "make the punishment fit the crime," and not merely the crime but the *criminal*. Individual treatment is the primary condition of penal reform, the initiation of which doubtless involves the elimination of theological preconceptions with regard to crime and punishment, and the subordination of the legal to the medical point of view.

In conclusion, I will write one word on the vexed question of capital punishment. I do not consider that Society is bound to maintain incorrigible criminals or the worst kind of murderers in an existence that is useless to themselves and dangerous to their fellow-men. On the other hand, I strongly disapprove of hanging, for the same reason that Tarde, a French penologist, condemns the guillotine. "There is," he says, "a degree of profanation of men's bodies, even without the infliction of pain, which is intolerable and invincibly repellent to the nervous system of the civilised public; and the guillotine most certainly goes beyond that point."

How can we hope to put an end to brutal crimes when we ourselves, in our method of execution, set an example of brutality? The painless extinction of those who never should have been born, is one thing; the legalised atrocity which goes by the name of capital punishment, nowadays, is quite another, and in my opinion absolutely indefensible.

C. J. WHITBY.

THE COMIC.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN,

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I.

IT is easy for us to-day to see that Comedy is in its nature the same sort of thing as Tragedy. They arise out of the same need, convey the same truth, depend upon the same talent. The English drama interwove comedy and tragedy in the same play, and Shakespeare's greatness in one is of a piece with his greatness in the other. Indeed there are scenes in *Lear*, *Shylock*, and *Henry IV.*, where tragedy and comedy are overlaid—where the same scene is both tragic and comic and we laugh and cry at the same time. But for a Greek to have seen this identity is very remarkable; because Greek tragedy and Greek comedy represented distinct professions and were totally different in their methods of appeal. A Greek tragedy was a drama of fate, based on a familiar bit of religious folklore. The plot was known; the interest lay in the treatment. A Greek comedy, however, was a farrago of licentious nonsense, developed in the course of a fantastic narrative-play: it was what we should call a musical extravaganza. Greek comedy is gigantesque buffoonery, interspersed with lyric and choral passages of divine beauty, the whole following a traditional model as to its arrangement.

With this machinery Aristophanes proceeds to shake the stones of the Greek theatre with inextinguishable laughter. He will do anything to raise a laugh. He introduces Socrates

hung up in a basket and declaring that he is flying in the air and speculating about the sun. He makes the god Dionysus—the very god in whose honour the theatre and festival exist—to leap from the stage in a moment of comic terror, and hide himself under the long cloak of his own high priest, whose chair of state was in the front row of the pit. Is it possible to imagine what sort of a scene in the theatre this climax must have aroused? There has been no laughter since Aristophanes. There is something of the same humour in Rabelais; but Rabelais is a book, and there each man laughs alone over his book, not in company with his whole city or tribe, as in the Greek theatre.

Now, what is it they are laughing at? It is sallies of wit, personal hits, local allusions, indecencies, philosophical cracks, everything from refined satire to the bludgeons of abuse; and the whole thing is proceeding in an atmosphere of fun, of wild spirits, of irrepressible devilry. Compared to Aristophanes, Shakespeare is not funny: he lacks size. He is a great and thoughtful person, of superabundant genius and charm, who makes Dutch interiors drenched in light. But Aristophanes splits the heavens with a jest, and the rays of truth stream down from inaccessible solitudes of speculation. He has no epigram, no cleverness, no derivative humour: his is bald foolery. And yet he conveys mysticism: he conveys divinity. He alone stands still while the whole empyrean of Greek life circles about him.

From what height of suddenly assumed superiority does the race of birds commiserate mankind:—

“Come now, ye men, in nature darkling, like to the race of leaves, of little might, figures of clay, shadowy feeble tribes, wingless creatures of a day, miserable mortals, dreamlike men, give your attention to us the immortals, the ever-existing, the ethereal, the ageless, who meditate eternal counsels, in order that when you have heard everything from us accurately about sublime things, the nature of birds, and the origin of gods and rivers, of Erebus and Chaos, you may henceforth bid Prodicus from me go weep, when you know them accurately.”¹

¹ Hickie's translation.

Into what depth of independent thought did the man dream himself that such fancies could take hold of him? When Aristophanes has had his say, there is nothing left over: there is no frame nor shell: there is no theatre nor world. Everything is exploded and scattered into sifting, oscillating, shimmering, slowly-sinking fragments of meaning and allusion. If any one should think that I am going to analyse the intellect of Aristophanes, he is in error. I wish only to make a remark about it, namely—that his power is somehow rooted in personal detachment, in philosophical independence.

It was the genius of Aristophanes which must have suggested to Plato the idea which he throws out in the last paragraph of the *Symposium*. That great artist, Plato, has left many luminous half-thoughts behind him. He sets each one in a limbo,—in a cocoon of its own light—and leaves it in careless-careful fashion, as if it were hardly worth investigation. The rascal! The setting has cost him sleepless nights and much parchment. He has redrawn and arranged it a hundred times. He is unable to fathom the idea, and yet it fascinates him. The setting in which Plato has placed his suggestion about the genius of tragedy and comedy is so very wonderful—both as a picture and as his apology for not carrying the idea further—that I must quote it, if only as an act of piety, and for my own pleasure:—

“Agathon arose in order that he might take his place on the couch by Socrates, when suddenly a band of revellers entered, and spoiled the order of the banquet. Someone who was going out having left the door open, they had found their way in, and made themselves at home; great confusion ensued, and everyone was compelled to drink large quantities of wine. Aristodemus said that Eryximachus, Phædrus and others went away—he himself fell asleep, and as the nights were long, took a good rest: he was awakened towards daybreak by a crowing of cocks, and when he awoke, the others were either asleep or had gone away; there remained only Socrates, Aristophanes and Agathon, who were drinking out of a large goblet which they passed round, and Socrates was discoursing to them. Aristodemus was only half awake, and he did not hear the beginning of the discourse; the chief thing which he remembered was Socrates compelling the other two to acknowledge that the genius of comedy was the same with that of tragedy, and that the true artist in tragedy was an artist in comedy also. To this they were constrained to assent, being drowsy

and not quite following the argument. And first of all Aristophanes dropped off, then, when the day was already dawning, Agathon. Socrates, having laid them to sleep, rose to depart; Aristodemus, as his manner was, following him. At the Lyceum he took a bath, and passed the day as usual. In the evening he retired to rest at his own home."¹

What can Plato have had in mind that glimmers to us in the dawn as a sort of dim, divine intimation, and is almost immediately drowned by daylight and the market-place? I suppose that Plato may have had in mind certain moments in comedy where the self-deluded isolation of some character is so perfectly given as to be almost sublime, and thus to suggest tragedy; or Plato may have had the opposite experience, and may have found himself almost ready to laugh at the fate of Ajax, whose weaknesses of character work out so inevitably, so logically, so beautifully in the tragedy of Sophocles. Perhaps the thought passed through Plato's mind: "If this were not tragedy, what wonderful comedy it would be! If only the climax was less painful, if the mad Ajax, instead of killing himself, should merely be driven to eat grass like an ox for a season, or put on his clothes hind-side before,—in fact, if Ajax's faults could only be punished quite mildly in the outcome—here would be a comedy indeed."

The stuff of which tragedy and comedy are made is the same stuff. The foibles of mankind work up more easily into comedy than into tragedy, and this is the chief difference between the two. We readily understand the Nemesis of temperament, the fatality of character, when it is exposed upon a small scale. This is the business of comedy, and we do not here require the laboured artifice of gods, mechanical plot, and pointed allegory to make us realise the moral.

But in tragedy we have the large scale to deal with. A tragedy is always the same thing. It is a world of complicated and traditional stage devices for making us realise the helplessness of mankind before destiny. We are told from the start to expect the worst; there is going to be suffering, and the suffering is going to be logical, inevitable,

¹ Jowett's translation.

necessary. There is also an implication to be conveyed that this suffering is somehow in accord with the moral constitution of the universe. The aim of the whole thing is to teach us to submit, to fit us for life.

There is profound truth at the bottom of these ideas; for whether you accept this truth in the form of the Christian doctrine of humility, or in the form of the Pagan doctrine of reverence for the gods, there is no question that a human being who is in the state of mind of Lear or of Ajax is in a dangerous state. He is going to be punished: he is going to punish himself. The complexities of human life, however, make this truth very difficult to convey upon the grand scale. It is, in daily existence, obscured by other and more obvious truths. In order to dig it out and present it and make it seem at all probable, every historical device and trapping and sign-post of suggestion—every stage tradition—must be used. The aim is so exalted and sombre, and the machinery is so ponderous, that laughter is out of the question: it is forbidden. The magnitude of the issues oppresses us; and we are told that it would be cruel to the hero and to the actor and to the author for us to laugh. And yet we are always on the verge of laughter, and any inattention to the rubric may bring on a fit of it. If a windlass breaks we really laugh harder than the occasion warrants.

In reading the Book of Job, where the remoteness of the scene and certain absurdities in the plot relieve the strain of tragedy, we laugh inevitably; and the thing that makes us laugh is the very thing that ought to fill us with awe—the rigour of the logic.

Thus much for the sunny side of tragedy. But let us recur to the night side of comedy. Falstaff is a comic figure, is he not? And yet what thoughtful man is there who has not enough of the Puritan in him to see the tragedy of such a character as Falstaff? How must Falstaff have appeared to Bunyan! every stroke of genius which to us makes for the comic, adding a phosphor-gleam of hell-fire. And Bunyan is

right: Falstaff is an awful picture; and had Shakespeare punished him adequately he would appear awful. Let us imagine that Shakespeare had written a play about the old age of Falstaff, picturing his decay of intellect, his destitution, his flickering return to humour which is no longer funny—what could have been more tragic?

Was it with such arguments as these that Socrates put Aristophanes and Agathon to sleep on the famous morning which Plato chronicles? We cannot tell. Plato has cast the magic of a falling star over the matter and thus leaves it: his humour, his knack, his destiny compelled him to treat subjects in this way. Something passes, and, after a light has fallen far off into the sea, we ask "What was it?" Enough for Plato's purpose that he has placed comedy where, perhaps, no philosopher before or after him ever had the vision to place it—in the heaven of man's highest endeavour.

II.

The divine affinities of comedy have thus been established, and we may make some few stray observations on the nature of the comic—not hoping to explain laughter, which must remain for ever a spontaneous mystery, but only to point out places where this mystery crosses the other mysteries and refuses to be merged in them, keeping its own course and intensifying the darkness of our ignorance by its corruscations. In the first place, the comic is about the most durable vehicle that truth has ever found. It pretends to deal with momentary interests in terms of farce and exaggeration; and yet it leaves an image that strikes deeper and lasts longer than philosophy.

In our search for truth we are continually getting into vehicles that break down or turn into something else, even during our transit. Let us take, for example, the case of Plato's dialogues. How much we have enjoyed them, how much trusted them! And yet there comes a time when we feel about Plato's work that it is almost too well lighted and

managed, too filled with parlour elegance. He seems more interested in the effects that can be got by manipulating philosophy than in any serious truth. There is something superficial about the pictures of Greek life that you get from Plato. The marble is too white, the philosophers are too considerate of each other's feelings, Socrates is too clever, everything is a little arranged. Greek life was not like that, and the way to convince yourself of this is to read Aristophanes.

In Aristophanes you have the convincing hurly-burly, the sweating, mean, talented, scrambling, laughing life of the Mediterranean—that same life of which you find records in the recent Cretan discoveries, dating from 2500 B.C., or which you may observe in the market-places of Naples to-day. Plato's dialogues do not give this life. They give a picture of something that never existed, something that sounds like an enchanted picture—a picture of life as it ought to be for the leisure classes, but as it never has been, and never can be while the world lasts, even for them.

The ideas which we carry in our minds criticise each other, despite all we can do to keep them apart. They attack and mutilate each other, like the monsters in a drop of muddy water, or the soldiers of Cadmus when the stone of controversy was thrown among them. It is as hard to preserve the *entente cordiale* between hostile thoughts as between hostile bulldogs. We have no sooner patted the head of the courtly and affable Socrates given to us by Plato—the perfect scholar and sweet gentleman—than the vulgarian Socrates given to us by Aristophanes—the frowzy all-nighter, the notorious enemy to bathing—flies at the throat of Plato's darling and leaves him rumpled. So far as manners and customs go, nothing can rival good comic description; it supersedes everything else. You can neither write nor preach it down, nor put it down by law. Hogarth has depicted the England of the early Georges in such a way as to convince us. No mortal vehicle of expression can upset Hogarth.

When we come to pictures of life which belong to a more

serious species—to poetry, to history, to religion—we find the same conflicts going on in our minds: one source criticises another. One belief eats up the next belief as the acid eats the plate. It is not merely the outside of Socrates that Aristophanes has demolished. He has a little damaged the philosophy of Socrates. He undermines Greek thought; he helps and urges us not to take it seriously. He thus becomes an ally of the whole world of later Christian thought. If I were to go to Athens to-morrow, the first man I would seek out would be Aristophanes. He is a modern; he is a man.

We have been speaking of Greek thought and Greek life; yet between that life and ourselves there have intervened some centuries of Christianity, including the Middle Ages, during which Jewish influence pervaded and absorbed other thought. The Hebrew ruled and subdued in philosophy, poetry, and religion. The Hebrew influence is the most powerful influence ever let loose upon the world. Every book written since this Hebrew domination is saturated with Hebrew. It has thus become impossible to see the Classics as they were. Between them and us is an atmosphere of mordant, powerful, Hebraic thought, which transmutes and fantastically recolours them. How the Classics would have laughed over our conception of them! Virgil was a witch during the Middle Ages, and now he is an acolyte, a person over whom the modern sentimental school maunders in tears. The Classics would feel towards our notions of them somewhat as a Parisian feels towards a French vaudeville after it has been prepared for the American stage. Christianity is to blame.

I have perhaps spoken as if Christianity had blown over with the Middle Ages; but it has not. The Middle Ages have blown over; but Christianity seems, in some ways, never to have been understood before the nineteenth century. It is upon us, sevenfold strong. Its mysteries supersede the other mysteries; its rod threatens to eat up the rods of the other magicians. These tigers of Christian criticism within us attack the Classics. The half-formed objections to Plato

which I have mentioned are seriously reinforced by the Hebrew dispensation, which somehow reduces the philosophic speculations of Greece to the status of favours at a cotillion. It is senseless to contrast Christ with Socrates; it is unfair and even absurd to review Greek life and thought by the light of Hebrew life and thought. But to do so is inevitable. We are three parts Hebrew in our nature, and we see the Mediterranean culture with Hebrew eyes. The attempts of such persons as Swinburne and Pater to writhe themselves free from the Hebrew domination always betray that profound seriousness which comes from the Jew. These men make a break for freedom: they will be joyous, antique, and irresponsible. Alas! they are sadder than the Puritans and shallower than Columbine.

It has become for ever and perpetually impossible for any one to treat Greek thought on a Greek basis: the basis is gone. As I wrote the words a page or two back about "Comedy having been placed by Plato in the heaven of man's highest endeavour," I thought to myself, "Perhaps I ought to say highest *artistic* endeavour." There was the Jew monitor which dogs our classical studies, sniffing at them and hinting that they are trivial. In the eye of that monitor there is no room for the comic in the whole universe; there is no such thing as the comic. The comic is something outside of the Jewish dispensation, a kind of irreducible unreason, a sceptical or satanic element.

One would conclude from their records that the Jews were people who never laughed except ironically. To be sure, Michal laughed at David's dancing, and Sara laughed at the idea of having a child, and various people in the New Testament laughed others "to scorn." But nobody seems to have laughed heartily and innocently. One gets the impression of a race devoid of humour. This is partly because it is not the province of religious writings to record humour; but it is mainly because Jewish thought condemns humour. Wherever humour arises in a Christian civilisation—as in the popular

Gothic humour—it is a local race-element, an unsubdued bit of something foreign to Judah. Where the Bible triumphs utterly, as in Dante and Calvin, there is no humour.

And yet the comic survives in us. It eludes the criticism of Christianity as the sunlight eludes the net. Yes, not only our own laughter survives, but the old classic comedy still seems comic—and more truly comic than the old lyric poetry seems poetic or the drama dramatic. Ancient poesy must always be humoured and nursed a little; but when the comic strikes home, it is our own comic, no allowances need be made for it.

There is a kind of laughter that makes the whole universe throb. It has in it the immediate flash of the power of God. We can no more understand it than we can understand other religious truth. It reminds us that we are not wholly Jew. There is light in the world that does not come from Israel; nevertheless, that this is a part of the same light that shines through Israel we surely know.

I have not tried to analyse laughter; but only to show the mystery that surrounds its origin. Now, a certain mystery surrounds all human expression. The profoundest truths can only be expressed through the mystery of paradox—as philosophers, poets, prophets, and moralists have agreed since the dawn of time. This saying sounds hard; but its meaning is easy. The meaning is that Truth can never be exactly stated: every statement is a misfit. But Truth can be alluded to. A paradox says frankly, "What I say here is not a statement of the truth, but is a mere allusion to the truth." The comic vehicle does the same. It pretends only to allude to the truth, and by this method makes a directer appeal to experience than any attempted statement of truth can make.

There is, no doubt, some reason at the back of this strange fact, that our most expressive language is a mere series of hints and gestures—that we can only hope, whether by word or chisel, to give, as it were, a side reference to truth. To fathom this reason would be to understand the nature of life and mind.

I have often thought that the fact that life does not

originate in us but is a thing supplied to us from moment to moment—as the power of the electric current is supplied to the light—accounts for the paradoxical nature of our minds and souls. It is a commonplace that the poet is inspired—that Orpheus was carried away by the god. So also it is a commonplace that the religious person is absorbed in the will of God; as St Paul said, his own strength was due to his weakness. So also it is a commonplace of modern scientific psychology that unconsciousness accompanies high intellectual activity. Sir Isaac Newton solved his problems by the art he had of putting them off his mind—of committing them to the unconscious.

All these are but different aspects of the same truth, and we must regard consciousness as resistance to the current of life. If this be true, it is clear that any wilful attempt to tell the truth must *pro tanto* defeat itself, for it is only by the surrender of our will that truth becomes effective. This idea, being a universal idea, is illustrated by everything; and the less you try to understand it, the more fully will you understand it. In fact, one great difficulty that a child or a man has in learning anything, comes from his trying too hard to understand.

Once imagine that our understanding of a thing comes from our ceasing to prevent ourselves from understanding it, and we have the problem in its true form. Accept once for all that all Will is illusion and that the expressive power is something that acts most fully when least impeded by Will, and there remains no paradox anywhere. The things we called paradoxes become deductions. And as for our comic, of course—whatever laughter may be in itself—laughter will be most strongly evoked by anything that merely calls and vanishes. Such things are jokes, burlesques, humour. They state nothing; they assume inaccuracy; they cry aloud and vanish, leaving the hearer to become awakened to his own thoughts. They are mere stimuli—mere gesture and motion, and hence the very truest, very strongest form of human appeal.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HENRI BERGSON.

H. WILDON CARR.

THE influence of Bergson is a distinct feature of a new interest in philosophy of which there is abundant evidence in every country. The enthusiasm he has gathered round him is due in the first place to the originality of his speculation, and in the second place, and in a much greater degree, to the promise it offers of raising philosophy to a position in regard to human life and knowledge which has never yet been accorded to it.

L'Evolution Créatrice, the work by which Bergson is best known, was published in 1908. In this book he has presented a theory of life and intellect with a charming simplicity of style and a wealth of illustration that make the reader forget he is studying abstruse metaphysical problems. Bergson's previous works, *Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience* and *Matière et Mémoire*, deal with specific philosophical problems and are consequently more technical. His philosophy is sometimes described as a new idealism, but in truth it is — neither idealism nor realism in the commonly accepted meaning of these terms. Its account of ultimate reality as being of the nature of psychical life, and not of the nature of a material physical thing, gives to it no doubt an outward resemblance to idealistic theories; but, on the other hand, its insistence on the immediacy of knowledge, on a direct vision or intuition of reality, and on the practical nature of the limitations that characterise the intellect, seem to relate it to theories of a realistic type. In fact, however, it puts us at a point of view

at which both idealism and realism lose their significance, or become partial aspects of a greater truth.

To bring out in adequate manner the effect which Bergson's philosophy has on those who are attracted by it, let us try to imagine what it would have been like to have lived in the philosophical environment of the latter half of the eighteenth century, when Kant produced his *Critique of Pure Reason*. Such a comparison may sound extravagant, but there is, I think, a striking analogy between that period and the present. The period in which Kant lived was one in which a brilliant philosophical movement had ended in absolute scepticism on the one hand and simple dogmatism on the other. Kant has told us how the reading of Hume's *Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding* roused him from his dogmatic slumber, the result of which was the famous theory of knowledge that he himself compared to the Copernican revolution in astronomy. He discovered that there was another alternative to the epistemological theories which had issued in scepticism—the theory, namely, that it is the understanding itself which, in giving form to knowledge, constitutes nature. In our day, however, Kant's theory itself and the long development that has followed from it are falling a prey to criticism. The present age is marked by a revolt against what is called intellectualism, under which are included all philosophical theories which rest upon the absolute character of the intellect, which make their final appeal to a criterion of intellectual or logical consistency. The main objection raised to "intellectualism" is that its inevitable final outcome is scepticism. To avoid such scepticism the theory of pragmatism has been proposed. According to pragmatism the criterion of truth is a practical one. In fact, we make truth in the very process of verifying the possibilities of our activity, in the pursuit of the practical needs of our existence. As against this view, it must be said that, whether or not it avoids scepticism, it fails utterly to give intellectual satisfaction. Now, Bergson's philosophy offers to us a completely new alternative. I will

try and state it in a few words. The problem of knowledge is the problem as to the nature of the relation that subsists between minds and things. If we regard the intellect as absolute, it must follow that knowledge is relative. Whatever the function of the intellect is conceived or imagined to be, knowledge is relative to it, and we shall seek in vain for any reason why knowledge should take the particular form it does rather than another. There are then three alternative solutions, and three only, of the problem as to the nature of the relation between the mind and the things it knows, and all theories of knowledge hitherto advanced fall under one or the other of them. Either things affect the mind, as in the view of mind as a *tabula rasa*; or the mind gives its constitution to things; or between minds and things there exists a mysterious relation such as a pre-established harmony. Bergson, in contending that the intellect is not absolute, that it is not the only means of knowledge, that reality overflows it, and that there is a knowledge that supersedes the categories by which it works, has opened to us a fourth alternative. His alternative is that a creative movement, the evolution of life, has produced the intellect which gives its form to knowledge, and that the very same movement has produced the materiality which gives to things their unlimited power of being known. The correspondence between minds and things is thus seen to be a natural one, for it is one and the same movement which has given rise to the intellect which knows and to the things which are known.

If this theory of knowledge be accepted, an important consequence follows in regard to the relation between philosophy and physical science. Philosophy acquires an independent position with a sphere peculiarly its own. It no longer stands outside the sciences, classifying them, criticising their concepts, and showing their limitations; it reveals a reality beyond their range, and, from the standpoint of that reality, it traces the genesis of the intellectual view of the universe of which physical science is the perfect expression.

This reality, the absolute, is not something far off and unapproachable, but, on the contrary, is very near to, and indeed within us; for it is the principle of life itself.

It is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm with which this interpretation of reality has been received. We live in an age which has witnessed the triumphant progress of physical science. The scientific conception of the universe has entirely displaced the more or less religious conception which formed the intellectual environment of the past. Philosophy has generally been either in conflict with, or has given its support to, the religious conceptions that have seemed to furnish an explanation of human life and duty. To-day the main interest of philosophy has passed away from moral and religious considerations, and centres round the problems which the great progress of physical science has forced to the front. It is difficult sometimes to realise the completeness of the change the intellectual background has thus undergone. How altogether different was the world picture which formed the starting-point of even such modern writers as Leibniz, Spinoza, and Hume from that which we possess to-day! Sir Isaac Newton devoted an immense amount of labour to a forecast of future history based on the book of Daniel and the Apocalypse. The problems have not altered, the value of the philosophical work of these writers is as great to-day as it was for the generation in which they lived; but the intellectual background of their thought has for us entirely disappeared. It is no longer the relation of man to his Creator which troubles and weighs upon the human conscience; it is the sense of the insignificance of man, of the negligible part which he plays in the vast and limitless activities that make up the universe, the rigid necessity characterising the interdependence of its parts. There seems to be no freedom, no real creation, possible in the universe as science represents it; everything seems to be mutually fixed and determined. It is true that science cannot solve the problem of the prime mover, nor of the limits of space, nor of the beginning of time; but, so far as thought can

go, everything seems conditioned. Real origination, real creation, is for science inconceivable. It is then with this problem raised by the scientific conception of the universe, with the relation of philosophy to science, that Bergson deals. Philosophy shows us the meaning and the genesis of the scientific representation and the nature of its necessity, and reveals to us the character of the reality that finds its expression therein.

The starting-point of Bergson's argument is the fact that the reality best and most intimately known to us is a reality which physical science can neither explain nor comprehend. That reality is life. Philosophy alone can determine the true nature of that reality, and show why and wherein physical science fails to do so. Physical science is the systematisation of our knowledge of the material world. Such systematisation is the work of our intellectual faculty which brings under its categories the variety of our experience. Science consists in the classification of the phenomena of which we are, or can become, aware. The ideal of science is to represent the universe as a complete and perfect mechanism, each state of which explains every other state. By science is presented a conception of a world in which action and interaction are completely balanced, in which no new fact, no real creation, no actual freedom is possible. To physical science movement, change, and becoming are apparent, not real. Movement is the alteration of position in a space which is motionless, change is the rearrangement of a substance which itself does not change, and becoming is the fixed relation between an effect and its antecedent conditions. A material thing, as physical science conceives it, is unaffected by time. It may be decomposed and recomposed *ad infinitum*, but under all changes of outward form it remains fundamentally one and the same. All reality is mathematically measurable, the future is completely determined by the present state of the universe, and the present is conditioned by the past. A material thing for physical science is, again, essentially discontinuous; it has its

definite position in space, and is impenetrable. Now, a living thing is the direct contrary of all this. Time is of its very essence. It is continually and continuously changing, not merely in outward appearance, but fundamentally. Life is an activity, but it is not like the activities with which physical science deals. There is no standard by which it can be measured; it obeys no law of conservation or of dissipation of energy. It is continual creation, continual becoming. The understanding can represent the succession of living states, but not the life itself which runs through them. Is this life, then, unknown to us? It would, Bergson contends, be both unknown and unknowable were we confined to the intellectual faculty. But we are not so confined. We can have a direct vision by a faculty of intuition which seems to form part of the very process of life itself. At rare moments, and by an effort of great concentration, we are able to turn away from the understanding and its categories, and, as it were, to instal ourselves in the life movement itself. In so doing we know life—not as it appears to the understanding looking backwards on it, reflecting on its past, but as the forward movement, the impetus, the pressing into the future, which it is. The method of intuition is this forward looking as distinguished from reflection, which is the method of the intellect.

There is nothing mystical in this claim to a knowledge that transcends the intellect. It is based on simple description of fact and philosophical analysis of knowledge. It appeals to ordinary experience, and is an interpretation of ordinary experience. Undoubtedly, however, the existence and nature of such a faculty of intuition is the most disputed part of the theory and the most difficult to defend. In Bergson's view the intellect is a nucleus formed by a contraction or narrowing of the power of consciousness, and around it is a fringe of a more comprehensive consciousness. It is in the possession of this fringe that our power of intuition lies. The intellect has been constructed by the life movement to serve the practical purpose of directing the activities of the living beings possessed

of it. Its practical usefulness is due to its limitations. In like manner, the eye, to use one of Bergson's illustrations, is so constructed as to make vision practically useful by limiting the amount and the form of the reality that it reveals. Were the eye to take in the whole of visible reality it would be useless as an instrument of knowledge. It is because the eye limits our vision to just such quantity and form of reality as is serviceable to the organism that it is of value to the organism. In like manner the intellect, by limiting knowledge in amount and in form to the narrow categories which serve the practical purposes of life, is serviceable to the living beings that possess it.

I turn now to a brief statement of what seem to me to be the main positive conclusions of Bergson's philosophy.

Reality is a flux. When we turn our attention to that which we know most surely and intimately, namely, our own existence, we find unceasing change to be its characteristic. At first we are inclined to view this change as merely a passing from one state to another state; each state appears to endure for a time and then to pass away. Reflection, however, soon convinces us that this is not so—that in truth our *whole* existence, together with every state of that existence, is continuously, unceasingly, changing. Time is, in fact, the very stuff of life. Reality, in the ultimate and most profound meaning that we can give to it, *is* flux. Time, change, and becoming are not its appearances, nor are they merely externally related to it; they *are* the nature of reality itself.

Life is creative evolution. Evolution, as we study it in the records of the history that it has left and in the variety of the modes in which it is manifested, appears as a succession of forms. Types and species seem to endure for a time and then to give place to other types and species. But there is no real halting; evolution is a continuous change. Life is not static—something now that once was something different—a past left behind and a future spread out in front; it is a single continuous movement, carrying all its past with it and pressing forward into a future which it is for ever creating.

Evolution is the original impetus of life—the living act in progress. It manifests itself in ever-varying adaptations to ever-varying circumstances. The various powers of living beings are the means by which the life activity advances. Of these powers two are especially notable—instinct and intelligence. The former has reached its highest perfection along the line of the invertebrata, especially in ants and bees, and the latter has reached its highest perfection in man. A comparison of instinct and intelligence reveals a fundamental difference in the knowledge which each furnishes. Instinct seems to give a direct knowledge of an object without any intermediating representation, using the term in its widest possible meaning to include every kind of mental mediation. At the same time, such knowledge is knowledge narrowed in its range to the particular object or part of an object to which the activity is directed. Intelligence, on the other hand, gives a knowledge of the relation of things. It affords no direct intuition, but employs categories, and it enables the creatures possessing it to exercise deliberation and choice.

Regarding the intellect from this point of view—that is to say, as the endowment of a living creature, the purpose of which is to advance and direct a living creature's activity—we can deduce from its function the form which it gives to reality, and discern also the genesis of the matter which receives from it the form. The intellect is so constructed as to apprehend reality in a static fashion, because it is only in thus apprehending that it can obtain for its possessor the power of directing its activity. Consider an ordinary and simple action, such as that of raising the arm. That action, as an act in progress, is infinitely complex, but the understanding apprehends it as one single action. Suppose, now, that before the action could be carried out, it was necessary for the understanding to represent it in all its infinite complexity as an act in progress and not as a completely accomplished action. Such knowledge would not only be useless but would hinder action, because the end or direction of the action would be concealed

from it. By limiting its view to the whole action regarded as one and indivisible, the intellect obtains a directing power. The discontinuity which appears to us to characterise the external world, is the form that the understanding gives to the external world as a necessity of its function. The living world takes the form of separate actions; the inert world, the form of solid objects excluding one another in space and indifferent to time. The continuity which is the essence of life and reality can only enter the categories of the understanding as a discontinuity, and the form which this discontinuity assumes is necessitated by the practical needs of the living activity that it serves. It is not probable that the same form of discontinuity exists for the insects or for any creatures not possessed of our faculty of intellect. For us, the understanding is only, so to speak, thoroughly at home in the presence of solid matter, and the ideal of science becomes in consequence a complete mechanism or block universe in which time plays the part of independent variable.

Time is, in truth, more fundamental than space. Space is part of the intellectual view of things, but time is the very substance of reality. Time, however, as physical science apprehends it, is not true duration. True duration is continuous, it is unmeasurable, it is a living impetus. We are obliged to think it under the discontinuous form of movements that are mathematically measurable and that do not endure. The ancient paradoxes of Zeno and the modern antinomies of Kant arise out of this natural inability of the understanding to think the true duration, and their solution lies in recognition of the fact that movement, change, and becoming are in their real nature continuous and indivisible. The flying arrow, said Zeno, does not move, because at every moment it is at rest. Achilles cannot overtake the tortoise, for, while he is reaching the place where the tortoise is, the tortoise has moved forward, and Achilles has still a step to take. There must have been a beginning in time, said Kant, otherwise there could be no present moment; but a beginning in time is

impossible, because a first moment cannot be thought of. These paradoxes lie in the nature and limitations of the intellect, which can only represent change and movement statically—that is, as states which themselves do not change or move. The track of the movement, the partial states of the object that has changed, are the only reality that the intellect can represent; movement and change as themselves the realities are not representable. The intellect is like a cinematograph. The cinematograph represents a moving object or a changing scene by taking snapshots of it in rapid succession. These snapshots are placed side by side on the band, which is then passed before the lens, and the succession of the pictures on the screen reproduces the movement. So to the intellect, making cuts across the flowing reality, movement, change, and becoming seem to consist of a succession of unchanging states. These fixed states are then thought to be the reality and are imagined to exist all at once and side by side, like the separate pictures on the band of the cinematograph.

Reality, however, is not a chaos or disorder on which the intellect imposes order. Physical science is not merely relatively true. The order which we find in nature is the order that our activity requires. The intellect is constructed to receive the revelation of reality in that form. But, on the other hand, reality *is* revealed in the form of discontinuous solid matter, and physical science *is* the systematisation of that revelation.

The idea of disorder or chaos as an alternative to order, and the idea of pure nothing as an alternative to being, are pseudo-ideas, and the problems they give rise to are pseudo-problems. When we reflect on the nature of ultimate reality the question seems to arise naturally—why is there any reality at all? And it seems to us as though being were spread out on a substratum of nothing, and that if there were no being there would be simply nought. And we seem to be able to think of this nought as a real possibility. In the same way we think of the order of the universe as something imposed

upon a real disorder. Yet these ideas of pure nothing and of disorder are really quite unthinkable. In Molière's *Bourgeois gentilhomme*, M. Jourdain discovers that he has been speaking prose all his life without knowing it. He has made the discovery that the negation of one form of language is the assertion of another, that there is no substratum of purely formless language on which form is imposed. So, too, here. There is no substratum of pure disorder, and no substratum of pure nought. We may annihilate in thought any portion of real existence or any one mode of order, but invariably we discover that we have substituted some other reality, some other order, for that which we have displaced.

On two fundamental points, then, the philosophy of Bergson is characteristically distinguished from more familiar systems of metaphysics. First, so far as reality is concerned, there is insistence on the fundamental character of time. Time is not a merely formal, quantitative, and external relation of a reality that is essentially timeless. It is a quality of reality in the profoundest sense of that term. And, secondly, so far as knowledge is concerned, there is insistence that the intellect is neither supreme, nor absolute, nor the only form of knowledge. Intuition is not comparable with the intellect as regards the nature and extent of the knowledge that it puts at our command. Our practical knowledge is entirely intellectual. But, nevertheless, intuition is a fact, and we have positive evidence of it in ourselves. And a study of other modes of animal existence seems to show that it exists as the normal faculty of knowledge in instinct. Unfortunately from the point of view of pure theory, it is a kind of knowing that, however perfect in its exercise, is apparently limited in its scope. "There are things that intelligence alone is able to seek but that by itself it will never find. Those things, instinct alone could find; but it will never seek them."

H. WILDON CARR.

GAINS FOR RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN THE LAST GENERATION.

THE LATE PROFESSOR BORDEN P. BOWNE,

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THERE is matter for congratulation to every thoughtful man when the spiritual ideas which underlie life and society become more fully illuminated, or recover from some temporary eclipse. The present is such a time. Religion has a far better rational standing to-day than it had a generation ago. We were then in a state of intellectual uneasiness, and there was a general suspicion that the foundations of religion had been undermined, if not destroyed. The new wine of science and evolution had gone to the head, and produced both woes and babblings. New facts also crowded upon us daily, and new interpretations were demanded. Great scientific generalisations, such as the conservation of energy and the correlation of the physical forces, and the doctrines of evolution also, both biological and cosmical, demanded great changes in our ways of thinking. Mental chaos resulted, and everything seemed to be uncertain.

It was inevitable that at such a time religion should seem to be imperilled. To the unreflective mind, every truth seems dangerous until it becomes familiar. A new idea often demands changes in both thought and action. It may therefore be a source of confusion, and of dislike as well. The millennium could not be suddenly brought in without

¹ Professor Bowne died in April last.—EDITOR.

arousing great hostility from the multitudinous vested interests that would be endangered thereby ; and multitudes would find their occupation gone. So if the final truth were suddenly presented to us, it would meet with antagonism from the mind that is opposed to the pain of a new thought, and also from the vested mental interests that dread new departures.

The great source of the disturbance of that time, apart from the horror of change natural to some minds, was the lack of adequate philosophic equipment. The new facts were interpreted on the basis of a crude sense realism, and this view has always had in it a strong tendency toward materialism and atheism ; but, now that we have a better philosophy, we have come to live in peace with the facts once thought destructive, and even to welcome them as valuable additions to knowledge. As a result of this clearer thinking, we seldom hear of conflicts between science and religion, and evolution is ceasing to be the solvent of all mysteries and the source of all knowledge.

Hence religion itself is now cordially admitted as a great human fact, and not an adventitious outcome of animal needs changed by association. This latter view was long maintained by the empirical philosophers, but it has finally passed away. It was formerly held by the empirical school that if we would understand what a thing is, we must see what it has come from, and we must trace its earliest beginnings to get its essential nature and meaning. When this was applied to the higher moral and spiritual conceptions of man, it led to the claim that animal sensations, as being the earliest temporal manifestation in human life, are the raw material out of which all else is built. And then the conclusion was drawn that religion is essentially sublimated animalism, and has no occasion to be proud of itself, and would not be proud if it understood its lowly origin. But these good people were the victims of picture-thinking and mistaken physical analogies. In the case of any growing thing, where there is a real evolution, the true nature is never to be sought at the beginning, but

at the end. Its latest phases and products are the truest revelation of its nature. Not in the seed but in the full-grown tree does the nature of the tree find adequate expression. This consideration definitely sets aside all of those supposed deductions of the religious nature from animal selfishness. Such deductions, when criticism is awake, are merely descriptions of the temporal order of the unfolding of human nature. This unfolding cannot be understood through the earliest manifestations, but only in the highest results to which developing humanity has grown. Not the roots, but the fruits, it is said, tell what the thing is. And the roots which are to produce these fruits must be roots which are already under the law of the fruits. We may then accept with entire composure anything which is historically established respecting the earliest phases of the religious life, or of any of the sciences; but in all of these cases we regard the latest outcome as the most characteristic product of the human nature which is in process. If, then, we would know what mind is, we need not, as Mr Mill advises us, "look into the mind of the infant as it lies in the nurse's arms," but into literature and science and civilisation. Equally, if we would know what the religious nature is, we need not grope, except as a matter of curiosity, among the dreams and superstitions of the earliest men, but should rather look into the great systems which religion has developed. On these accounts we no longer look upon religion as an adventitious annex to human life, but rather as its summit and crown, as that for and toward which humanity moves, and in which it finds its highest development and glory.

Religion, then, is one of the great human manifestations or products of the cosmic movement. It is to be studied, therefore, without prejudice, and with an open and sympathetic mind. In bringing about the better understanding of this matter, one helpful thing has been the partition of territory between science and philosophy. There are two distinct fields of inquiry respecting the facts of experience. Science dis-

covers, describes, and registers the facts, with their spatial and temporal laws; philosophy studies their causality and significance. There are certain uniformities in experience, and these can be discovered only by observation and experiment. If we would know the physical and chemical laws, we must experiment. If we would know the arrangement of the geological strata, we must look and see. Whether we like such facts or not, and whether we can make anything out of them or not, there they are, and there they will remain, no matter what bends or breaks. These facts are not matters of authority, or of like and dislike, but of observation and experiment and evidence. Such facts are indeed stubborn things, and no gates of ecclesiastical councils or general assemblies can prevail against them. If authority denounces such facts, sooner or later authority has to surrender, with dishonour. Moreover, in this work of studying the experienced order, science does invaluable service, for it is just this knowledge of the way things hang together that gives our control of nature and makes civilisation possible. We cannot, then, overestimate the importance of science in its own field. But in all this, science is only descriptive, not truly explanatory. For final insight and explanation we must pass into the philosophical field of causality and meaning. Both questions must be asked and answered for the full satisfaction of the reason. Neither question has yet been answered fully, but by keeping them distinct, and seeing the equal legitimacy of both, science and philosophy may dwell together in peace.

But it may occur to us that this question of causality is very simple. We see objects about us in space, and they seem the only causes of change. But both scientific and philosophic thought has long since found it impossible to rest in the visible and tangible bodies of experience. Of course we can handle and measure and otherwise deal with these bodies, but their essential nature remains obscure. A material thing is easily described in terms of sensible experience, and in such terms there is no mystery about it;

but when we ask what matter itself is, we soon find ourselves groping. According to the physicists and chemists, matter is composed of molecules, which in turn are built of atoms, and nowadays these atoms themselves seem to be particles of something still more minute. And when inquiry is continued, we are told of still deeper mysteries, such as vortex rings in an ether; and hence we conclude that the things about us are not proper substances, but rather processes of an energy beyond them; and at last we are led, in the words of Spencer, to recognise the "one absolute certainty that he [man] is ever in the presence of an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed." However just this conclusion may be, these facts serve to show that the problem of causation has deeper mysteries in it than we at first suspect. We are still sure that causation is in play as the ground of physical changes, but we seem compelled to locate it, not in the apparent things, but in some basal energy beyond them, on which they depend, and by which they are co-ordinated. We need only to reflect upon the facts of wireless telegraphy to see that there is a great realm of invisible energy all about us, and to get some hint of how it is that both science and philosophy have come to regard the facts of the visible world as phenomenal of an invisible power behind them; so that visible things are no longer hard and fast existences, but rather functions of an invisible energy.

In this view, which is fast becoming universal among thinkers, the physical and mechanical causes of crude naturalism disappear altogether, and in their place we have one supreme and all-embracing causality, of which the physical order is but the continuous manifestation. The latter has no ground of existence in itself, but ever depends on the power beyond it; and philosophy has come to see that this power must be theistically interpreted if we would save both science and reason from collapse.

Here we have a result of very great value to religion. Atheism and materialism of the traditional types are definitely

and finally set aside as marks of a belated intelligence. In naturalistic thought, nature is the rival of God. Nature does a great many things and God does the rest, if there be any rest. Traditional religious thought has shared the same view, and thus nature was continually threatening to displace God. God was not to be appealed to until nature has been shown to be inadequate. Hence the dismay in popular religious thought at each new extension of the realm of law, every such extension being regarded as subtracted from the control of God. But this dismay vanishes entirely when it is seen that God is the "Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," or that, in Pauline phrase, "in Him we live, and move, and have our being." Now nature is no rival of God, but the form of His manifestation. The laws of nature are His modes of working. The facts of nature are the incarnation of His thought.

And this is all that religion has ever really cared to maintain. It insists upon Divine causality in the world, but it is not concerned to affirm any special method. Let the method be what it may, so long as God is at work. If God creates light by His fiat, it is well and worthy. If He distributes His causality through the ages, it is also well and worthy, and perhaps better and worthier. Religion can adjust itself to either method so long as God is the agent in both.

The form and method of cosmic causality are matters of science. The nature and purpose of causality belongs to philosophy and religion. The religious value of this distinction is seen in the complete disappearance of the alarm long felt over the doctrine of evolution. It was for a time fancied that evolution had shown that something that was not much of anything could produce everything if it had plenty of time. But if evolution is anything, it is merely a method of a causality. Things were not made all at once, or perfect from the start. The only question of religious interest here is, What is the power that is at work, and does the work show a progressive tendency? If the answer be in the affirmative,

religion is satisfied. The fancy that biological evolution identifies the higher and lower orders is illusory: it only means that individuals distant from one another in a line of descent would be so unlike that we should not think of classing them together. But this in no way identifies individuals, or tells us what the power or purpose may be that determines the appearance of individuals in this graded scale of being. As already said, religion is interested only in the doctrine of causality; and if a Divine causality be maintained, it is content to accept any method which the facts may suggest. Many religious teachers indeed have come to view evolution as a valuable aid to faith. The disturbance over this doctrine, which for a time was great, was entirely due to confusing the question of causality with the question of method. Evolution was looked upon as a demonstration of atheism. And the principle of the survival of the fittest was used to justify all manner of animalism and inhumanity in individual and social life. It was not surprising, then, that there should have been alarm over the doctrine. But as soon as the question of method was distinguished from the question of causality, it was seen that the atheistic and materialistic interpretations of the doctrine were baseless, and evolution is now fast taking its place as one of the great evidences of intelligence in the universe. Any evolution that is anything more than mere kaleidoscopic change is movement toward a goal, and hence teleological. The essential thing in the inductive argument for intelligence consists in this fact, this forward look, observed in cosmic processes. The forward look is the specific and essential mark of intellectual causality, which is distinguished thereby from all mechanical causality. The latter is simply a resultant of past conditions, and is not movement toward an end, while the former looks to things to come. When, then, the whole universe is comprised in a movement toward a goal, the argument for intelligence is vastly more impressive than the argument from the minor contrivances of Paley.

And the same is true in the religious life itself. Here, too, the idea of a fixed order of law which we are to study and obey is working a reform. Religion also has become more wholesome. And we are no longer content to find God only in signs and wonders, but also in the world that He has made in life and history, in reason and science. We find Him everywhere and in all things, but working everywhere according to dependable law. There has been a kind of fancy even in Christian thought that God is to be found in the inner life, pre-eminently in the anarchic and anomalous, instead of in the orderly movements of reason and conscience and the moral will. But with this insight into spiritual law the matter is changed. In the inner life as well as in the outer world we avail ourselves of the order of law, and the various means of influence which that order reveals. We no longer view a thing as un-Divine because it is natural, but rather seek through the natural to reach and realise the Divine. This conception, which is comparatively new, will be of vast significance for religious education and religious living, and for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God on earth. The universality of law and its subordination to purpose are to be the keynote of the religious life hereafter. Or we might say that the recognition of the law of cause and effect in religion is to be the keynote. And this great result we owe to scientific study; and when we combine this with the immanence of God, we have no longer law as a banisher but as a revealer of God, while we take in strict literalness St Paul's words, "in Him we live, and move, and have our being."

Another factor of religious gain, and one scarcely less important, is a better philosophy of religious belief. This we now consider.

It is a traditional superstition that nothing is to be believed which is not either self-evident or technically demonstrated. This rests on the further assumption that belief is, or always should be, a product of formal logical processes of the syllogistic type. With this conception it is easy

to throw doubt upon anything we dislike, for no matter of fact admits of technical proof. This is the position of a logic-chopping rationalism. It will not allow interest or sentiment to have any voice in determining belief, but only reasoned proof. It says of our higher religious conceptions that they may be pretty or pleasing, but are not proved. Now, in our time, the revolt against this has been definite and final. The view has not been unknown in philosophic circles since Kant set forth the primacy of the practical reason, but it has been more extensively and emphatically taught in recent years. It is now seen that life and action are deeper than logical processes, that immediate premises are behind all inferences, that thought cannot begin until life furnishes the data, and that there is nothing deeper in cognition or life than the fundamental needs, interests, and instincts of the mind. If these fail us, there is nothing left.

This is the doctrine of pragmatism, which needs, indeed, some guarding lest it deny intellect its full rights, but nevertheless it expresses an important truth. Belief has a vital and practical root rather than a logical and speculative one. Interest is the driving force and guide of intellect. All our thinking rests on a teleological foundation. It springs essentially from the need of self-realisation and self-preservation, and not from any compulsion of objective facts. Our beliefs are growths rather than deductions. They are lines of least resistance along which thought moves. They are often simply the vital instincts of the soul thrown into propositional form. They are the principles by which men live, and without which they cannot live their best life. And the proof of such beliefs rests entirely on the energy of the life they express, and on their power to further that life in practice. They meet our mental needs and they work well in life. This is the pragmatic test of truth, and for concrete truth there is no deeper or surer test than this. Indeed every theory of knowledge implicitly assumes this test. If we are theists, we can hardly believe that the truth will work mischief. If we are evolu-

tionists and believers in natural selection, we must equally believe that these evolved beliefs are the best adjusted to reality, as being the outcome of that evolving and selecting process whose function it is to eliminate the false and preserve the true.

This result also has great religious value. It changes the venue in the case of religious belief from the court of logic and speculation to the court of life, action, and history. We now see that we have to trust our nature or instincts in order to move at all. If we distrust our cognitive instincts, science and intellect perish. If we distrust our moral and spiritual instincts, morals and religion perish. And they have the right of way until they are discredited. The only way of reaching living conviction in any concrete case is to throw ourselves upon our instincts and work them out in life, and let the resulting life and harmony be their own justification.

Thus the old rationalising is finally discredited, and religion has a free field for manifesting itself in life and action. The argument is no longer syllogistic, but biologic and pragmatic. What is the soul made for as it reveals itself in its history? What does its highest life demand as the centuries of experience show? The decisive evidences of religion are to be sought along this line. Philosophy has done important negative work in clearing the field of a swarm of crude dogmatisms that hinder faith, but we ourselves must do the positive work of incarnating religious faith in the appropriate life. This is now the great need, and for this work the field was never clearer than it is to-day. Technically, of course, our faith does not admit of demonstration; neither does any other faith or unfaith. But it does admit of being lived; and when it is lived, our souls see that it is good, and we are satisfied that it is Divine.

BORDEN P. BOWNE.

DISCUSSIONS

N.B.—The contributions under this heading refer to matters previously treated in the "Hibbert Journal." Reviews of books are not open to discussion. Criticism of any article will, as a rule, be limited to a single issue of the *Journal*. The discussion ends with a reply from the original writer.—*Ed.*

CHRISTIANITY IN THE SOCIALIST STATE.

(*Hibbert Journal*, April 1910, p. 562.)

I.

MISS SCUDDER's article is marked by a fine spiritual enthusiasm which is seldom found in the Socialism of ordinary experience. But it might be more convincing than it is if it were less enthusiastic and less visionary.

The article assumes that Socialism is the best expression of the ethical aspect of Christianity. Why should it not be a valid expression of its doctrinal aspect as well? And the argument accordingly goes on to suggest, by the instances of the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement, that there is no incompatibility between practical Socialism and doctrinal Christianity.

As Miss Scudder herself does not fail to observe, the ideas which underlie the doctrines specified are by no means peculiar to Christianity. They existed in the religious consciousness long before Christianity was founded. It is possible that they may survive after Christianity has passed away. What is peculiar to Christianity is the final and absolute relation which it posits between those ideas and the person of Jesus Christ. If the Socialist State should ever arrive, it will be found, no doubt, in union with a correspondingly Socialist religion; and it may at once be conceded to Miss Scudder that in that Socialist religion the ideas which underlie the doctrines of the Trinity, the Atonement, and the Incarnation will in some relation or another be found. But unless they are found in some necessary and inseparable relation with the person of Jesus Christ, that religion will certainly not be Christianity. Is it possible that they should be found in this relation?

The question, like so many others, is complicated by the ambiguity which exists as to the meaning and relation of the names Jesus and Christ. For myself, I find little in either name which can be wrested into conformity

with the tenets of Socialism. It is not unnatural, however, that such Socialists as find themselves unable to quit, or even to criticise, a religion which is in their blood, should expect to find, and profess to find, something to correspond to their aspirations, in One who was tenderly sympathetic with the poor, and whom they figure to themselves as Himself a typical poor man. They make their appeal to Jesus, the carpenter of Nazareth. But this appeal is ill informed. For one thing, the class prejudice which animates it is mistaken. Jesus was a patrician rather than a plebeian. And the truth is that, far from being a Socialist, He was an individualist whose mission it was to carry the principle of individualism further than it had ever been carried before. He was certainly an altruist. He was and is identified with that charity which Socialists quite logically curse and reject. To Socialism He can never be a hero, much less a God. Once the Socialist State is established His name will be banned.

In the early legislation of Israel there had been certain elements not uncongenial to Socialism. By the time of Jesus these elements, with one great exception, had disappeared from a life as thoroughly individualised as our own, and against its individualism He did not protest. The exception was that which in Israel took the place of our modern doctrine of salvation. The Covenant-promise, the destiny and privilege of the nation, the salvation promised to Abraham and his seed for ever, expounded and modified by prophetic and apocalyptic writers, had resisted, as it still resists, the encroachments of individualism. The benefits of the Covenant, pledged to the nation as a whole, constituted an heritage in which every child of Israel without distinction of any kind was equally interested. It was the capital asset of Israel, and it was thoroughly socialised. Like the institutions of Socialism, it was based—within the nation—on the brotherhood of man. The rights it implied were birthrights. By the blood which flowed in his veins every Israelite was entitled to share with every other the privilege and destiny of his race.

Now it was the very mission of Jesus to reform this great socialistic conception by introducing into it distinctions based on the principles of individualism. Of course, He had been anticipated by the prophets, notably by John the Baptist, with his stern denunciation: "Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father" (Matt. iii. 9). It was, one may judge, rather a later study of Jesus which attributed to Him a saying which struck at the very basis of the socialistic conception: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; that which is born of the Spirit is spirit" (John iii. 6). But the general drift of His teaching cannot surely be mistaken. When He thought and spake of the salvation promised to the House of Israel under eschatological forms, He always taught that it followed, not membership in the nation, but individual character. The parables of the Tares and of the Draw-net and many others indicate a principle of selection according to individual character, not a wholesale acceptance of the nation. Salvation is anything but a common possession. "The Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels,

and then shall he reward every man according to his works" (Matt. xvi. 27). And if the real reason of the opposition which he aroused was His breach with the orthodox tradition, it is a fair enough description of His death to say that He was crucified by Socialists for the crime of individualism.

All logical and scientific Socialism disowns Jesus. And it is really inconceivable that any type of Socialism which possesses any claims to consistency should ever think of uniting its religious ideas with the person of the historical Jesus. If it unites them with the much less stubborn name of Christ, it can only do so after the last link of connection between the names has been severed; and in that event, whatever the religion so evolved may be called, it can only mislead to call it Christianity. Christianity and Socialism are incompatible.

May I add a word upon Miss Scudder's assumption that in Socialism Christianity "comes ethically to its own"? No doubt there is much in Socialism which commends itself to the spirit of Christian ethics. But it would be a very surprising thing indeed if from such an individualist as Jesus was, ethical teaching should come capable of being brought into harmony with the ethics proper to Socialism.

Let us assume that the aim of Socialism is in the first place, as Miss Scudder would no doubt affirm it to be, an ethicised community. Still it remains that the aim of Jesus was in the first place an ethicised individual. But it happens—and it is unnecessary to account for the fact here—that Jesus did also have in contemplation an ethicised community. It is admitted on all hands that He contemplated the realisation of His principles, including, of course, those which were strictly ethical as well as others of another cast, not only through the individual but through the community. This community, which He called the kingdom of God, was His constant dream. It was perhaps His ultimate aim. It appears in His teaching distinct enough in some ways, yet vague and misty of outline, like a city in the distance, nor has it ever come nearer to man than in His vision. This is a feature of His teaching upon which Socialists naturally fix. But the kingdom of God on one hand and the Socialist State on the other have really nothing in common except the fact that they are both ethicised communities.

They are very differently ethicised. In the Socialist State, for instance, there is no private property. It is regarded as unethical. But in the kingdom of God there is private property. How, for instance, could a man give his coat to another who had been trying to take his cloak from him unless it were his to give (Matt. v. 40)? In a Socialist State, in which all have equal rights in all property, there can be no charity. Charity rising to love is the very foundation of the kingdom of God. In the Socialist State the individual withers. He loses his life. It is compulsorily taken from him. It is not a sacrifice, because he has no power to retain it. Therefore he does not find it again in the new life which sacrifice is capable of quickening within him. In the kingdom of God, no doubt, the individual loses his life. But he does so voluntarily. It is therefore a true sacrifice.

And he finds his life again in the reaction of his sacrifice upon his individual character—the basis upon which the whole kingdom is built up.

There are some—the writer confesses to having been once of their number—who hope to find in Socialism a key to the teaching of Jesus. It is a vain hope. Nothing like Socialism entered into the mind of Jesus. The brotherhood of man is a first principle of Socialism. Jesus never taught, never probably thought of such a thing. Indeed, He came near repudiating even the brotherhood of Israel. *His* brother was whosoever would do the will of His Father in heaven (Matt. xii. 50). Socialism was utterly foreign to the mind of Jesus. It is vain, therefore, to anticipate the survival of Christianity in a Socialist State. Unless the tide of Socialism presently exhausts itself, the Christian Church will have to take a side against it; and hard though the choice may be, all who seek the welfare of man will have to choose between seeking it by the methods and on the principles of Christianity, and seeking it by the methods and on the principles of Socialism.

JAS. B. GRANT.

GLASGOW.

II.

THE variety of meanings which are given to-day to the term "Christianity" is apt to lead easily to fallacy if care is not taken in definition. Miss Scudder does not say in what way she means especially to use the term. While she treats of aspects of Christian doctrines in relation to Socialism, she appears to mean to deal with dogmatic Christianity. Notwithstanding the general vagueness in the use of the term, dogmatic Christianity at least is definite, in regarding the Incarnation and the Atonement as unique in Jesus Christ, and in regarding Him as the manifestation of one Person of the Trinity. The attributes given to Christ, *e.g.* in the Athanasian Creed, are applicable to no other being who has appeared in history.

The unity of the divine and the human in some sense is a metaphysical doctrine which may be made the basis of the Socialist ethical position, and a means of lifting it above the merely Naturalistic and Humanistic. Again, if the relationship of persons capable of moral and of immoral conduct toward one another is remembered, it is impossible to deny that forgiveness is a reality and a necessity. Now the motive and ideal of conduct for the Socialist and the Christian is "social welfare" or "the Kingdom of God," in which each and all share. The salvation of each and all depends upon the conduct of each and all: no man saves himself; every man is essential to the salvation of the rest. Hence neither Christianity nor Socialism is purely altruistic; but both involve sacrifice in the rejection of a selfish ideal. Miss Scudder says that "a growing revolt against sacrificial ideas has been coincident with the rise of democracy." Here again careful discrimination is necessary. The view which is rejected is that of a mystical, magical sacrifice, of which Dr J. M. Wilson has said, "Mythology shifts the drama of salvation from the heart of man to a transcendental region in

which our effort is unavailing and our responsibility is nil." The principle of "love," as the writer says, is the fundamental implication of the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. Love, as embodying the essential ethical aspect, is fundamental to a successful Socialist state, and a doctrine of Trinity in Unity may well be the religious expression of that principle.

Thus development towards a Socialist state may be accompanied by an increased appreciation of the doctrines of the Trinity, and also of Incarnation and Atonement when these two are applied to the whole race. Now new ideas may come to philosophy and religion through historic fact; but the ideas of Incarnation and Atonement were prevalent before the time of Jesus, though the influence of His life, death, and teaching may have modified those ideas. Though the wider interpretation of the doctrines may be accepted in a Socialist state, it does not appear that the ecclesiastical doctrines of the metaphysical uniqueness of Christ in the Incarnation and the Atonement and as identical with one Person of the Trinity could influence or be influenced by development towards a Socialist state, except indirectly. It would be idle to deny the possibility of holding the wider view while rejecting the ecclesiastical one. When Miss Scudder says, "So thorny is the path of life that the only strength which has enabled man to tread in it is the belief that God has trodden it first," she makes a dogmatic statement which does injustice not only to many advanced Christian thinkers, but also to many religious souls among the ancient and the modern non-Christian peoples.

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MR GERALD BALFOUR ON PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND CURRENT DOCTRINES OF MIND AND BODY.

(*Hibbert Journal*, April 1910, p. 543.)

I FEEL that Mr Gerald Balfour's article under the above heading in the April number of the *Hibbert Journal* is of great value, not only because of the clearness of the exposition, but also (and chiefly) because, as it seems to me, it is so important that, in considering the results of the investigations conducted with such unsurpassed skill and patience by the Society for Psychical Research, the connection between them and accepted or plausible theories of the general relation of Mind and Matter should be carefully taken account of.

My object in this note is to suggest that to the three theories of the relation between Body and Mind (Parallelism, Epiphenomenalism, and Interactionism) which Mr Balfour considers in his article, there might be added a fourth, namely the Spiritualistic Monism which is adumbrated in Dr Ward's Gifford Lectures (*Naturalism and Agnosticism*). In this work, "materialism is abandoned and dualism found untenable," and thus "a

spiritualistic monism remains the one stable position." At the same time the dualism of experience is not denied—the dualism which we are accustomed to interpret as "mind" and "matter."

Perhaps in trying to state very briefly what I understand to be the conception suggested in this book, I may be permitted to quote the following sentences from a review of it in *Mind* for 1900 (pp. 370, 371): "We have, in the reality of concrete experience, a genuine duality—the finite spiritual subject in the strictest unity with its object, the otherness of which is as indisputable as its inseparability. There is also a certain unity in difference between the many finite minds which are objects to each other, and each of which interprets the rest as being of similar nature to itself. And if the so-called 'matter' which is object to them all, and by means of which alone each of them knows the existence and character of other minds,—if this is indeed itself not foreign in nature, but mind or spirit like the rest (and to this conclusion we are driven)—then, in it too will be found the duality in unity of subject and object. . . . The label *Spiritualistic Monism* seems to be rightfully applied to a theory which supplements the many finite spirits which we each know directly (as ourself) or indirectly (as others) by an all-pervading spirit that on its object-side is that concrete continuous object which we have called the material universe, and the only non-ego that is ever directly presented to any finite subject."

The conception is of impressive originality—it is also in no ordinary degree enlightening and profound. It alone, of all theories that have been put forward of the relation between Mind and Matter, while not ignoring their undeniable diversity in experience, envisages a true unity between them, and an essential kinship, an essential likeness of nature, between Finite and Infinite, Whole and Part. On this theory alone "Matter" is not alien to God conceived as "Spirit"—on this theory alone do we realise the full force and meaning that may be given to the saying that "in Him we live and move and have our being."

I do not profess to be able to do more than grasp at this idea, which seems to me so great and so much in line with the latest results of physical research; but as the idea now is (or may be) a subject of common knowledge to students of Philosophy, it may, I think, usefully be taken into account in a consideration of the relation between existing theories of Mind and Matter, and those profoundly interesting topics of psychical inquiry which Mr Balfour discusses.

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REVIEWS

The Problem of Human Life: as viewed by the great thinkers from Plato to the present time.—By Rudolf Eucken. Translated from the German by Williston S. Hough and W. R. Boyce Gibson.—London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1909.—Pp. xxvi + 582.

PROFESSOR EUCKEN'S work, *Die Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker: Eine Entwicklungsgeschichte des Lebensproblems der Menschheit von Plato bis zur Gegenwart*, has found a large public in Germany. It is high time that it should be presented to the English-speaking world. The English and American translators have given to the book the shorter title, *The Problem of Human Life*. In so doing they lay emphasis upon the true purpose of the author. He deals indeed with the problem of human life. The reader of philosophical literature, however, is familiar enough with lofty promises followed by disappointing fulfilments. Has the problem of life a solution which can be given clear and complete to the individual? Or is Professor Eucken's book to be added without further ado to the long list of failures?

Before attempting to answer this question, let us consider the terms in which it is expressed. In what sense can it be maintained that there is a problem of human life? Is human experience something that can be formulated, something that can be stated in general terms? If this were the case, it might follow that by some method of analysis this secret of the ages could be apprehended and for ever solved.

But this is not the line along which Professor Eucken conducts the inquiry. To be sure, there are limits within which a purely intellectual analysis is valid. Yet beyond those limits other method must be employed. Thinking, we are told, tends to resolve itself into "unrestrained rationalism, which recognises nothing as valid that does not fall in with its processes of reasoning; it accordingly develops into a power of dissolution and dissipation. If there is nothing constructive with which to offset this disintegrating process, life necessarily becomes more and more empty, and is steadily impelled towards a disastrous crisis." Such are the terms in which the author speaks of the enlightenment brought by the Greek sophists. And in no different accents does he sum up the effects of contemporary solutions of the great problem. Yet the solutions gained by the usual intellectual methods, "by their very unsatisfactoriness, lead our thought on to a decisive parting of the ways, at the same time indicating

the direction which we ourselves must follow." To quote Eucken's later work on *The Meaning and Value of Life*, "the point at issue is whether man can inwardly transcend the world." It is by communion with the great minds of the past, that Eucken is emboldened to answer "yes" to this question. He seeks and finds these outstanding personalities in the history of philosophy, of poetry and religion. And the description of his search avowedly constitutes a summary of the history of philosophy. Hence I prefer for myself to think of Professor Eucken as having written a history of philosophy, and to have begun a new method of estimating the great thinkers of the past. "From the abundance of these great personalities must there not be some overflow of strength, something that will purify, ennoble, and level up our own endeavour?" Such then is the office of the history of philosophy. "It is both possible and useful to represent to ourselves in a living way the various philosophies of life as they have taken shape in the minds of the great thinkers."

Yet it is not thought in itself that is to blame for the pessimism which through the ages dogs the introspective methods of enlightenment. It is thought separated from the rest of our spiritual equipment. "No one is a pessimist merely because he feels deeply the suffering of life: rather it is he who yields." Hence, in order to protect ourselves against the paralysing effect of unqualified thought, we are warned that "action is the best defensive weapon against the dangers and trials of human existence."

But I venture to think that Eucken allows himself to be carried away a little towards the extreme which is opposed to mere intellectualism. He compliments the English-speaking public on their way of regarding life as a whole. But what we have just been told about the excellence of action is calculated to encourage that very disinclination to thought which is our main national weakness. If Professor Eucken's history of philosophy were merely an eulogy of the practical life as such, it would not command the influence which it so well deserves. The English-speaking world is already supplied with a whole school of philosophers who rival each other in flattering the love of the practical falsely so called. And it is because Professor Eucken is more than a pragmatist that his translators, Professor Williston Hough and Mr Boyce Gibson, deserve the thanks of the reader for their very excellent translation.

The pragmatist who tests the validity of a train of thought by its consequences for practice fails to do justice to the resources of human life. Man is the measure of things, because he possesses the touchstones by which they disclose their value. The meaning of the world is being learned by mankind not as a lesson, which can be taught to everyone in the same way, but as a revelation which is fully apprehended by the mind to which it comes, and less fully by those to whom the revelation is imparted at second hand. Certainly the great thinkers "transplant us from a present of mere immediacy into a present that transcends our time experience." But they can only do this so far as we also are sensitive to those values

in accordance with which things are redistributed in the new worlds to which we are introduced.

Professor Eucken is nearer to Nietzsche than he would admit. Who are these great thinkers but the personalities who burst the barrier of the traditional and commonplace in order to widen the outlook of all mankind? The very subjectivism of the artist and the poet is the best service they can render to the world. They are like the stars which, in Milton's noble picture of creation, fly to their place in the firmament and become luminaries in the spiritual heavens. Eucken is peculiarly sensitive to the poetic revelation of which Goethe, for example, is the spokesman. And it is not inappropriate to take from the *Adonais* a stanza which well describes the influence of the great thinkers upon the individual:—

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed but are extinguished not.
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there.

Shelley, with that dæmonic inspiration of which his poems are full, declares in these few lines something of the mystery which Eucken offers. To change the values of the things amid which we live, is to change our loves. To find rest is to find something upon which our love can rest. The independent spiritual life, of which Eucken speaks, is a formula of which the application is general. The history of philosophy requires to be supplemented by every register of human achievement at its highest. Is it a follower of Nietzsche or is it Eucken who says: "We must distinguish between civilisations according as they are dominated by spiritual or natural values"? Again, "a religion which offers a unique revelation of the spiritual life, brings in new elements and new values and effects a radical change in man." And both Nietzsche and Eucken translate into the language of our own day the Oriental doctrine of the twice-born.

But Eucken adds something to complete this doctrine of which no one has a monopoly. He gives a special and highly important turn to his philosophy when he makes this changed valuation to bring with it a new and more real world. He saves us from the quietism and fatalism of the East by pointing us to the contributions which we ourselves may make to the new order. As Mr Boyce Gibson says in his exposition of Eucken's *Philosophy of Life*, "it is for us to realise the spiritual realm, a realm which is in the making." Or in Eucken's own words, "the great man lifts the common life to an essentially higher plane. He does not merely unify existing tendencies, but brings about an inner transformation; he ennobles the whole message of the age." The philosopher tries to combine the transformation of values with the affirmation of the reality to which they

answer. Such, then, in principle are the solutions of the problem of human life as they are offered to us by the great men who are portrayed in Professor Eucken's pages.

"The true beginning of metaphysics," says Lotze, "lies in Ethics." It is strange that Lotze should have been so timorous in following out his thought. "I admit," he says, "that the expression is not exact; but I still feel certain of being on the right track, when I seek in that which should be the ground of that which is." Lotze was still too much under the dominion of the traditional logic to recognise the full importance of the judgment of value. It will be one of the achievements of the new generation of thinkers to complete the work of which we have seen the beginnings. Under the name of an Aristotelianism which Aristotle himself disdains, logic deals with the more abstract notions of being, quality, quantity and relation. And since logic does not travel beyond its data, philosophic method has been crippled. But the "master of those who know" treats reality as penetrated through and through with an element of worth which is found strongly here, even if faintly there. Only the student of Aristotle can do full justice to the emphasis which Aristotle lays upon the element of worth.

Perhaps it is because of the sympathy with which Eucken approaches the Platonists—Plato himself, Plotinus, Augustine—that he fails to do entire justice to the Platonic element in Aristotle. If, in the *Sophistes* of Plato, the philosopher dwells close by the essence of truth and therefore, because of the brightness of the place, is difficult to discern, Aristotle in the *Metaphysics* speaks of philosophy as the most worthy and the most divine of studies. In that same place in the *Sophistes*, Plato enumerates the ultimate notions, Being, Rest, Movement, Likeness, Difference, in such a way as to prepare us for the life and fire which are hidden under the apparent coldness of Aristotle. Activity and passivity and the standard of worth are the notions which demand the first place in any exposition of Aristotle's method.

But above all, Eucken does imperfect justice to Aristotle, when he represents him as saying: "God or pure intelligence, himself unmoved, moves the world by his mere being: any further development of things arises from their own nature." Yet Aristotle says much more than this. "God moves the world as the object of its love, *κινεῖ ὡς ἐρώμενον*." On this a comment is furnished by the *De Anima*: "All things reach out after the eternal and divine." Now it is just because Eucken lays emphasis on the spiritual unity in which appearance and transcendence blend in one, because further Eucken lays emphasis upon the notion of value, that after all he is a sympathetic reader of the Stagyrte. "Aristotle's stronger leaning towards the actual world, and his rejection of the world of ideas, have by no means sapped the power of ideal feeling."

If Eucken thus draws near to a thinker with whom he is imperfectly in sympathy, what are we to expect when he deals with Plato, Plotinus, Augustine? The English reader will be grateful to the translators who

make it possible to share in an exposition so fresh, so revealing. By a happy accident we are able to bring to bear upon the study of these three great thinkers the results of Professor Cumont's studies in the Oriental religions. If on the one hand Eucken dwells upon the importance of religion for the history of philosophy, on the other hand Cumont has shown that the Oriental religions, especially the worship of Mithra, "before and along with Christendom have spread doctrines which at the end of the antique world reached general recognition along with Christianity." Thus the way is prepared for Eucken when he says: "Religion does not rest upon metaphysics: it is itself a sort of metaphysic." The definition of religion and that of philosophy are almost one, "a development of new life under a conception of a higher sphere." It is religion, however, of which Eucken is speaking. In accordance with this standpoint, Plotinus reveals the highest meaning of the non-Christian faiths: Augustine "nearer to us than Hegel and Schopenhauer," declares the spiritual meaning of the newly organised Church.

Professor Eucken, then, has written a work which is an important addition to the treasures of philosophical literature: massive in content, masterly in its comprehensiveness, and throughout original.

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The Meaning of Truth: A Sequel to "Pragmatism."—By William James.—
London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.—Pp. xxiv + 298.

THE present volume is professedly a sequel to *Pragmatism*, which appeared in 1907. It is a sequel to *Pragmatism* in the sense that it contains further elaborations of various aspects of the conception of Truth, which formed so interesting a feature of the earlier treatise. These elaborations are not as systematic as one could wish them to be. They consist of a collection of essays written at various times during the last quarter of a century. Some of the earlier ones were written before "Pragmatism"—"a new name for some old ways of thinking"—had come into vogue; while some of the latest are part of the powder and shot of the campaign which Pragmatism is now fighting. Occasionally Professor James has to point out some little discrepancy between the earlier and the later views; but, considering the period covered by the fifteen contributions contained in the volume, there is greater consistency than might have been anticipated. To those who are interested in the development of Professor James's philosophical views—and who is not?—the *Meaning of Truth* will be uncommonly interesting, however little they may sympathise with the new gospel.

The pivotal part of *Pragmatism*, and the part which attracted chief

interest, was the chapter on "Pragmatism's Conception of 'Truth.'" The conception there unfolded was that "the true, to put it very briefly, is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as 'the right' is only the expedient in the way of our behaving." This account of Truth has occasioned the liveliest discussion. Professor James's persuasive style makes it difficult to disagree with his views, yet numerous, and by no means incompetent, people did pass adverse judgment on his truth-conception, and even many who did not publish refutations were neither convinced nor silenced. Many have felt, and still feel, that even if, as a matter of personal or racial history, "the right" and "the true" are "expedient," yet to identify either "the right" or "the true" with "the expedient" is erroneous. Legitimate difficulties were, moreover, supplemented by more or less merely verbal misunderstandings. "The expedient" is a term none too happy in its associations. To identify "the true" with it was, therefore, an unfortunate step only too likely to create a false impression. The following extract from the *Times*, containing some reflections on the ethics of the recent general election, may serve as a striking illustration of the kind of false impression which the pragmatist view of Truth actually produced on certain respectable people: "Perhaps if Mill [to whose memory, by the way, *Pragmatism* was dedicated] were alive now, he might be tempted to say in his haste not only that the baser sort of politicians are generally liars, but that they are not even ashamed of their lying. Certainly no one can study the fly-sheets issued during the present election, or the posters placarded on the walls, without acknowledging that most of them . . . only represent the truth if the word truth be taken in the sense given to it by that school of modern philosophy which goes by the name of 'Pragmatism.' According to this philosophy, there is, broadly speaking, no such thing as truth in the abstract. Jesting Pilate was only a pragmatist born out of due time when he asked, 'What is truth?' . . . Would not the result of a general election be very much the same if both sides adopted the methods of Mill, and neither resorted to expedients which savour . . . of a hardened and unconscionable pragmatism?" This is certainly a calumny on Pragmatism. But even more charitable writers were tempted to accuse Professor James of inviting people to say, "God exists," *even when He does not exist*, because forsooth in the new philosophy the "truth" of the saying does not really mean that He exists in any shape whatever, but only that to say so feels good. Professor James justly protests against such a caricature of his views. A careful reading of his writings should certainly dispel such misapprehensions. On the other hand, he must not be altogether surprised at them. It is all very well to be pithy and epigrammatic; such a course has its penalties when dealing with difficult questions, and views which even the educated are apt to misunderstand. "It seems incredible," Professor James complains, "that educated and apparently sincere critics should so fail to catch their adversary's point of view"; "some of the critics seem to me to labour under an inability almost pathetic to under-

stand the thesis which they seek to refute." Nay, even the pragmatists themselves, there is reason to believe, are not altogether free from mutual misunderstanding, and from a misapprehension of the thesis which they seek to establish. The latest volume, to judge by its impression on the present writer, may do much to remove various misunderstandings, but probably not all of them, if continued disagreement is to be regarded as evidence of continued misapprehension.

Unfortunately for the new philosophy and its critics, the exponents of Pragmatism seem to fix their gaze exclusively on Absolute Idealism, and write as though there were only two alternatives, as though to consent to any adverse criticism against Absolute Idealism were equivalent to accepting Pragmatism, and *vice versa*. This mode of procedure is most probably responsible for the more serious misunderstandings between pragmatists and their more friendly critics. Professor James states frankly that he is interested in "radical empiricism" (a form of realistic philosophy which, unlike Absolute Idealism, affects no disdain for sense-experience, but, on the contrary, regards sense-experience as the *terminus a quo* and the *terminus ad quem* of all knowledge); and his concern for Pragmatism seems to be due to the supposition that "the establishment of the pragmatist theory of truth is a step of first-rate importance in making radical empiricism prevail." But even if it is granted that the establishment of the pragmatist view of truth would promote the cause of radical empiricism, it does not appear at all obvious that a reasonable empiricism really needs the support of such a conception of truth. The present writer, for one, is very much in sympathy with Professor James's empiricism or realism, and would endorse almost everything Professor James has said on its behalf as against Absolute Idealism; but the pragmatist view of truth seems to him to be hardly more akin to empirical realism than to solipsism.

Professor James maintains that the pragmatist account of truth is more complete than any other, or even that it comprehends all other accounts of truth. But the way in which this is accomplished is open to serious objection. At some stage or other almost every view ever formulated of truth is invoked for some purpose or other, without any serious attempt to harmonise them all. The apparent unity given to the various conceptions seems to be due more or less to an elastic use of terms which adds considerably to the difficulties of the critical reader. Truths, we are told, must agree with reality; but agreement and reality are not exactly what they are commonly supposed to mean. Truths must be consistent; but only because consistency is one of the conditions of their being satisfactory. Truths must be satisfying; but this covers apparently also the kind of satisfaction which a victim may feel when he sees all the preparations for his imminent execution! (Really, to regard "satisfactoriness" as the differentia of truth is obviously inaccurate if "satisfactoriness" is taken literally, since many beliefs are *dissatisfying* just because they are true; and if, on the other hand, "satisfactoriness" is

taken in its wide and vague pragmatist sense, then it is almost trivial, for, *whatever one's view of truth may be*, one must be satisfied that a belief or suggestion is true before really accepting it.) Again, truths must have practical consequences; but "practical" does not really mean "practical" but "particular." Or, once more, truth is verification; but the verification need not be actual—it may be merely potential, without apparently causing thereby the belief to be only "possibly true." And so on. Nor are the illustrations always happy. "Moses wrote the Pentateuch, we think, because if he did not, all our religious habits will have to be undone." This kind of argument does little credit to the logic of Pragmatism, and almost tends to excuse those who unwittingly accuse Professor James of advocating a belief in God, even if there is no God, simply because of the discomfort of doubt.

What appears to be the fundamental error in the pragmatist conception of truth lies in its deliberate identification of verity with verification, of the truth of a belief with its mere confirmation. This is the outcome of a too tender susceptibility to a certain sceptical tendency in modern science, a sceptical tendency which is itself, paradoxically enough, the outcome of over-sanguine speculation. Many of the hypotheses of science are regarded as so many working formulæ rather than as true descriptions of things: they enable one to anticipate events, and to deal successfully with the phenomena of nature, but cannot be regarded with certainty as giving accurate descriptions of their actual character or processes. Strictly speaking, many of the so-called "theories" of science are only working hypotheses which "lead rightly," rather than fully established truths. And Pragmatism, taking these for typical "truths," formulates its conception of truth as a belief which "works" or is "expedient" in some way or other. But these are not typical "truths"; and although they may be *believed* in so far as they "work," yet they are *true* only if the facts are what they are believed to be. In so far as they are merely "working" devices they are just useful devices, but not "truths." To call these devices "truths," and then to identify "the true" with "the expedient," is (if Professor James will excuse the comparison) to imitate the example of a certain kind of hardened sinners who not only do what is wrong, but will insist that their conduct is right.

The pragmatist view of truth is too much under the influence of the bolder and more questionable speculations of science, and pays too little heed to the better established truths. How many of our true beliefs rest on direct experience? Yet the pragmatist account of truth seems very roundabout and far-fetched when applied to these, the most certain of our truths. My belief or assertion that this paper is white, is true simply because the paper is what I believe it to be, not merely because this belief "works." My belief that there are wallflowers outside my window, is true simply because the wallflowers are there as I believe them to be. If I want to *verify* my belief I can look out of the window, or go into the garden and touch and smell them; but it is not my seeing, touching, or smelling them

that put them there; it is only because they are already there that I can see, touch, and smell them. It is because my belief is true that it "works" and can be verified; it would be just as true if I did not verify it; and even when it is verified its verity is not the same as its verification. To attempt to maintain that even in the case of the better established truths all that we have is "working" beliefs, is a form of gratuitous scepticism. When Pragmatism insists on subsuming all truths under its conception, it exposes itself to the charge of scepticism; and passages like the following seem almost to invite such a charge: "If there is to be truth (writes Professor James), both realities and beliefs about them must conspire to make it; but whether there ever is such a thing, or how anyone can be sure that his own beliefs possess it, it [Pragmatism] never pretends to determine." Our experience in normal perception, we would maintain, carries with it the highest degree of certainty, and may not be questioned unless there are positive reasons for suspecting it to be abnormal.

Lastly, might it not be urged that what we *mean* by truth is that things are what they are believed to be, and that this is not affected by the question as to how we *prove* this to be the case, or whether we can prove it at all? Even if we accept the "working" conception of truth advocated by Pragmatism, we can only tell whether a certain idea or belief was true if on arriving at the terminus of verification we recognise it to be what we "meant" all along; our meaning itself must be taken as an ultimate, indisputable fact. Professor James, for instance, could not tell whether his idea of "Memorial Hall, Cambridge" was true or not unless on arriving at the Harvard Delta he recognised the Hall to be what he meant. There is no getting behind this; each person must in the last resort be the ultimate judge of what he means. Now, what some of us *mean* by "truth" is that the things concerned are what they are believed to be; and there is an end of the matter. Whether or not we can *prove* the accuracy of the conception need not trouble us; after all, even pragmatists (as Professor James admits in the passage just cited) are not sure whether their beliefs are true—are not sure even whether there is such a thing as truth.

We have dwelt so long on points of disagreement that there is some danger of producing a false impression on the reader's mind. We therefore hasten to express our sincere appreciation of the many good qualities of the book under review. The problem with which it deals is, as Professor James rightly says, a very difficult one, yet the settlement of it may mark a turning-point in the history of philosophy. Professor James has laid us under a deep debt of gratitude by collecting these stimulating and suggestive essays on the truth-problem, to which they form an important contribution.

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Die Philosophie im deutschen Geistesleben des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts.—

Fünf Vorlesungen von Wilhelm Windelband.—Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr, 1909.

READERS of the delightful volume of Essays published many years ago under the title of *Prähudien* will turn to this new little book of Professor Windelband's with anticipations that will not be disappointed. It consists of five lectures on German philosophy in the nineteenth century considered in relation to the spiritual development of the nation. The lectures were delivered to popular audiences in Frankfurt, and the freer form of exposition appropriate to oral addresses provides ample scope to the author's remarkable power of expressing abstract principles with true literary grace and elegance. A rich, though chastened, eloquence pervades these pages from beginning to end, and great themes are here handled with the grasp of a strong thinker and a careful scholar.

The first task of the lecturer is to exhibit the precise problem set for nineteenth-century thinking by what had preceded it. Through a variety of circumstances it came about that the intellectual work which was begun in the eighteenth century in England and France reached its fulfilment in Germany—in the great period which dates from Lessing to the death of Goethe and Hegel. The interest of the leading intellects of the *Aufklärung* had been centred either upon problems of the individual personality or upon the ideal aims of the human race, whilst for the intermediate region—the region of public and social activity—recognition and understanding had been wanting. What is eternally the same in the life of humanity or of the individual had been regarded as the natural and as, at the same time, the rational; indifferent to it or even standing in the way of it had seemed that which was ever in the midst of change, ever in the midst of passing away—namely, the historical. The modes of thought characteristic of the time were essentially unhistorical. Everything pertaining to the emotions or the affections had been confined to the individual side of life; to the whole, to the race, a purely intellectual interpretation had been held to be alone applicable—a calmness of contemplation, resembling that bestowed upon a distant view. Hence two opposing lines of reflection can be discriminated. On the one hand, there had been the tendency, exemplified in physical science, to explain everything by a few universal and general principles, and to treat human existence as a part of nature. The identity of the natural and the intelligible may be said to have been, both theoretically and practically, the doctrine of *Aufklärung* rationalism. On the other hand, there had been the silent, half-articulate conviction of the presence in reality, and more especially in that reality called a personal being, of an element which could not be accounted for by the play of general laws. An individual life could not be analysed into universals; always there was a residuum left that could only be felt or experienced. And so this irrational surd of individual existence had also come to be regarded as the natural—the natural, in the sense of the immediately

given, and as distinguished from what the understanding could dissect and put together again. In the name of *this* natural element, the feeling of individuality had risen up in rebellion against the lordship of the universal, against the reduction of everything to order and rule. To the thinkers of the succeeding age, the reconciliation of these two opposing tendencies—the rationalistic and the irrationalistic—was the problem bequeathed by the leaders of the *Aufklärung*.

As thus formulated the problem was taken up by Kant. Kant's main endeavour was to determine the boundary where rational explanation comes to an end and the territory of the irrational begins. He attempted to adjust the claims of both by keeping them severely apart. Only in the realm of æsthetic feeling did it seem to him was there perchance a possibility of harmoniously blending what was not explicable from the point of view of natural law with what was thus explicable. This aspect of his teaching met with ready response from the classic German poets, especially from the greatest of them. Goethe united in a remarkable degree a deep sense of the reality, the significance, of what could only be immediately experienced and a profound belief in the ultimate intelligibility of things. His artistic genius compelled even the dark contents of the heart to reveal their character and meaning. And in consequence there soon arose the conception of an ideal humanity, in which all that was pure and true in the life of feeling and emotion would be preserved no less than what was apprehensible by the exercise of thought. At first, on account of its contrast with the actual conditions of society, that ideal was projected into the distant past. Klopstock sought to read it into the mythological folklore of early German nationality, whilst Goethe himself and Schiller saw it realised in the civilisation of ancient Greece. But, once conceived, the ideal carried with it the call to action. Fichte set forth its demands in vivid burning utterance, and in *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister* the same lesson was enforced. Then followed the French Revolution, and to many the kingdom of reason seemed at length to be coming, if it had not already come. "Let us educate our masters," was the watchword of Schiller. And faith in the power of culture to prepare the way for the inauguration of the ideal state became, and has since remained, the strength, though also in another sense the weakness, of German Liberalism. "The *value* of culture for the public life cannot," writes Windelband, "be rated too high; but the actual *power* of culture in political movements, its influence upon the masses, can very easily be over-estimated, and on such illusions rest for the most part the blunders made by Liberalism from that time to the present."

Out of this faith in the political function of culture sprang the Romantic movement, and one of the striking features of Windelband's treatment is the prominent position assigned by him to Romanticism as the source from which the better known philosophical movements take their rise. Friedrich Schlegel may be said to have been its leader, and he described the spirit of Romanticism as consisting in a union of the

three great tendencies of the time—the principles of the French Revolution, the poetry of Goethe, and the philosophy of Kant and Fichte. It soon became apparent, however, that for the masses, awakened to consciousness of their strength by the Revolution, unity of life was not going to be obtained by intellectual culture, that for them unity of conviction could not come in the form of scientific and artistic insight. Other forces had, therefore, to be called into requisition—namely, the inner power of religion and the external power of the State. Through a combination of these with its own ideal of culture, Romanticism was enabled to descend from the sphere of mere ideas and ideals into the arena of practical problems.

In the field of religion Schleiermacher's *Reden* exerted an influence of a far-reaching kind. Seeing the new culture dissipating its energy into efforts at satisfying a multiplicity of scientific and poetic interests, he insisted that its culmination could only be found in religion, in so far as religion permeated and illumined the whole life and gathered together the totality of rational activities into an organic unity. Novalis went further, and, in the essay *Europa oder die Christenheit*, expressed his belief in the possibility of converting Catholicism into a modern religion of culture that should take up into itself the entire wealth of the spiritual life. "Everywhere the loss of unity of conviction in European society was complained of as the great evil; everywhere Protestantism, that had broken the supremacy of the religious unity of the Middle Ages, was held responsible for this evil." Windelband points to the way in which these ideas, purged of their theological implications, were incorporated in Auguste Comte's conception of the religion of humanity. The Romantic movement itself, however, was led, under the guidance of Schlegel, in a different direction—to the study, namely, of the great historical religions—in the hope of thereby winning back unity of conviction and of being able to inoculate the Church of Rome with the content of modern culture. Hence that general quickening of the historical sense, the creation of which was indeed the peculiar achievement of Romanticism. "If to-day historical science is no longer grouped under *belles lettres*, but has accorded to it a position of equality and independence, both in aim and method, alongside of the natural sciences, we owe it to the work which the Romanticists began."

The second of the two forces referred to—the revival of the State ideal—grew out of the new interest in historical investigation. Hegel was here the leader. Inspired by Schiller's idealisation of Greek civilisation, Hegel discerned in the public life of ancient Athens an embodiment of the absolute *Kulturstaat*. In the first sketch of his theory of Spirit as objective, the State is the last and highest form of reality; and throughout his career Hegel maintained that to create and fashion its own State was the characteristic and noblest task of a people. Yet, at the same time, as Hegel advanced from appreciation of the ancient to appreciation of the modern State, his view underwent modification. Gradually he came to see that the

ancient State, which had been regarded as the complete realisation of the objective mind or spirit, allowed no room for the free play of individual personality. Accordingly there was demanded by the modern world a different relationship of the State to the highest intellectual activities. The Hegelian dialectic, therefore, even as it had been already foreshadowed in the *Phänomenologie*, constructed over and above the conception of the State, as representing the community of the empirical life, the conception of the free kingdom of the absolute Spirit—the absolute Spirit unfolding itself in art, science, and religion. Whilst all the outer life might be included in the common effort to realise its objective values in the State, man in his inner life exhibited the free power of personality, and the values of free personality were stationed beyond the region of the State in the region of the universal. In view of prevalent misrepresentations of Hegel's philosophy, Windelband insists that the dialectical process of development as conceived by Hegel was throughout logical in character, and that, as the passage was made from one category to another, Hegel was provided with a means of rationally criticising the stages left behind. If the *Naturphilosophie* showed that the Idea was never fully expressed in sensuous phenomena, but became entangled in the contingency of otherness, still more was this the case in regard to the development of the Idea in history. So that, as a matter of fact, the Hegelian theory did recognise the significance of the irrational individual element in experience no less than the worth of what was rational and universal. The attractiveness once possessed by Hegelianism rested, so Windelband thinks, upon its large measure of success in adjusting the classical and Romanticist ideals to the intellectual tendencies of the new age. "In this system of Panlogism, in which all the threads of the idealistic movement are woven into an imposing unity, the spiritual forces that determined German life—its scientific, artistic, religious and political interests—blend so harmoniously that for a while at least they could rest there in peaceful companionship. Hence Hegel's theory has been in our country the system of the period of restoration, and it was then not inappropriately named the philosophy of the Prussian State."

A most interesting account is given in the third lecture of the way in which the elements which Hegel had so skilfully amalgamated into a system fell asunder. The union of philosophy and religion was the first to evince itself as unstable. Hegel had declared that religion contained in the form of *Vorstellung* what philosophy exhibited in the form of *Begriff*; but on behalf of positive religion it was very soon contended that the former must be looked upon as expressing the fundamental and essential truth. The strong pantheistic leanings of the so-called Hegelian Left—prominent, for example, in the writings of Strauss—hastened the disruption. So, too, in regard to political and social questions, disintegrating influences quickly made themselves felt. Many features of the Hegelian dialectic became associated with the doctrines of Lassalle and Karl Marx, and that meant the gradual transformation of Hegelian metaphysic into materialism.

Nature or matter came to be regarded as the ultimate reality, and the mental to be conceived as derivative, partly self-negating, phenomenal appearance. "If Hegel described nature as the otherness of spirit, Feuerbach might be said to treat spirit as the otherness of nature, as the variance of the sensuous man with himself." Through Marx's so-called "historical materialism," according to which economic processes were the fundamental, and all literary, artistic, scientific, and religious phenomena their concomitant manifestations, the ground was prepared for a "meta-physical empiricism," in which, as contrasted with idealistic ways of thought, stress was laid upon the principle that the irrational element in the world and in life must be taken for what it is. Schelling's conception of the Absolute, as an indifferent non-rational substratum, passed by easy stages of transition into the voluntaristic irrationalism of Schopenhauer.

In the fourth lecture, Windelband discusses the subsequent course of German thinking. The period of Bismarck—"die Höhezeit unseres politischen Lebens"—was not a period of inner self-reflection; the day was too bright for the owl of Minerva to start upon its flight. Physical science was progressing by leaps and bounds, and the great generalisations of physical science seemed to take the place of philosophical construction. Even Lotze's carefully worked out system of teleological idealism met with scanty response. The speculations of Hartmann, on the other hand, easily fell into line with Darwinism, and Helmholtz's somewhat crude rendering of Kantian epistemology appeared to furnish sufficient basis for the ultimate conceptions of physics. The "return to Kant" characteristic of Neo-Kantianism implied chiefly insistence upon the doctrines of the impossibility of all metaphysic and of the limitation of scientific knowledge to the realm of experience, without any regard to the deeper thoughts of Kant's philosophy. Philosophical interest was mainly directed upon the thinkers of the past. "There was no philosophy, only a history of philosophy." And the change meant that the several systems were no longer conceived as stages or moments of truth, but rather as stages or moments of untruth. Their antithetical and contradictory results were taken to demonstrate the futility of metaphysical effort. Epistemological problems did, it is true, contrive to secure a certain amount of attention. But cognition was treated not so much from the point of view of its nature and validity as from the point of view of its psychological genesis and growth. "In Germany it was for a long time literally the case that the evidence of capacity for occupying a chair of philosophy was supposed to be furnished by a man having learnt how methodically to tap electrical buttons, and to prove by means of long, well-arranged numerical tables that some persons were slower than others in taking in ideas." That, remarks Windelband drily, is a page in the history of our philosophy of which we have small reason to be proud! True; but perhaps the author is here a little unjust to his own country. After all, this was the period of the highly original work of Avenarius; it was the period, too, in which Brentano was laying the foundations of those lines

of investigation that have recently led to such fruitful results in the hands of Meinong and other Austrian thinkers.

The concluding lecture on "the new problems as to Values and the return to idealism" provides much food for thought. Starting with a comparison of the modes of treating the mental life followed by Herbart on the one hand and by Wundt on the other, the author points out how fully in accord with the general tendencies of the present age is such a system of voluntaristic realism as that of which Wundt has been the exponent. "Through a ceaseless process of development, we, as a nation, have commenced the transition into an industrial state, whose rapid growth has burst the boundaries of the former activity: by increased participation in the world's commerce, by the beginning of colonial extension, the strenuous energy of our people has created for itself an ever-widening sphere of operation." It is not surprising, therefore, that emphasis should be laid upon the significance of the will, and that the intellect should be relegated to the position of a means for the attainment of practical ends. Wundt himself is far too great a man to raise any foolish cry against a bogey christened "Intellectualism"; but Windelband does well, I think, to warn his countrymen against the dangers inherent in the doctrines of the modern cult whose deity is the iron Will. "We have lost in these days," he declares, "much of the old joy in spiritual creation, much of the old respect for theoretical labour, much of the old love of knowledge for its own sake." Nietzsche's "Umwertung aller Werte" may not without reason be said to have become the motto of the present age. In wise and weighty words Windelband tells his hearers what he takes to be the task to which in the immediate future philosophy must devote itself. "The position of the self-conscious and self-formed individual in regard to the great institutions of the common life has become our peculiar problem, and from those opposing principles which have determined our development it follows that pressing upon philosophical reflection is everywhere the question — how are the personal worths and values of the inner life to be consistently reconciled with the worths and values of the outer life? Thus we are experiencing with full consciousness the great problem of the historical movement itself—the problem, namely, of the relation between individual personality on the one hand, and the life of the community on the other. And in this sense the question as to the universal validity of Values has its deep philosophical significance. Upon its solution will depend whether German philosophy is to fulfil the mission which the present condition of the life of our people lays upon it." We on this side of the channel also may well take to heart Windelband's impressive message, and thank him for this clear call to the service of spiritual ends.

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Natural and Social Morals.—By Carveth Read, M.A., Grote Professor of Philosophy in the University of London.—London: Adam & Charles Black, 1909.—Pp. xxv. + 309.

THIS work is a continuation of Professor Read's previous book on *The Metaphysics of Nature*, and is largely an attempt to explain morality scientifically by bringing it under the principle of causality. In his view, moral science has the same test of truth and the same logical canons as the other sciences have. And his endeavour has been to "study morals as matter of fact and experience, instead of merely worrying the traditionary abstract ideas in the fashion of a scholastic age." In this respect he only claims for his work a transitional character, "revising and illustrating the old philosophical ethics in the light of the inductive biology, psychology, and anthropology that have lately been established according to the methods of physical science."

The investigation falls into two parts. In the first, it is shown that morality is essential or "natural" to man, the different conceptions of the chief good are discussed, the social implications of action are analysed, the main types of character are considered in some detail, and the dependence of morality on its physical and biological conditions is emphasised. The second part of the work, which extends to twice the length of the first, deals with the institutional side of the moral life, discussing the relation between custom and morality, the development and ethical value of the family, the reciprocal influence of law and morality, of religion and art, upon ethical belief and action. A general disquisition on moral degeneracy is added as an epilogue.

A programme so elaborate as this obviously calls for much knowledge, patient inquiry, and careful weighing of evidence, as well as for some architectonic and systematising power. And no one can read the present work without acknowledging the many excellences in the treatment of the subject. The style is clear and forcible; the views of the author are decided and well expressed; wide reading and thinking have gone to the presentment of each aspect of the problem; and the work as a whole contains much of suggestion, of enlightenment, and of provocation to dissent.

As a very fair instance of Professor Read's matter and method in their strength and their weakness, one may quote from p. 102: "At any rate, if morals are to be rendered scientific they must be treated of by the usual scientific methods. Proof requires the combination of deduction with induction, of reasoning from the nature of the case with verification by experience; and we may proceed either by the historical method, collecting laws of the effects of conduct from experience, and trying to deduce them from what we learn of human nature from biology, psychology, and sociology; or by the physical method, computing the resultants of the known tendencies of actions and verifying them by experience. The laws of health and eugenics, taken from biology, will for a long time have an increasing interest for morality. Consider how the removal of adenoids sometimes completely changes the subject's mental and moral traits: a

thing easily understood, because the metabolic process is fundamental in organic life, and depends upon breathing. The operation, therefore, renders possible a fuller realisation of the subject's innate capacities. Had Napoleon Buonaparte suffered from adenoids in his youth, the whole face of the world might have been changed as effectually as if Cleopatra's nose had been a little shorter. Now probably all of us have greater capacities than we ever realise. The causes of our restricted development are largely social inhibitions; but others are physiological; and if they can be discovered, a far greater improvement may be made in individuals than has ever been wrought by education. The law of parental care is primarily biological. . . . The conditions of co-operation, fairness and fidelity in contract, are, as Spencer has shown, both biological and social; for everywhere in animate nature the division of functions, or of labour, demands that all work, inasmuch as it involves destruction of tissue, must be repaid in order that the structures may be repaired. Truth-speaking, again, is a transfer of knowledge; and knowledge is a condition of effective action: truth-speaking, therefore, is necessary to effective co-operation."

The discontinuous argument, the absence of thorough analysis, the large generalisation based on insufficient evidence or on personal predilection, the excessive importance ascribed to physical and physiological conditions in the growth of morality and institutions—these qualities, which are patent in this passage, are equally characteristic of the book as a whole. Hence many of Professor Read's conclusions seem to me hasty and ill-supported, despite the numerous appeals to the natural history of morals drawn from writers like Spencer, Frazer, Westermarck, Sutherland, etc. All of this evidence is tainted by the assumption that the real explanation of men's beliefs and actions is to be found in the past, and that the more remote and rudimentary, the more animal and even physical, the stage to which you can—or think you can—trace them back, the clearer the light in which you see them, and the better are you able to determine their further development. But the spirit, moving causes, end of a people's life are not in the past, but in the ideas that dominate its present and its future. And the attempt to substitute for a thorough analysis of present conditions a record—bound to be scrappy, and open to all possible errors of selection and interpretation—of ancient customs and manners, the attempt to oust the prophet in favour of the chronicler, and to set the historian in place of the maker of history, seems to me a perilous inversion of speculative thought. As an instance of the results one may get in this way, take this explanation of tragedy and heroism: "The difficulty of understanding what is called the 'pleasure,' say rather the fascination, of tragedy, that has so much perplexed the critics, is easily overcome if it be true that the tragedy of tragedies is the death of the divine king or his divine son. This was necessarily witnessed by the tribe with poignant satisfaction; though to us it seems horrible to say that

Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

And hence has descended to us the conception of self-renunciation as an essential quality of every moral ideal. In our own literature the self-renunciation of the king is recorded in *Beowulf*, who, having slain the dragon and suffered a mortal wound, gives thanks to God that by his death he has acquired great treasures for his people. With the increasing transcendency of the divine family, no longer incarnate on earth, the king becomes the tribe's champion; and with the further progress of positive thought the ideal is handed down to whatsoever hero is ready to die for a good cause—the knight-errant, the chivalrous gentleman, the coal-miner who perishes in rescuing his fellows from their burning tomb" (p. 86). One would think that the tragedy of the death of the tribal king would need explanation no less than the phenomena it is held to explain, and that each would best be understood, not by referring the one to the other, but by referring *both* to certain relationships that distinguish human life at any stage of it. As well might one say that the primitive bow and arrow are the explanation of the modern rifle, when each is simply the expression of a complexity of conditions widely different; for even should the impulse or instinct be similar in each case, it stands as much in need of explanation in its earlier as in its later form.

Nor can I agree with Professor Read in the immense importance which he attaches to the new science of eugenics, and the valuable practical results which he expects from it. A large part of his book deals with breed, race-selection, the elimination of the unfit, adaptation to environment, heredity, segregation, etc. On these large and difficult problems he practically transfers the biological views that seem to him most probable to the sphere of intellectual and moral life, and he hopes to purge the race of evil by breeding only from physically healthy types of humanity. "The improvement of morality requires the improvement of mankind, not merely of those now living, but by purgation of the nation's blood, generation after generation; without which preaching is indeed foolishness and moral philosophy exists in vain. If, however, with all our hearts we desire this thing, it can be attained" (p. 123). "Elimination means segregation or sterilisation of 'the unfit' carried out persistently upon a considerable scale. The proposal has been made to begin by segregating for life criminals and paupers, just as we do lunatics (a class which ought to include many imbeciles now at large); and if we had the sense of a dodo we would set about this at once. Besides protecting future generations, it would give immediate social relief. It follows, indeed, from the laws of variation and of reversion to the mean, that the purgation of the breed by such methods would not be as rapid as was once hoped for; but it would be real and, with due persistence, would become more and more effectual" (p. 115). These passages are characteristic of the "rough-and-ready" way in which the author simplifies, and then solves, the difficult problems of moral and social disease. In one place we are told that biology will do much more for us than moral philosophy in our effort to deal with them. And one may admit that, on the author's conception

of their nature, this hope has some foundation. But in the solutions that are offered I fail to find any adequate appreciation of the nature and complexity of the real difficulties to be overcome.

In the chapters that deal with the institutional side of the moral life there are to be found many enlightening and helpful discussions, though there is also much that seems to me ill-founded, capricious, and even perverse. What balanced judgment could declare that moral philosophy, "though illumined here and there by insight derived from prophets, was in the main a development of prejudices or abstractions," until works like those of Westermarck began to appear, "in which we have some preparation for moral philosophy on a basis of knowledge" (p. 129)? What reliance is to be placed on the statement that in religious matters "the South Europeans, with their saints and Madonnas, have always been polytheists; and the North Europeans, in their ways of thinking and feeling, have remained much the same as in the reign of Woden and Thor"? Or what real grounds are there for the contention that "if all the English counties were sovran states they would produce hundreds of statesmen and generals, hundreds of poets, historians, and other desirable persons, many of them as capable and destined to be as illustrious as the few who now attract the plaudits or the brickbats of a London crowd. A paucity of merit exists amongst us not for want of men, but for want of opportunity and incentive" (p. 175)? Or what more superficial criticism could be offered of the moral influence of religion than this:—"It is more reasonable to complain that the highest religions, by their characteristic way of thinking, push benevolence to excess and turn virtue into folly. This they do, first, because in their eyes all worldly things, and therefore wealth, are relatively insignificant; secondly, because these things, such as they are, really belong to God, not to any creature; and thirdly, because dependence on prophetic insight (of the founder or some other) leaves a religion with no measure of any virtue except the prophet's words—always universalising and poetical. The conception of a divine family, in which all men, or all believers, are brethren, is, though very noble, extremely misleading in practice; because, in fact, the conditions of a family do not hold good of civil life in this world. To utilitarianism one must turn for principles which at once recommend benevolence and assign its limits; and for the practical development of them with reference to pecuniary liberality our best guide is economic science" (p. 239)?

Though unable to concur in many of Professor Read's views, I readily recognise the much study which lies behind this book, and the openness and vigour of mind which lead him to try and reinterpret in the light of the results of modern biology and anthropology the old doctrines of moral philosophy. Might I only suggest that fuller inquiry may show that the latter are not so "abstract," "scholastic," and "deductive" as he supposes, and that the former can as yet offer very slight aid in the reorganisation of our moral and social life?

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History, Authority, and Theology. — By A. C. Headlam. — London : John Murray, 1909.

Authority in Religion. — By J. H. Leckie. — Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark, 1909.

THE first of these works is not a treatise, but a collection of papers by Principal Headlam, published during the last twenty years. Principal Headlam holds an important place, not only in the educational world, but in the ranks of Anglican theologians, and we are glad to have his views on any theological subjects in more permanent form. At the same time it must be observed that, as he confesses, these essays are very fragmentary : “fragments of larger works which I had projected, and had hoped to carry out.” This fragmentariness makes the task of a reviewer very difficult, and indeed makes a satisfactory review impossible.

Some of the papers call only for hearty commendation. There is a careful summary of the history of the Athanasian Creed, showing that its claim upon the assent of the Church is by no means strong. And there are two useful articles on the history and creeds of the Eastern Churches. Evidently these Churches attract Dr Headlam as constituting an undeniable refutation of the Roman claims : on the subject of any possible union with them he speaks words of truth and soberness, strongly deprecating haste and an undignified eagerness on the part of the Anglican Church.

This, however, cannot be regarded as the main burden of the book, which deals mainly with such matters as the relations of God and nature, of science and faith, of history and authority, and the like. These are vexed questions. The attitude of Dr Headlam is mainly that of what has been called the “Hard Church.” His views merit all attention : if I call in question some of them, I would do so not as an opponent, but merely as a conscientious critic.

To begin with the relations of God and the world. Dr Headlam insists that we find God’s action, not here or there, but everywhere in the world : science shows us the how of development, but not the why. The Creator did not produce species by a special fiat, but “devised the world capable of developing as it has done.” “Is it not still more wonderful, the theist may say, that He should have created the world so that it should have itself, by the original laws of its nature, come to be what it is ?” I should have thought that the position that the Creator devised a world so that it could develop of itself was nearer that of the atheist than of the theist. If God works *only* through unvarying law, then to believe or not believe in Him would seem a matter of small importance. Dr Headlam, strangely, says very little about the working of God in the realm above physical law, the spiritual world of which man is a member. Yet surely it is belief or non-belief in an ever-present spiritual force within man which makes the difference between religion and a practical atheism. If a man has not traced God in the world of experience and conduct, he will scarcely find the hypothesis of a God necessary in considering the consolidation of nebulae or the qualities of a crystal.

Next, as to the relations of doctrine and theology. Dr Headlam seems to make the same distinction as Mr Tyrrell between the two. "While the Christian creed is always the same, Christian theology is always changing." Theology is to be thrown to the wolves of criticism, while doctrine is carefully preserved. Would it not be better to distinguish between dogma and theology? Properly speaking, doctrine is merely the crystallised result of theological argument. It can no more stand without the support of theology than can the capital of a pillar without the stone drums beneath. Dogma, however, that is, doctrine accepted and enforced by authority, may stand without support of reason, by a mere *ipse dixit*, as the top of a pilaster built into a wall can stand without a pilaster beneath it. The Church may say, "Accept, under penalty, the Creed of Nicæa." But she cannot say, "The doctrine of Christ's divinity is independent of theology."

This brings us to the question of authority; and here, I think, is a weakness in Dr Headlam's book. One is specially anxious to know what theologians of his school make of authority. But the subject is only treated in comparatively few passages, and then very slightly. We read on p. 38: "The principle of the English Church is that its standard of truth is the Old and New Testaments as interpreted by Christian history and tradition." But Dr Headlam, in discussing the Old Testament, scarcely makes account of the traditional method of interpreting it. It is indeed impossible for any critically trained person to do so. And the same thing holds, in a less degree, of the New Testament. There is a most perplexing note on p. 65, which runs: "In the following pages 'authority' is always used, not of what is antagonistic to reason, but of what commends itself to reason." "There can be no authority which does not commend itself to our reason, and work in us through our reason." If we are denied the distinction between reason and authority, where are we? I will presently return to this point.

On p. 64 there are two passages in regard to the authority of the Old and New Testaments respectively, which it is interesting to compare together. Of the Old Testament Dr Headlam writes: "Its positive value has not been taken away by a criticism which only touches the account of its origin, and the obligation of mankind to its teaching will always remain." Of the New Testament he writes that we must reject the Ritschlian doctrine, "that although substantially the historical facts on which Christianity is based cannot be accepted, yet their theological value remains unimpaired." Of course this distinction between the two parts of our Bible is not without justification. But it is very doubtful whether it is a line of apologetic which can be permanently maintained. Ritschl only applies to the Christian origins the canon which Dr Headlam accepts as valid in regard to Jewish origins.

We can only further mention the section, pp. 256-77, which treats, in very brief outline, of recent work on the origins of Christianity. Dr Headlam begins with a full recognition of the value of the new material

provided by such researchers as Ramsay and Grenfell. I cannot quite agree with his panegyric of De Rossi (p. 258). I do not speak from first-hand investigation of the monuments of the Catacombs; but, so far as I have studied them, I have been driven to the view that De Rossi's work must be revised by someone with a stronger conviction of the importance of dates and a better knowledge of the facts of late Paganism. But I have little to object to in Dr Headlam's excellent and lucid summary until we come to p. 270. Here he lays down two propositions which go to the root of the matter, and which would, if accepted, imperil the possibility of any scientific work on early Christian history. One is that to exclude the physically miraculous in that history is an assumption which is mere prejudice. The other is that it is as reasonable to expect scientific Church history from a Roman Catholic as from a Protestant. This, of course, is no place for arguing against these theses. As regards the second, however, I must observe that the difference between the position of the Roman Catholic and the Protestant is simply that the one is free, while the other is subject to an authority which he dares not oppose. The Protestant has only his own natural bias to overcome; the Roman has, in addition, the knowledge that he must come to a conclusion allowed by the Roman Curia. It seems to me contrary alike to psychology and experience to maintain that this addition makes no difference.

There are scattered through all the essays many wise and liberal observations, as well as many luminous epigrams. It would have been a more pleasant task to dwell on these. But the root questions which Dr Headlam considers are so fundamental that they draw away one's attention from lesser matters. At the same time one cannot doubt that, if Dr Headlam had written in greater detail, he would have obviated what seem to be objections, and shown a way round impediments which look serious.

Mr Leckie's book on *Authority in Religion* offers in every respect a marked contrast to Dr Headlam's. It is far less full of matter, and less interesting. But it is a carefully worked and well-proportioned essay on a single thesis. It sets forth a particular view of authority, tries to establish it, and meets the objections which can be brought against it. It is as easy to review as Dr Headlam's book is difficult.

Mr Leckie's theory of authority in religion is expounded on p. 98:—"Religious authority is found wherever conviction arises in the soul such as to carry with it the assurance that it is of God. This conviction may be created in three ways: (1) by direct revelation to the individual conscience in which it is found; (2) or by a message conveyed to that conscience through a specially endowed soul, and recognised by it as true; (3) or by a deliverance of the common religious conscience, verified in the individual experience." Under one or other of these heads comes the authority of conscience, of great religious writers, of the Church, and of Christ.

Naturally he finds the greatest difficulty in setting forth the authority of the Church: this is always the weak point in a writer of the Reformed Churches, as the question of the individual conscience is a difficulty to the

Romanist writer. Mr Leckie is convinced that the Church ought to have more authority over the individual. Whereas the prophets represent the spiritual aristocracy of the Church, the whole body represents the democracy. "The Ecclesia is the organ of the religious democracy, and the religious democracy is an expert only in the practical experience of faith." Hence the authority of the Church is religious rather than theological; "the power of the Christian society is not, in the first place, dogmatic. It is a matter not of doctrine but of faith, since it is of faith alone that the average mind is a judge." Nevertheless, Mr Leckie admits that doctrine is necessary, and allows to the Church a secondary authority in regard to it.

Perhaps both the writers under review would have made matters clearer if they had carefully distinguished two kinds of authority. There is the authority of the law, or military authority, which prescribes under penalty of punishment; or of the old-fashioned parent, who says to his child, "Do this because I tell you." And there is the authority of the physician, who says, "I know more about disease than you: if you are wise, you will follow my prescription." The first kind of authority, the only authority proper, has at present almost vanished in England. Even the law seldom says more than "thou shalt not"; and a governing parent is a great rarity. In religion it can scarcely be said to exist among us: we only obey a church authority because we choose to obey it. Mr Leckie regards this state of things as satisfactory: the only authority of which he speaks is one voluntarily submitted to. So quite naturally he sums up: "May it not be safely assumed that the Church of the coming age will know nothing of oppressive acts and statutes or of enforced conformity?" Dr Headlam probably would lay more stress than he does on Church authority if the times were more propitious. Is there any prospect of a revival in religion of authority in the proper sense of the word, as a discipline imposed by society on the individual? This is a crucial question; but one feels that, however the question is answered, the answer will neither come from Rome nor from Geneva.

P. GARDNER.

OXFORD.

Orders and Unity.—By Charles Gore, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Hon. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, Bishop of Birmingham.—London: John Murray, 1909.—Pp. v+233.

OF course Dr Gore is only doing his duty as an overseer when he attempts to make good the foundations, keep watertight the roof, and maintain the fences of the Established Church; and we may say at once, quite willingly, that his latest bit of work, this volume on *Orders and Unity*, is one for which his fellow-workers should be grateful. It, at all events, helps to make good the old work, if it does not supply anything that is new; and

even mere onlookers might well admire the dexterous economy of material in the Bishop's hands.

The subject appears to have been forced upon his attention by "the proposals and movements making themselves felt among us in the direction of reunion with the old historical communions of Catholic Christendom, Western and Eastern, and other proposals in the direction for union with Protestant bodies." "All such proposals," he says, "are found at once to involve questions of the constitution of the Church and of the conditions of a valid Christian ministry."

This is on page 1, and is a rather hopeless-looking start, especially when it is at once followed by the significant complaint that Churchmen are not making the best of their case. Dr Gore plainly tells his brethren that "neither in the face of the undenominational tendency, nor in face of the Roman claim, nor in view of the wide movement in human society towards social reconstruction, are we making the best of the position which God has given to us Anglicans to maintain—the position which is best described as a liberal catholicism." "We English Churchmen do not seem to be making any serious attempt to form a corporate mind among ourselves on these important subjects." Hence this book.

And yet, while saying this, the Bishop utters the significant word "reconsider," and insists, "If the Church of England is to hold together . . . and fulfil the vocation which men who are not of our communion are constantly found assigning to us as a centre of reunion for divided Christendom, there is laid upon us a very special obligation at the present moment to reconsider the ultimate principles of Christian unity." But Dr Gore must know that reconsideration and tightening up are apt to be incompatible, especially for an overseer. For one thing, it may lead to interference with the structure and modification of the specifications and estimates for repairs. It does so in this case, as we shall see.

Dr Gore's main propositions are that Christ founded a Church, a Society, an Institution, call it what we will—a permanent body for a permanent purpose, the salvation of mankind; and that when He went away He left "responsible persons in charge of his 'household.'" He himself was prophet, priest, and king: prophet, as teacher; priest, as the offerer up of himself for "his people," "to reconcile them to God by his sacrifice," "shedding his blood as a sacrifice which should be the basis of a new covenant of acceptance for them with God"; and king "over the hearts and lives of men who yielded to him their devotion and loyalty." "He saw men's need for support and control and guidance; their need of a leader and a master; their readiness to yield their willing obedience and trust to one whom they felt to 'have authority.'" "Jesus Christ, then, the true Shepherd, was Prophet to men, Priest for men, and King over men."

We have set this forth fully because it is all vital to what follows, for what follows is that all this which began with Christ still continues in the Church through "the responsible persons" He left behind and their super-

naturally appointed successors: all prophets, priests, and kings, with "authority." But Dr Gore does not shrink. So, when we turn over a leaf, we find the next chapter has for its highly significant title "The Church the House of Salvation." And there we have the Bishop's case "writ large."

"Popular Protestantism," says Dr Gore, is content to hold that "salvation lies in a certain relation of the individual soul to God in Christ," and that all "the benefits of the new life" are gained by the believer "simply because he individually believes in Christ." Such believers combine into a visible fellowship, but when they do so they are held to be free to organise as they please and to arrange and rearrange as they will. "There is no one obligatory organisation or mode of combination. The one essential thing is the allegiance of the individual soul to Christ." All else is secondary and subject to freedom. The only church which really matters is the invisible.

All this, says the Bishop, is wrong. It is "in glaring discrepancy with the New Testament as it stands"; it is "a grievous mistake." Paul, he says, taught that "the acceptance of corporate discipline in each local society is made to be a normal and necessary element of Christian life." "The opening history of our religion, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, proclaims the same idea of the visible Church as the only sphere of Christ's salvation in a way quite unmistakable." "There is not the slightest sanction for the idea of a saving faith which stops short of membership." "The impression derived from the apostolic letters and the Acts is the impression that the salvation offered by Christ to man involves, and indeed consists in, membership in a society." All this, which is sufficiently startling and rigid, is a little modified further on; but what is written is written.

The consequence of this is bravely faced by the Bishop. It involves a demand for perfect freedom—freedom for the Church "to formulate its own doctrine, to organise its own worship, to exercise its own discipline,"—emancipation, in fact, from the State; and, says Dr Gore, we are prepared to take the consequences; and just as the consequences are faced, so is the theory of "the Church's one foundation," the establishment of a permanent Church by Jesus Christ, as a "House of Salvation," guarded by an unbroken line of divinely commissioned and divinely inspired prophets, priests, and kings. That is the theory. It was Leo the Great's theory. It was Cardinal Newman's theory. It is the theory of the head prophet, priest, and king at Rome to-day.

He who can accept it may easily make himself comfortable in "the House of Salvation," and it is not to be wondered at that many do it. But he who hesitates is lost; for hesitation means asking questions, and that is fatal. Where, for instance, have we any clear record that Jesus Christ intended to establish a continuity of prophets, priests, and kings within the enclosure of a restricted society, with full powers to create for all time successors at their discretion and by the laying on of their hands? Or, if He intended it, may we not venture to ask whether He could secure

that His intention should be carried out, that the line of succession should be unbroken and kept pure? Or did He ever guarantee that the boundaries would never be enlarged, that fresh centres of spiritual vitality would never appear, that new lines and new kinds of prophets, priests, and kings would never be started as the centuries went by?

Bishop Gore himself seems uncomfortably aware of these questions and doubts; for, when he comes to discourse of prophets, for instance, he gives us the impression of a man who would like to escape from his post as inspector of works and repairer of fences, and welcome a world of comrades in the open. Even when he is laying down his four main propositions, and stoutly asserting the doctrine that "the Church was held together from the first, inwardly by the Holy Spirit, and outwardly by a ministry of Divine authority," he is constrained to say that outside the rank of apostles there were prophets and "a wide diffusion of spiritual gifts," though the Church was "guided not to trust to these extraordinary gifts, but to perpetuate in due succession a pastoral office such as requires for its exercise only normal human qualities, and such a gift of the Holy Ghost as the Church from the first believed to accompany the laying on of hands." That is to say, in plain secular English, that from the very first there were free inquirers and teachers and unofficial prophets, but it was thought desirable to close up the ranks and leave the Church to be shepherded and fed by safe and accredited persons, whose line of succession has led up to the bishops and curates of to-day.

Yes; but that is what is the matter. The safe and accredited persons have always been inclined to bar out or shake off the freemen, the animated sons of the morning, the nonconformists, the pioneers: and, looking back, it is really very difficult to believe that Jesus Christ meant what has happened; for the history of this supernatural Church is like the book Ezekiel saw, "written within and without, and there was written therein lamentations and mourning and woe."

No wonder the Bishop is, as we have said, restless. He says: "The enthusiasm of one generation becomes the routine of the next." "The natural tendencies of an official hierarchy lead it to dislike and resent the consequences of any new and disturbing light." And, with more vehemence and fire: "The record of the Catholic Church in the suppression of heresy and schism is stained with injustice and savage persecutions": and by "the Catholic Church" Dr Gore means the Anglican Church as well as the Church of Rome. If he does not, we do; for both have been guilty of "injustice and savage persecutions." The stoning of the prophets has been almost a part of the cult of both.

It may be said, in extenuation, that prophets were given only to the first ages of the Church. Not so, says Dr Gore. "I cannot help thinking that the Church ought to have lived in more eager expectation of exceptional gifts such as cannot be provided at demand, but can be reverently welcomed and used when they are given. Established authorities in the Church have always tended to suspect prophets. So the Scribes and

Pharisees resented being taught the true meaning of their religion by the lay prophet from Nazareth. Such has always been the tendency of official teachers. The Montanist prophecy was doubtless wild and unsettling, and its rejection inevitable; but the rejection of the Montanist prophets may have done something to harden the heart of the Church against all prophets who should come with a message from God without any ecclesiastical selection or ordination. I think this has been one of the fundamental defects of the Church. It has loved order and discipline and tradition with a one-sided devotion. It has not been alive to the peril of making the word of God void by the force of one-sided tradition, or to the need in every age of prophets, who speak from God, simply because they must, to recall men to some forgotten aspect or element of the word of God. I seem to see in almost every Protestant sect which has split off from the Catholic body, at the root of the division, not a schismatical desire to establish a separate worship, but the sense of some truth which the Church was neglecting or contradicting, and which God's spirit had put it into the heart of some man or group of men to recognise and revive. It is easier, no doubt, to maintain unity if liberty of prophesying is suppressed; but this is the tyranny which itself produces and nourishes the avenging power which will destroy it. With a freer liberty of speech allowed to those who believe themselves to speak with the Spirit, the Church might have presented at times a less well disciplined aspect, but there would have been far less schism in the body."

We could not find it in our heart to shorten this passage, if only out of sympathy with an overseer who, while engaged in mending his fences, has evidently a longing for the busy villages and the breezy moors. And yet that outlook seems to disturb him; for, in a Cambridge University sermon on "The Peril of Drifting," printed as the conclusion of his book, he uplifts the banner of the two militant texts: "Though we, or an angel from heaven, should preach unto you any gospel other than that which we preached unto you, let him be anathema. As we have said before, so say I now again, If any man preacheth unto you any gospel other than that which ye received, let him be anathema" (Gal. i. 8, 9). "And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and all discernment; so that ye may approve the things that are excellent" (Phil. i. 9, 10).

Under this banner he challenged his hearers to consider whether the present-day disinclination to reject any "fashion of thought" as "anti-Christ" is not "due in large measure to our refusal to think," and whether we are not taking refuge in philanthropic work as an alternative to thinking out religious principles. We are reminded that "orthodox Protestantism has received a series of intellectual shocks, the seriousness of which it is impossible to exaggerate." Human depravity, everlasting punishment, Christ's vicarious sacrifice, and the infallibility of the Bible, have, says Dr Gore, been "riddled by the shot and shell of criticism." A few are meeting all this "in the true way," by "going back to the first

principles, and striving to recover and restate the Christianity which is true and permanent"; but the general tendency, he says, is to let matters drift, and "to seek refuge from the difficulties of thought in the opportunities of philanthropic or evangelistic action."

How can we go on in this way, asks the anxious overseer, "without definite doctrines to teach"? And then, instead of looking over the fence, he looks around, for he knows that this smashing of Calvinism, this "shot and shell of criticism," are largely traceable to the prophets, priests, and kings within the pale. In a chapter on "The Present Situation," Dr Gore taunts the outsiders with their dissolving views and their disintegrating societies. "How few of our Nonconformist churches," he says, "are really preaching the distinctive religion of their trust deeds!" That is very thin ice for a bishop. How few of his prophets, priests, and kings are really preaching the distinctive religion of the Book of Common Prayer!

"The old Protestant orthodoxy," we are told, "stood by the sole and final authority of the Bible as the infallible word of God. But it is exactly this position of the Bible which modern knowledge is making more and more impossible. It is not only that the simple infallibility of the record is completely undermined, but it has become evident that the Bible cannot stand alone." That is significant and clever, leading up, as it does, to the conclusion overleaf: "It will become increasingly evident that in attempting to set up the isolated Bible as the infallible standard of religion, Protestantism was attempting the impossible, and violating a fundamental law of the Christian religion, which holds Bible and creed and episcopate indissolubly together." That, as we have said, is very clever, and we wonder the Bishop did not end on that high note.

Instead of doing so, however, we find him in his closing sermon, and towards the end of it, sinking down to almost deprecation and apology. After putting a series of puzzling questions which are chiefly painful alternatives, the best he can say before the University of Cambridge is, "I have not been endeavouring to provide answers to these questions. I have only urged the necessity for facing the questions . . . and may the Holy Spirit of truth be your guide into all the truth!"—to which prayer all of us, whether within the fence or far beyond it in the open, can heartily cry "Amen!"

What if, after all, the true "Unity" is here, and in that prayer!

J. PAGE HOPPS.

SHEPPERTON-ON-THAMES.

The Cults of the Greek States.—By I. R. Farnell.—Vol. v., pp. xii + 495.
—Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1909.

DR FARNELL's monumental work is brought to a conclusion with this volume; and the first and most pleasant duty of a reviewer is to congratulate him upon the completion of a book which is invaluable as an ample

and well-arranged store of facts as to Greek religion, and in which the diverse theories to which such a subject must give rise are always stated with fairness and lucidity, and often with most suggestive criticism. Dr Farnell will not expect any reader to accept all his conclusions; but he has certainly earned the gratitude of all for placing before them in a convenient and intelligible form the materials on which these conclusions must be based. And this gratitude is of the kind which looks forward to future benefits. For the five volumes of the book are concerned almost entirely with the great Olympian gods, their service and their representation in art, and the author holds out the prospect of a future publication of the materials he has gathered as to hero-worship and the cults of the dead. It is to be hoped that this will include, among other things, the cult of Heracles and of Asclepius, who is only incidentally touched on in connection with Apollo. The short sketch of minor cults which comes at the end of the fifth volume is probably also regarded by the author as only a provisional treatment of a large subject; here also a fuller account in the future will be most welcome. The Nymphs and Muses in cult and in art, as well as river gods, Pan, the Erinyes, and others, offer many problems as to which Dr Farnell's judgment and erudition would give his opinion a peculiar value, but which he has here dismissed in a somewhat summary fashion.

The five deities to whom most of the fifth volume is devoted are Hermes, Dionysos, Hestia, Hephaistos, and Ares. As was to be expected, considerably more than half the space is devoted to Dionysos, and it is to Dr Farnell's treatment of the numerous problems offered by the worship of this god that his readers will turn with the greatest interest. The numerous tales of the coming of Dionysos, of opposition to his worship, and of ceremonies that commemorate his entry, have been generally supposed to indicate a foreign origin, and Dr Farnell is disposed to accept the current theory that the worship of the god was introduced from Thrace. Yet he himself submits to searching criticism almost all the evidence on which this theory rests. The scanty mention of the god in Homer applies also to Demeter; and wine brought from Thrace is the gift of a priest of Apollo. The best-known of the early tales of opposition to the god is that of Lycurgus and his fatal madness; this finds many parallels in Greece, notably at Thebes and at Argos; it cannot be used at the same time to prove a foreign origin in Greece and to prove an indigenous origin in Thrace. And the statement of Herodotus that the Thracians worshipped Dionysos or Ares or Artemis is, as Dr Farnell truly remarks, "of no more value than that of Tacitus that the ancient Germans worshipped Hercules and Mercury." If Lycurgus is "the king-priest whom we may believe to be himself an incarnation of Dionysos," how does he differ from Pentheus? Is not the simplest explanation to see in both alike a tale that grew up to explain similar primitive customs, common to Thrace and to Greece, rather than to derive the one worship from the other? Again, the suggestion that the marriage of Dionysos

with the queen-archon at Athens is to be explained as "a trace of the earliest days of the arrival of Dionysos, when he . . . established the closest ties with the community by marrying the queen of the land" seems far less probable than a comparison with the "sacred marriages" common in primitive vegetation-magic, and repeated at Athens itself in the sacred marriage of Zeus and Hera. Throughout it is abundantly clear that Dionysos must be understood as a god of vegetation generally, not merely of wine and the vine; his primitive worship in Greece is attested in many ways—not least by the common custom of decorating a post or tree-trunk with mask and clothes to serve as his image; here, as Dr Farnell says, "the gradual development of the anthropomorphic figure out of the aniconic agalma is more clearly presented by the monuments of Dionysos than by those of any other Hellenic divinity." The festal bringing in of a vegetation-god in spring needs no historical justification. In the case of the adoption commemorated by the procession of Dionysos Eleuthereus at Athens the case is different; here it is a varying local cult, very probably with dramatic accessories, that is adopted in historical times. Dr Farnell's careful discussion of the date of this event certainly seems to justify his preference for the older view that it took place in the time of Pisistratus rather than, as has been recently suggested, during the Peloponnesian war.

Perhaps the question of most general interest, as well as the most difficult and complicated, is that of the origin of the drama, and especially of tragedy. The old explanations, which have done duty since the time of Aristotle, do not seem probable in the light of modern criticism. Professor Ridgeway's theory of the development of the tragic drama from funeral mimetic dances, of which the best-known example is the representation of the woes of Adrastus at Sicyon, is briefly discussed; but there is no evidence either that these Sicyonian dances developed into a true drama, or that the Attic drama had a similar origin. Dr Farnell points out that the tale of the fight between a light man and a dark man, which seems to be connected with such mummers' plays as are almost universal in spring or winter vegetation-magic, is especially connected with Eleutheræ, and so with the origins of the Attic drama. The Thracian mummers' play recorded by Mr Dawkins is of great interest in this connection; but it does not necessarily prove that the rite belonged originally to Thrace; it may well be a sporadic survival, such as may often be found in Greece itself, of a primitive custom that was once widely spread, and that has left its trace in official religion.

The sections concerning Hermes and Ares also contain many discussions which it would be interesting to follow. But what is of wider importance, now that the work is completed, is the question whether the author was justified in following the traditional mythological classification by the names of the divinities, while applying modern methods of investigation to his subject. On this matter he offers what appears to be a reasonable defence when dealing with the statement, due even to ancient mythologists, that Dionysos is not one, but many. It is true, as he says,

“that the personages of the Greek and other polytheisms were not pure crystallised products of a single and identical people, but were modified variously by their environment, borrowing traits and epithets from other local powers whom they may have dispossessed or with whom they may have shared their rule.” But, this fact notwithstanding, “the name Dionysos, in spite of the diversity of local legend, connotes everywhere a certain identity of religious conceptions, and is associated with a certain specific kind of religious emotion.” The same may be said of each of the other Olympian gods; and for this reason, if we wish to understand what Greek religion meant to the Greeks themselves, it is wise to follow the Olympian classification. There may be some inevitable repetition or omission as a result, where the same rites or beliefs have been taken up into the recognised service of more than one deity, or where some interesting survival may never have received official recognition. But in the present state of our knowledge it is impossible to imagine any classification by strata of religious belief, or by the origins of various elements, which would not lead to endless confusion and controversy.

The index to the whole work, which is added to the fifth volume, is useful, but slight; a much fuller index would accord better with the character of the book, and would greatly facilitate its use for reference.

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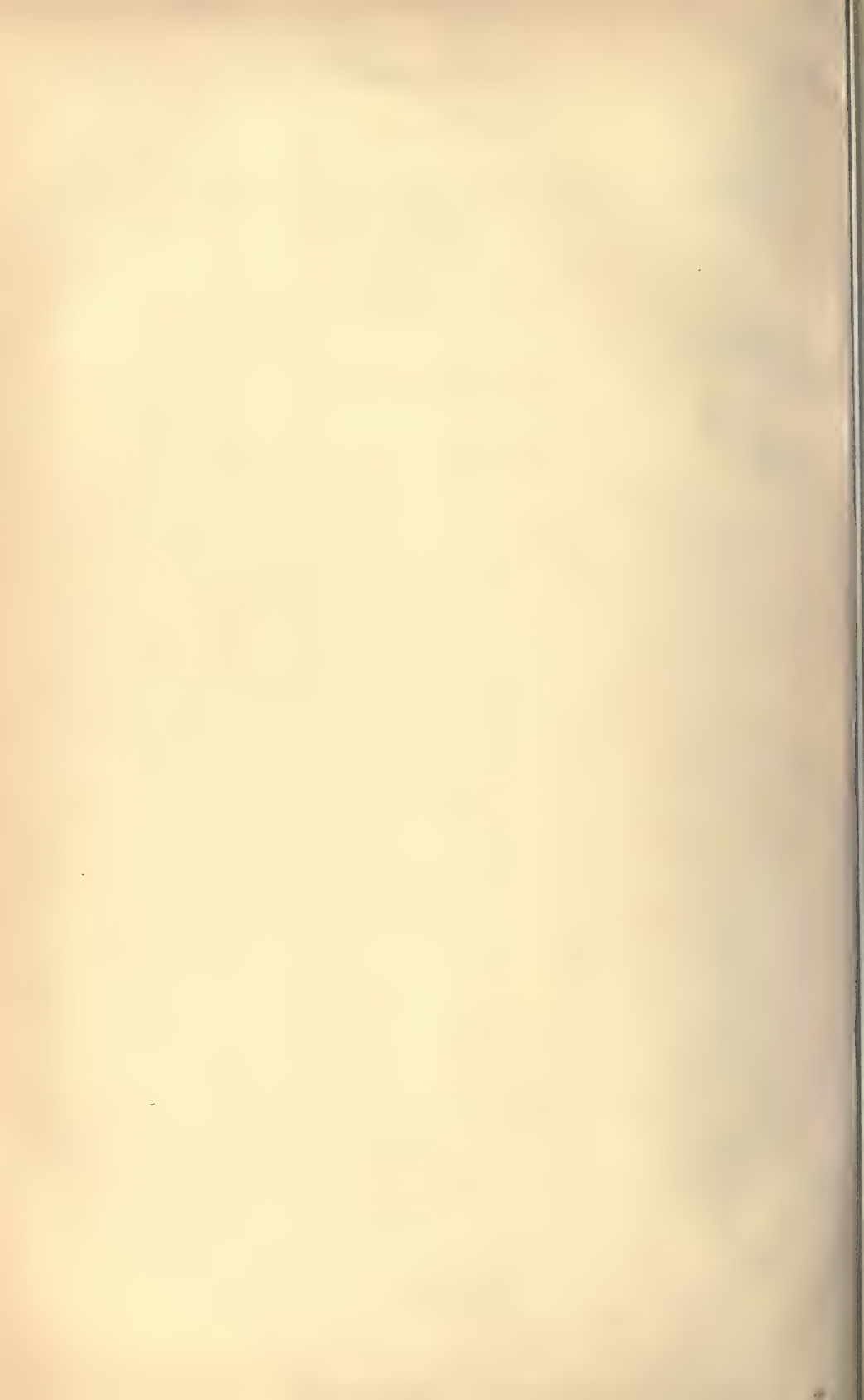
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